Liberty

MAY 25, 1946 10c

Book: THE PAVILION

Sudden Death in a Wealthy Family

STATESMAN WHO GETS ALONG WITH RUSSIA

King Means Best in Everything
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY

*Brown-Forman's King of Pre-war Whisky**

Enjoy Brown-Forman's **deLIGHTful** King of pre-war whisky! You'll acclaim its smooth mellowness, its full-flavored, satisfying taste. King is the growing whisky choice of the most discriminating, who know and appreciate the best in everything! King Whisky—from Kentucky!

KING
BLENDED WHISKY

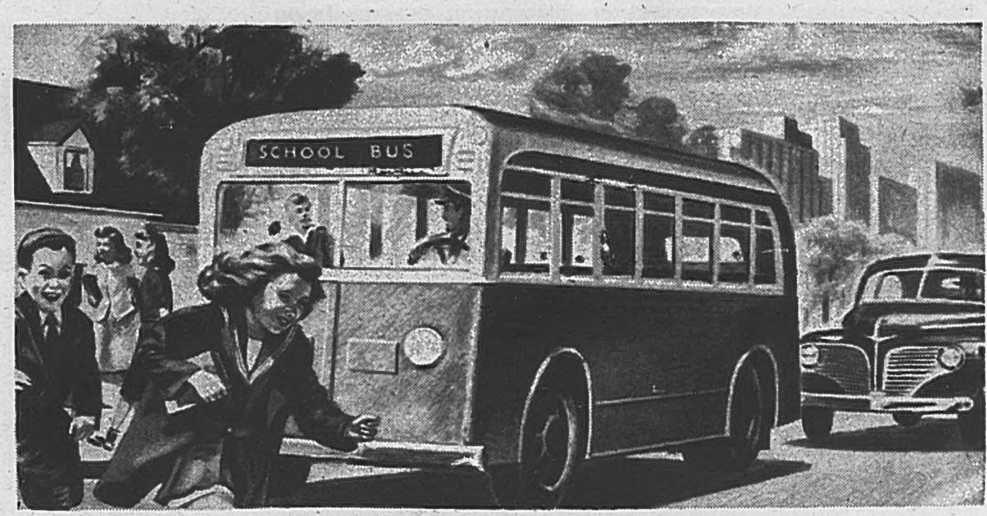
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION ***at Louisville in Kentucky***

*The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

Is he as good a driver

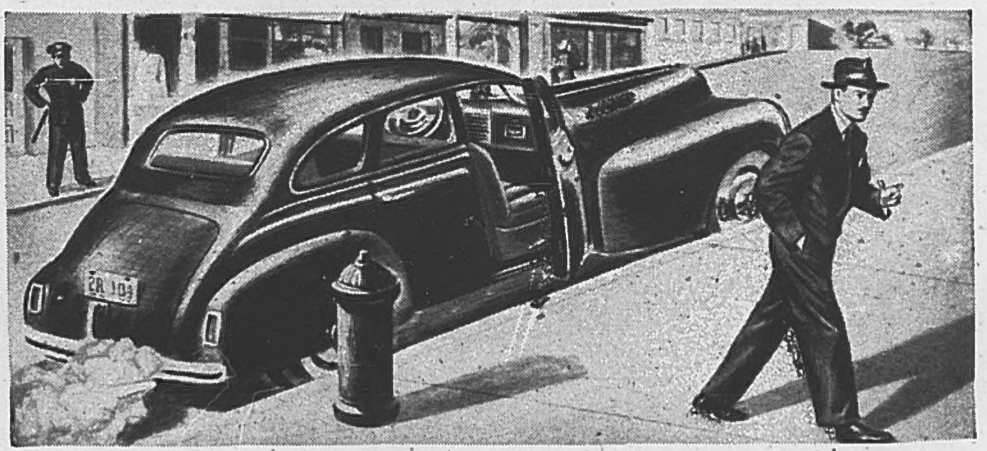
as he thinks he is?

Do you know somebody who thinks he's the world's best driver? Here's how to take him down a peg. Try this quiz on him. If he's as good as he says he is, he ought to get four out of the five answers right.



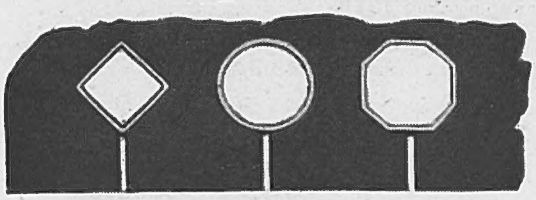
1. A school bus has just stopped in front of you to discharge passengers. Which would you do?

- **A** *Slow down and pass to left.*
- **B** *Stop, sound horn and then pass.*
- **C** *Stop and wait until bus proceeds before starting up again.*



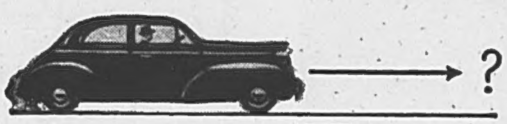
2. The owner of this car has parked it for a moment while he does a bit of shopping. Can you see at least three things he's done (or left undone) that might get him into trouble?

1 ____________ 2 ____________ 3 ____________



3. Here are three of the standardized U.S. road signs. You might be too far away to read them, but their shapes tell the meaning. One says "Stop!", one says "Slow down!" and one says, "Railroad Crossing!" Which is which?

◇ *means?* ○ *means?* ○ *means?*



4. At forty miles per hour, what is the absolute minimum stopping distance for a car *after* the brakes are applied.

15 feet ☐ *55 feet* ☐

25 feet ☐ *75 feet* ☐

5. When you stop for gasoline, the way to get the best is to—

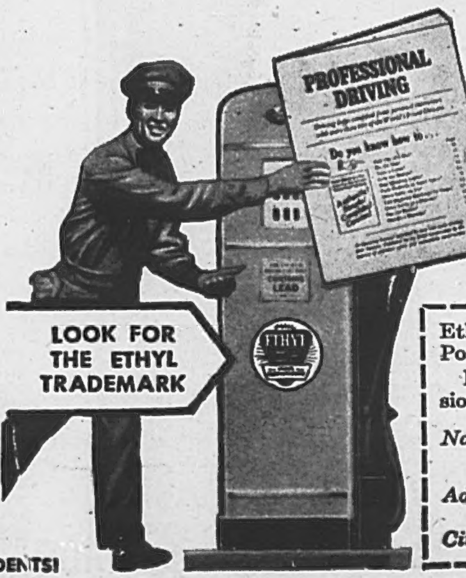
- **A** *Ask for "high-test" gas*
- **B** *Look at the prices on the pumps.*
- **C** *Ask for ETHYL.*

Answers:

1. **(C)** If you're a careful, good driver, you'll stop and wait until the bus proceeds before starting up again. In fact, to pass a standing bus while children are getting off is illegal in many states.
2. **(1)** He's left the engine running—an invitation to motor thieves. **(2)** The car is parked on a hill and the front wheels are not turned in to the curb—an invitation to trouble if the car started to roll. **(3)** Parking in front of a hydrant invites a ticket.
3. ◇ *means "Slow!"* ○ *means "Railroad Crossing!"* ○ *means "Stop!"*
4. Under *ideal* conditions it takes 55 feet to stop a car traveling 40 miles per hour. Under *average* conditions it would take 97 feet. Neither distance includes the time it takes to get your foot on the brake.
5. **(C)** is right. The surest way to get top-quality gasoline is to look for the Ethyl emblem on the pump. Experienced drivers know that there's nothing like high-quality gasoline to bring out the best performance of a car—give you the effortless response that makes for smoother, safer car operation. That's why so many of them always ask for ETHYL.

Cooperate with the Police Safety Check

√ CHECK YOUR DRIVING √ CHECK YOUR CAR CHECK ACCIDENTS!


PROFESSIONAL DRIVING
Do you know how to...
ETHYL
LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

FREE . . . "Professional Driving"—a 72-page book packed with facts that will make your driving safer, easier and more economical. Written by expert drivers. Here are some of the chapter headings: "Parking Made Simple," "How to Handle a Blowout," "If You Drive by Night," "How to Stay Awake." Offered FREE to car owners by ETHYL.

Ethyl Corporation
Post Office Box 88, New York 8, N. Y.

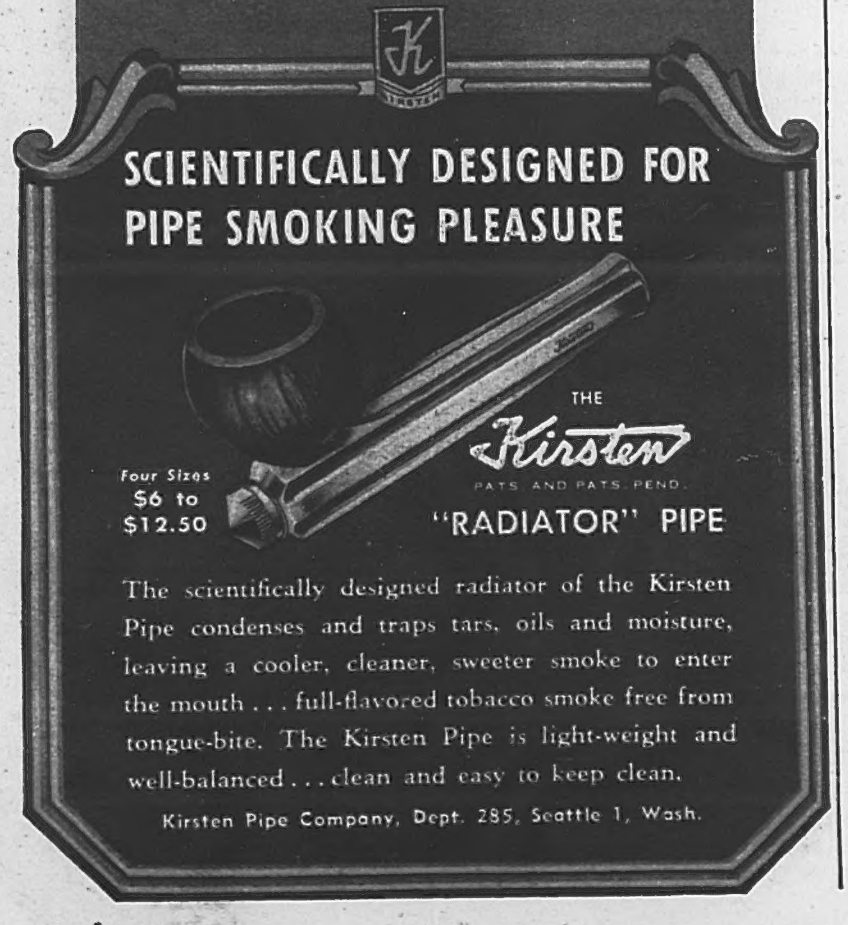
Please send me a free copy of "Professional Driving."

Name ____________________
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

America's Most Distinguished Cigarette Holder
THE Kirsten
PATS. AND PATS. PENDING
Long or Short $2.50 at leading stores
Kirsten
EJECTOR expels stub
The Kirsten Cigarette Holder is smart looking and smart to use. The lightweight shining radiator cools tobacco smoke and removes tars and oils which cause throat-irritation. No filters . . . no mess. An ideal gift for men and women on any gift occasion.



The scientifically designed radiator of the Kirsten Pipe condenses and traps tars, oils and moisture, leaving a cooler, cleaner, sweeter smoke to enter the mouth . . . full-flavored tobacco smoke free from tongue-bite. The Kirsten Pipe is light-weight and well-balanced . . . clean and easy to keep clean.

Kirsten Pipe Company, Dept. 285, Seattle 1, Wash.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Jim Bishop, ***Executive Editor***
William E. Rae, ***Articles***
Kathryn Bourne, ***Fiction***
Helen Greenwood, ***Books***
David Brown, ***Mss. Editor***
Sid L. Hydeman, ***Art***
Lee Pasquin, ***Management***
Elizabeth Wilson, ***Hollywood***
Stacy V. Jones, ***Washington***
Carlton C. Porter, ***Photo Editor***

★ ARTICLES

Doctor of Reason, ***Maurice Hindus*** 13
How to Write to Your Congressman, ***Rep. George E. Outland*** 16
His Wife Discovered Him, ***Elizabeth Wilson*** 18
Everybody's Specialists, ***Arline Britton Boucher and John Leo Tehan*** 20
The Highroad to Mexico, ***Absalom Jackson, Jr.*** 22
Saga of the Sizzling Soda, ***Oren Arnold*** 24

★ STORIES

The Other Woman, ***Allene Corliss*** 28
Two Who Got Away, ***Steve McNeil*** 30
Party Line—Short Short, ***Clayton Hartsoe*** 32
I May Never Pass This Way, ***Roy Hilligoss*** 34
The Black-Haired Widow, ***H. Vernor Dixon*** 36

★ PICTURES

It Doesn't Come Out in the Wash, ***Helen Faith Keane*** ... 14
The Camera Eye 26

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Pavilion—*A best-selling mystery by Hilda Lawrence—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 39

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam 8
Veterans' Bulletin Board 10
Books in Review 54
Crossword Puzzle 54
Woman-Talk 68
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary 72
Liberty Goes to the Movies 81
The Thropp Family 86

★ EDITORIAL

Has Our Military Might Vanished? ***Paul Hunter*** 90

Cover: Homing Instinct
Painted by Mat Kauten

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

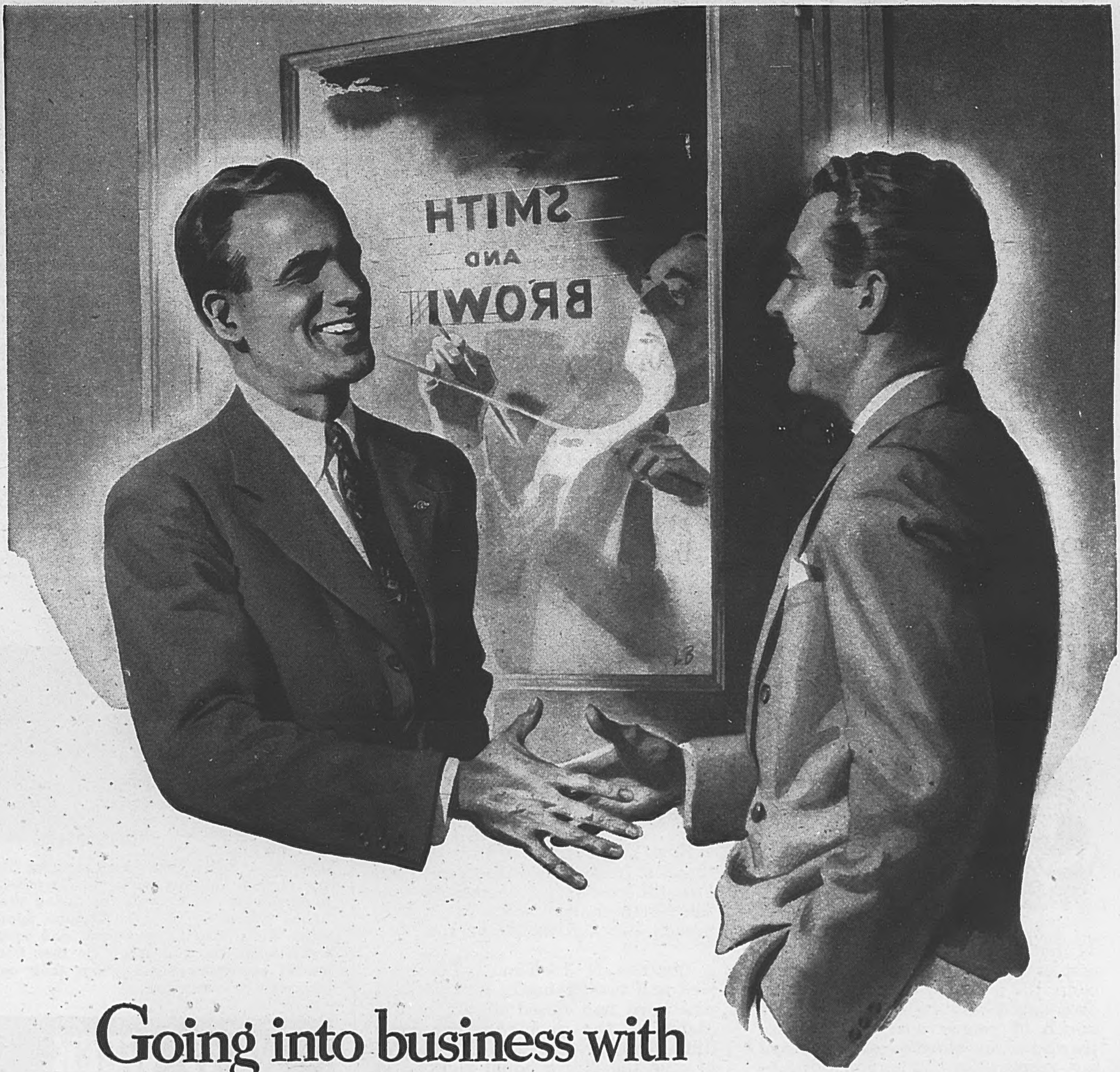
President, Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director*

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, May 25, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 21. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927. at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



Going into business with a man you don't know?

Of course not. You've known him for years and are certain he will carry his share of the load. But, unforeseen things *do* happen. Suppose your able associate should die; would you then be obliged to share the control of the business with a stranger—probably a person totally unqualified for the job?

Many partnerships and close corporations have a protective agreement giving the survivor the right to buy the deceased's interest in order to keep control in qualified hands. But, unless the financial ability to purchase is provided for, the agreement may not achieve its purpose.

The easiest and surest way to implement such an agreement is with Business Life Insurance. *The event that creates the need for cash also creates the cash.* Let a Penn Mutual underwriter explain the importance of this protection to your business.

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE
STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FOUNDED IN 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA.

Your life plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

SHE CARRIES ON

COATESVILLE, PA.—The fine photograph of Franklin Roosevelt on your cover (April 13) was a remarkable tribute to a remarkable leader.

His untimely passing was a great loss, not only to America but to the entire world. But with Mrs. Roosevelt now given full liberty to exercise her vast store of experience and influence, we are not so badly off.—*Chester A. Johnson.*

NO RAISON D'ETRE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For three months I have been reading The Thropp Family, trying to find a reason for its existence. And I give up. Why don't you run a strip about real people, if you must run comics at all? The Thropps are insufferable, particularly Ozzie. A child as fresh as that just doesn't exist. And the rest of the family is just as impossible. It's a shame to take up valuable space relating the antics of a bunch of people who do no more than send my blood pressure up and my respect for humanity down.—*K. D.*

COMIC!?!
BAHHHHHHh
Liberty
F C

G. R. FOR TRUMAN

HYDEN, KY.—Harry S. Truman is carrying on world affairs as expertly as Roosevelt could have done. In Vox Pop (April 20) Anna Mae Abely says F. D. R. would have acted as a balance wheel between Russia and Britain. There is nothing for any one American to do between them. If Russia refuses to battle such matters out in the UNO, what can Truman do?—*G. R.*

SCIENTIFIC SATISFACTION

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO—Beginning with the test on the mesas of New Mexico and ending with the destruction of Hiroshima, the American people had exact scientific facts of the effectiveness of the atom bomb. Why put an already tax-burdened public to the expense of another display of destruction?—*Sgt. R. M.*

WHAT THEY LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I disagree with Peter Barge (Vox Pop, April 13). In my home town of New Orleans the servicemen and women *were* allowed half price in movies, and as for the hotels, they were always open to G.I.s first.—*Mrs. Rosary Staltman.*

UNIVERSITY, MISS.—If it were not for your derogatory statements about the South, I doubt that your magazine would have a circulation down here. It certainly is not bought with the hope of obtaining any knowledge; but as a comic strip, it's wonderful.—*Eleanor McBain.*

SCOTTSBORO, ALA.—As one very intelligent person said, "I was twenty years old before I knew that Damned Yankee wasn't just one word."—*Thoms L. Maples.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have lived in the East for twenty-three years, and I'm still looking for democracy. Let the Northerners practice what they preach.—*Mrs. Remel Roberson.*

TRENTON, N. J.—Though I'm married and now living in the North, I was born and raised in the South. Many of the people down there think, like myself, that they'd like to give the Negro equal rights and have better laws concerning education. But there aren't enough of us to break through the stone wall facing us.—*A. M.*

Peter Barge should be satisfied. He got a rise out of every Southerner but Senator Claghorn.

VOX POP EDITOR.

MARKED TREE, ARK.—If Peter Barge comes to Marked Tree, we will form a very interesting welcoming committee for him. Most of us of the South cut our teeth on blackjacks and have them pulled with brass knuckles. There are only a few with even one ear; the others are chewed off in fights.—*Interested reader.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

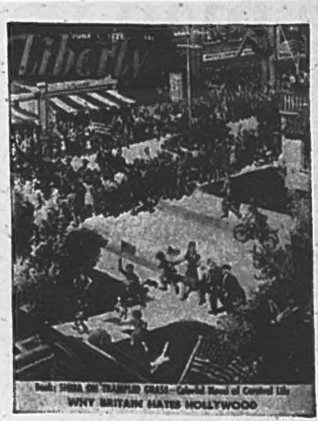
SAGE OF THE SODA-POP INDUSTRY

THE refrigerator in Oren Arnold's big Indian-pueblo home at Phoenix, Arizona, is always stocked with pop. But it took Judy, Mr. Arnold's oldest daughter, to inspire an article on the subject. She won a case of soda pop for getting an all-A report card, and drank most of it in twenty-four hours. Her mild tummy-ache stimulated her father's interest in pop, and he went into a huddle with the National Bottlers Association, the bottle-top and sirup manufacturers. SAGA OF THE SIZZLING SODA, which appears on page 24, was the result. Mr. Arnold has been free-lancing since 1933. And he likes to think he set some kind of endurance record in radio when, three years ago, he wrote his 497th consecutive soap opera.

HILLIGOSS IS HOME AGAIN

SEVERAL years ago, Roy Hilligoss broke into the slick field with a Liberty Short Short. Characteristically enough, the short story, I MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY, in this week's issue is his first civilian sale after three and a half years of Army life, which was "harder work than writing." Right now he and his wife are taking turns at the typewriter in their Chicago apartment. She's a radio announcer and script writer when she can spare the time from taming sixteen-month-old Jeffry, their collaboration masterpiece.

NEXT WEEK



HAVE you heard of the battle of the box offices? Do you know WHY BRITAIN HATES HOLLYWOOD? Alfred Eris gives you the low-down on a bitter new war, in which American movies are the enemy, and $70,000,000 is at stake. . . . The first postwar automobile race is coming up in Indianapolis. Daredevils risk their necks on the TORTURE TRACK, says Stanley Frank, so that you may save yours. . . . In DON'T LEAVE ME, GRANDMA, Sydney R. McLean tells a poignant story of the relationship between a child and her grandmother. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, SHEBA ON TRAMPLED GRASS, by Tom Powers, is a colorful novel of carnival life.

TRAVEL FIRST CLASS!

...with TEXACO *Sky Chief* gasoline

Sky Chief

TEXACO

Say "Farewell" to old-fashioned motoring. Now you can go places luxuriously . . . First Class . . . with the smooth, instantly-responsive power of Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline.

SKY CHIEF'S superior fire-power . . . the result of amazingly accurate *balance* of volatility, octane and other fine qualities . . . gives you outstanding, alert, smooth, quiet performance. SKY CHIEF is *for those who want the best.*

At your Texaco Dealers.

TEXACO

REG. T.M.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

where you get...

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

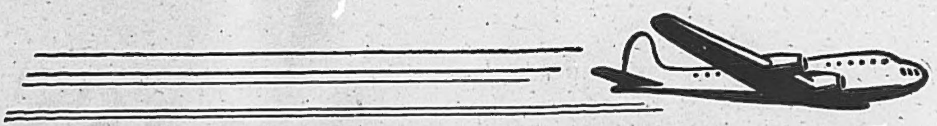
SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton, with his guest, Ed Wynn. See newspapers for time and stations.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

More towns on airways, more jobs in aviation, better air-mail service—all to come of awards of feeder air-line certificates!

HERE'S a bit of good (and historic) news. The era of feeder air lines, so much discussed for ten or more years, has now formally opened. Small communities in large numbers will be added to the airline system of the country this year. This means more jobs for war-trained pilots and mechanics, more local airport business, better air-mail service, and a new market for manufacturers of small transport airplanes.

The government's policy was finally made clear late in March when the Civil Aeronautics Board issued certificates to two new companies in the Rocky Mountain area and added new towns to existing air lines. About thirty-eight towns that heretofore have been far off the airways will have regular scheduled air service.

These are the first two certificates to be awarded after some years of hearing hundreds of applications for hundreds of thousands of miles of new routes. Since the CAB was created in 1938, only one new company had been awarded a route—Essair, Inc., in Texas. But the Board has indicated quite clearly that although it intends to move forward cautiously, other parts of the country also will be favored with feeder systems. A half dozen or more decisions should be reached in the next six or eight months.

Winners in the precedent-making decisions are Ray Wilson, Inc., of Denver, Colorado, and Summit Airways, Inc., of Laramie, Wyoming. They are now full-fledged and federally recognized air lines. An old-timer in Colorado aviation, Ray Wilson will operate feeder routes throughout most of Colorado with extensions to Salt Lake City and to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Summit Airways is principally owned by a Denver oil man, Fred Manning, who purchased the stock of Charles W. Hersig II, founder, who was killed in an airplane accident early in 1945. Summit will operate north from Denver to Cheyenne, central Wyoming, and on to Billings, Montana, with a southwestern extension to Salt Lake City. Western Air Lines and its subsidiary, Inland Air Lines, were awarded numerous new stops in the same area.

This may help you to understand what is going on in the rapidly growing industry:

The federal Civil Aeronautics Board has complete jurisdiction over all intrastate operations of a scheduled nature—that is, of air lines which publish schedules and operate on them. All CAB-certificated air lines carry U. S. mail, and payment for the mail is very vital to the economic success of small air lines. A CAB certificate is highly coveted, for the air-mail business has usually meant the difference between profit and loss.

On the other hand, the CAB has not forced jurisdiction, as yet, on air lines operating wholly within a single state. Whether it will do so some day is problematical; the federal statutes covering transportation are quite broad. But such air lines as Michigan Central operating north from Detroit, Bluegrass Airlines operating throughout Kentucky, Texas Airlines in Texas, and Empire Airways in Idaho have been operating without federal recognition or interference and doing good jobs at it. These lines don't carry mail, but they've been able to get along modestly and all hope to win federal mail-carrying certificates in due course. As long as they are intrastate they can publish regular schedules.

Then there is a third group which so far has operated without any federal or state supervision. These are the nonscheduled, or charter, operators that do not publish schedules but pick up their passenger business when and where they can. During the past winter at least twenty companies owning from one to a half dozen transport planes each, operated between New York and Miami carrying the overflow from the air lines. They are not classed as common carriers. Sooner or later such operators will probably come under some kind of federal jurisdiction.

In the midst of the growing confusion, the CAB's progress in awarding feeder air-line certificates is heralded as a stabilizing and progressive step.

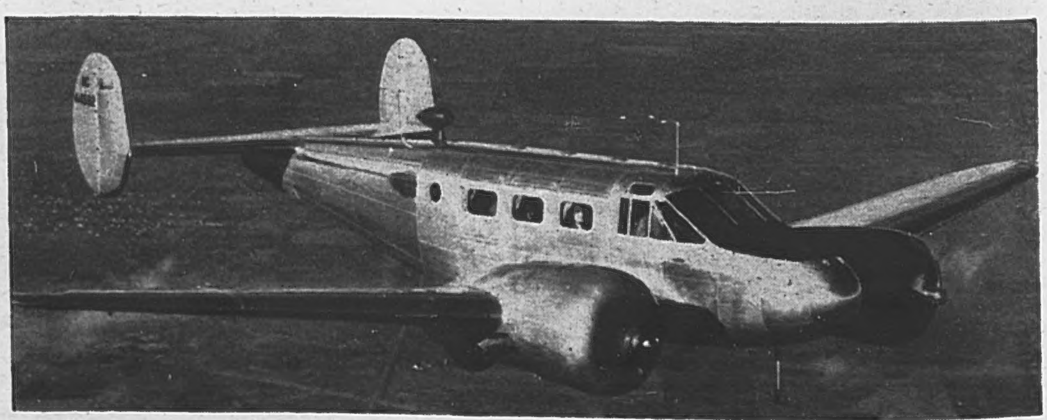
Manna in Eggshells—by Plane

The airplane can really work miracles. Almost unnoticed in the whirl of national and world events was the recent flight of 1,000,000 partially incubated eggs from the United States to Czechoslovakia. To many this might seem like just another of those cargo flights of which we've all heard and read so much. But incubated eggs can't be shipped a long distance and then hatched if the trip has taken very long. The time element is most important. In this instance, when the American Overseas Airlines plane arrived at Prague, the eggs were put in brooders, and less than seventy-two hours after the plane had taken off from New York, the people of Czechoslovakia had 1,000,000 baby chicks. Ten years ago such a quick way of easing the food crisis in hungry Europe would have been impossible. Other such flights under UNRRA sponsorship are being planned.

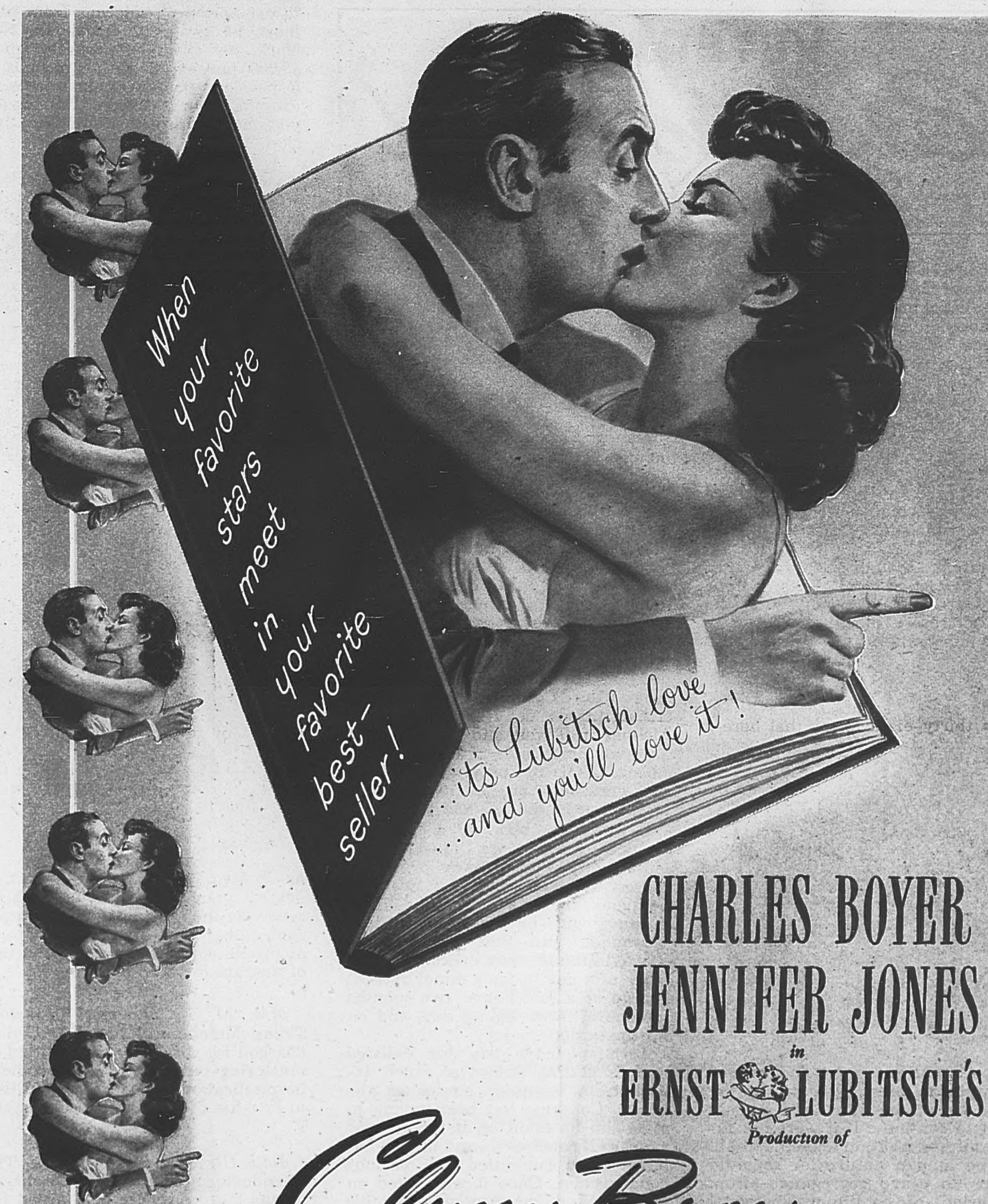
A-B-Cs of Private Flying

As part of its program to promote general public interest in private flying, the Civil Aeronautics Administration has prepared two worthwhile booklets on two phases of the subject. The layman and the beginner will find them informative and easy to understand. In a sense they are A-B-C booklets.

One, called Realm of Flight, presents practical information about weather in relation to piloting of private aircraft. The other, called Path of Flight, contains practical information about navigation of private aircraft. Both booklets were written by George Sidney Stanton, a government specialist on aviation training. They can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., the former at 60 cents and the latter at 40 cents a copy.



This improved Beechcraft Model 18 is being produced "in volume" by the first major manufacturer to complete postwar conversion to commercial-type aircraft.


When your favorite stars meet in your favorite best-seller!
...it's Lubitsch love ...and you'll love it!

CHARLES BOYER
JENNIFER JONES
in
ERNST LUBITSCH'S
Production of

Cluny Brown

with
PETER LAWFORD · HELEN WALKER
REGINALD GARDINER · REGINALD OWEN
Sir C. Aubrey Smith · Richard Haydn · Margaret Bannerman
Sara Allgood · Ernest Cossart · Florence Bates · Una O'Connor

20th
CENTURY-FOX

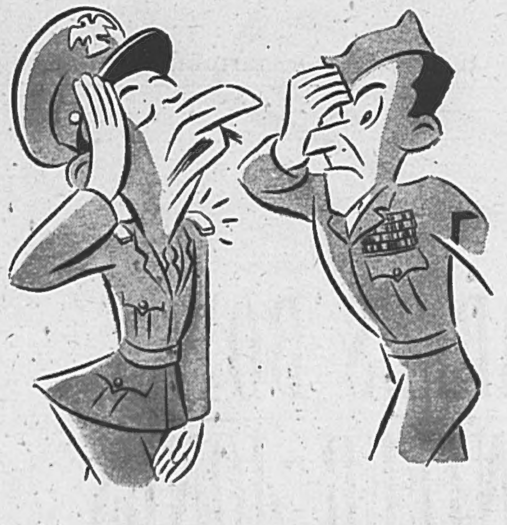
Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt • Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

CHANGES definitely must be made in our Army's officer-enlisted man relationship, though nowhere so drastic as has been suggested. Every good soldier knows there is a need for authority in the Army and sound necessity for nonfraternization between boss and help. Many observers say that the Russian experience in abolishing rank distinctions was what led to their Army being stalemated by little Finland's. At any rate, the Soviet armies that defeated Germany's had a "caste" system which made ours seem pale indeed.

Saluting, though necessary, has been carried to extremes in our Army. It ought to be limited to the military reservation. Food ought to be of substantially the same quality for both enlisted man and officer. The uniform, after 1948, will be the same. Separate clubs and messes ought to continue. If it were not for the nonfraternization angle, it would still be human nature for separate groups to crave segregation—from the grind of continuous personal daily contact. Still, "Off limits to enlisted men" signs on the better overseas hotels and restaurants were an abuse that was hard to take. "That had better be corrected if they ever expect to get me to ship across again," a reader writes, apparently expressing the feeling of many a veteran.



Extremes

The proposed increase in pay for enlisted men is only in line with what they are worth. But there are two reforms we must push to the utmost to assure their enactment. They are improvement of courts-martial procedures and granting of terminal-leave pay to enlisted men.

Courts-martial procedure is in dire need of reforming. Having held, at one time or another, every position on special military courts, I feel well qualified to claim that the American doctrine of justice, "The accused is innocent until proven guilty," is certainly lacking in Army practice. More than once, members of a court, and particularly its presiding officer, have been severely reprimanded by their unit Commanding Officer because their findings or their sentences were not to his liking. In fact, the colonel's reproofs were so effective that the standing procedure for special courts-martial for any offense, no matter what the extent, was to find the accused guilty and penalize him with the maximum sentence of six months in the guardhouse and the forfeiture of two thirds of his monthly pay for a like period.

Such treatment to a G.I. who, through little fault of his own, had been AWOL for only a few hours, was certainly hard to stomach—but stomach it he did. He had to.

Before we blemish a soldier's service record, we must check closely on the seriousness of his offenses. To assure fair play, we recommend that the positions in a military court be shared by enlisted personnel, and that the Courts-Martial Manual set a maximum sentence of a month for a minor AWOL charge of a few hours, two months for one of more than a day, and on up the scale.

Terminal-leave pay for enlisted men is getting almost as much attention in veterans' circles as the bonus. Congress has been trying to make up its mind on it for at least a year. Numerous forms of the bill have been submitted by various congressmen. Once it was voted on and failed to go through. Now it's being tossed around again by the Military Affairs Committee.

Naturally, the former enlisted man feels that if officers are given full pay and allowances for leave they have earned but not utilized, ex-G.I.s are also entitled to it. For the sake of fairness to the G.I. we support the passage of a bill which provides that the enlisted man will be retroactively paid for accumulated terminal leave.

* * *

A. E. Farris, Norwalk, Calif. The laws of the states differ with regard to exemption of veterans from payment of property taxes. In New York, for example, property up to $5,000 purchased with proceeds of a pension, bonus, or insurance, is exempt from taxation. I'd suggest you check with your State Tax Division.

* * *

Bernard Vossler, Lebanon, Pa. I would not advise you to start for New York to meet your English bride till you receive word from the Red Cross that she is about to arrive. Newspaper lists are taken from advance passenger rosters set up at least three weeks before ship sailings, and some changes are bound to be made before sailing time. Beyond this, it's not really necessary for you to meet her at the Port of Embarkation (although I know you can hardly wait) because the Army Transportation Corps will put her on a train bound for the station nearest your home, if you wish. It seems as though meeting in a quiet spot, rather than among the throngs of people at the dock, might be less of a strain for both of you.

Bridegroom

* * *

Mrs. M. E. Doughty, Houston, Texas. Members of the WAAC discharged for disability are entitled to mustering-out pay and government hospitalization. They are not entitled to benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

* * *

John Ulred, Pine Bluff, Ark. The Certificate of Disability Discharge means that you were discharged for medical reasons which rendered you unfit for further military duty. This alone does not entitle you to 10-point veteran preference toward Civil Service appointment. For that purpose, you must establish an actual service-connected injury for which pension is payable.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—here's a Perfect Match!
The gardenia . . . and PM DE LUXE.
Both exactly right.
PM is so superlatively flavored,
smooth and mellow, that just suggesting,
"Have a PM with me?"
pays the friendliest sort of compliment.
You're always sure the Pleasure's Mutual.

IF IT ISN'T PM **IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

WEAVER OF SPEECH This photograph shows the wiring of a switchboard. After the switchboard is made, there is the further job of fitting it into the telephone system. It takes thousands of man hours to install a switchboard for just 1000 new telephone lines.

"We're coming your way with switchboards"

It takes time to make them and a lot of time to put them in. But we're hustling right along with the job.

We've made a dent in the pile of orders where the principal shortage was a telephone instrument. Most of the longer waits are where switchboards and new telephone buildings are needed.

You can be sure of this: We're putting everything we have into the job of getting telephone service back to normal. And then making it better than ever.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Doctor of Reason

By

MAURICE HINDUS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Dr. Eduard Benes, president of Czechoslovakia.

Under Stalin's nose lives the proudest and freest republic in Europe, headed by a man who neither apes nor antagonizes him. This statesman's success or failure may well determine whether Russia and the Western democracies can get along

CZECHOSLOVAKIA boasts the two largest steel mills in central Europe, one in the town of Witcovice, the other in Trinac. During my recent sojourn in the country, I visited both and was astounded to learn that Witcovice has not had a strike since 1923, Trinac since 1919! This in a land of free, educated labor!

Progressiveness in law and in life, reasonableness in thought and in deed have ever been the watchword and the creed of the Czech nation. I asked Dr. Eduard Benes, the little professor-President of the Republic, how he accounted for the highly advanced status of his people, and his reply was as challenging as it was enlightening.

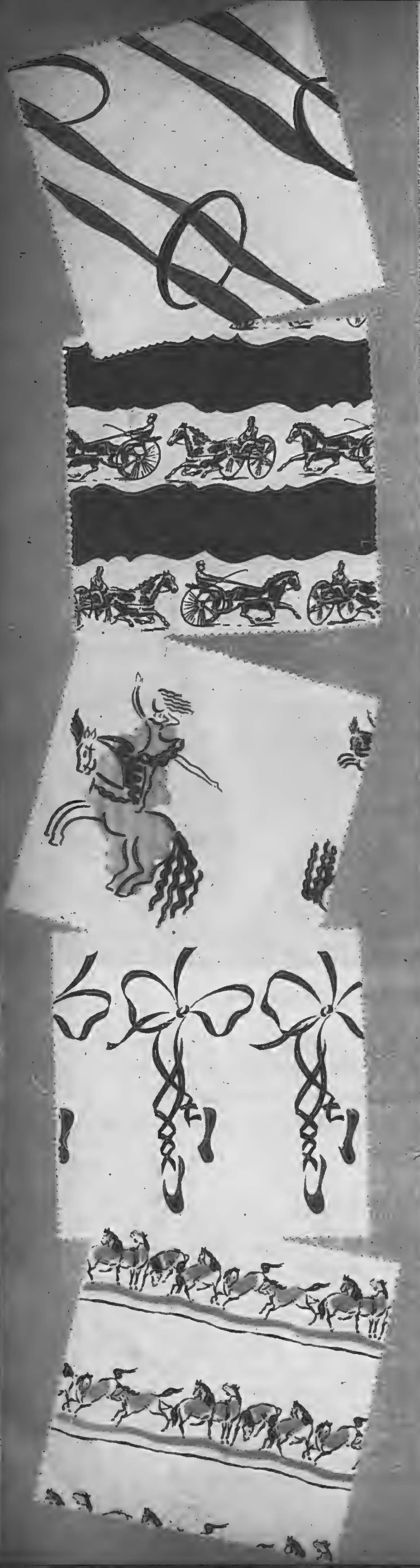
"We're a small nation," he said. "To survive at all we've had to be more progressive and more reasonable than our neighbors."

These words explain Benes himself even more than the Czech people, for it is he and leaders like him who have fashioned the thoughts and fathered the spirit of the Czech nation and made it what it is today. That is what makes Benes in these days of blight and bafflement and battle for a new Europe so important a figure not only on the Czechoslovakian but also on the world scene. While leaders of other nations are indulging in violent denunciation of Russia's economic collectivism or of America's economic individualism, he, more than anyone else in the world, is seeking a balanced fusion of the two.

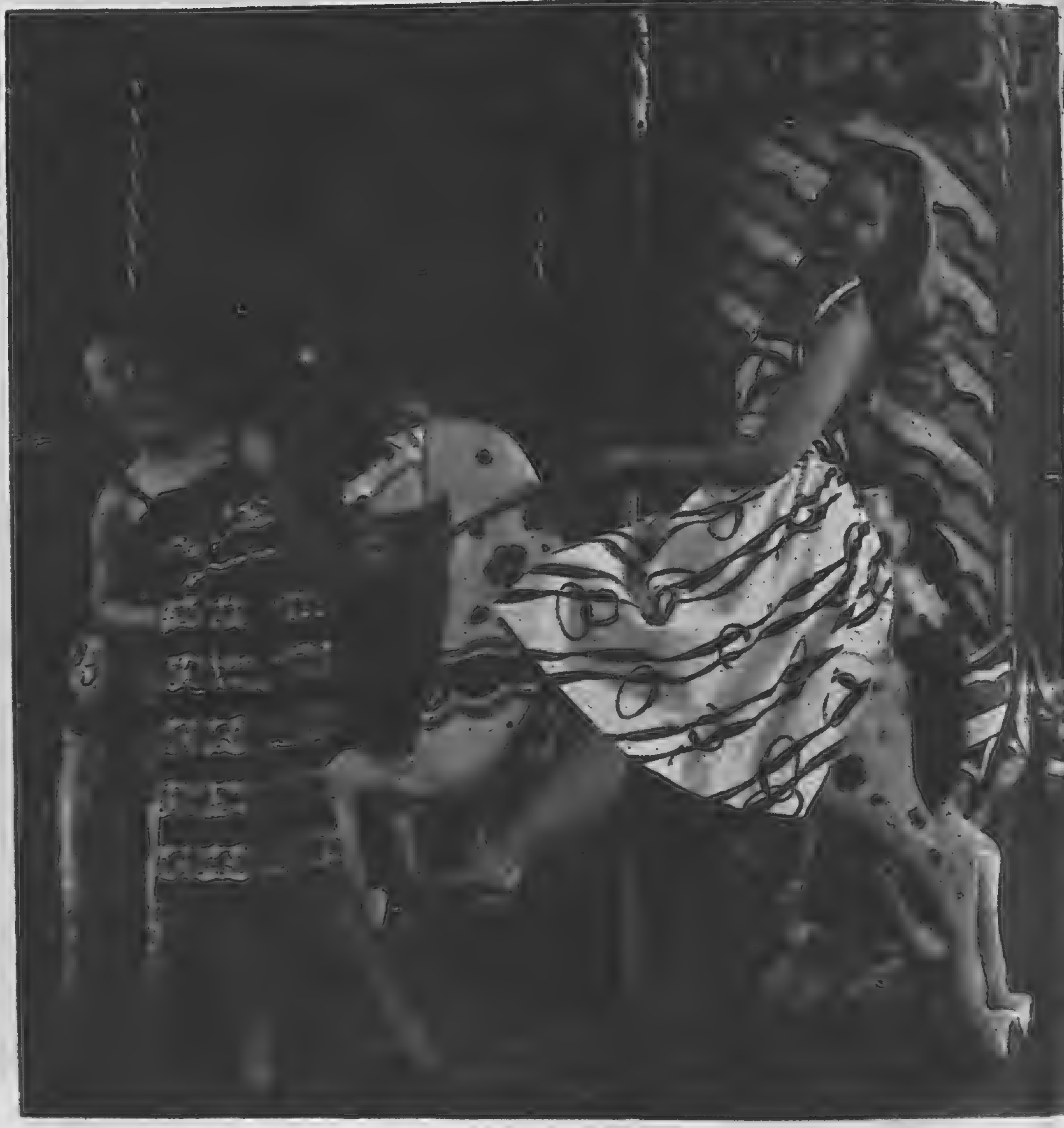
Because he so keenly understood Hitler and the Germans, Stalin and the Russians, England and America, he never lost faith in the future, and not even the late Franklin Roosevelt foresaw so clearly and predicted so accurately the sweep of forthcoming events. To Benes, Munich meant world war. That was why, shortly after the infamous Agreement was signed between England, France, Germany, and Italy, he hastened to exile himself from his native land.

The Russo-German pact of August, 1939, had elicited from him only one comment: Russia and Germany must fight. Once Germany launched hostilities in Europe, he was convinced that American isolationism would shatter itself on the international turbulences of the times. When the Germans were rolling over the Russian lands on their way to Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, and leading statesmen and generals were predicting the imminent collapse of the Red Army, Benes took loud and voluble exception to these predictions. He summoned all the brilliant logic and erudition at his command to persuade the London Poles, who based their diplomacy not on the victory but on the defeat of Russia, to reverse their policy and to seek an immediate end to their ancient and fiery feud with Moscow.

(Continued on page 85)



It Doesn't



CAROUSEL RING. Remember the thrill of catching the brass ring and winning a free ride? Here's that lucky ring combined with bold streamers. A dashing design that's perfect for a sun-back play dress. About $30. (Above, left) SULKY RACE print with stripes used horizontally makes another striking play dress topped with sophisticated black. About $17.

SULKY RACE combined with diagonal colorful stripes makes this contrasting skirt. Yes, the entire dress is washable, like all Soap-'n-Water fabrics. Worn by Miss Iva Withers, leading lady of Carousel. About $20.

Come Out in the Wash

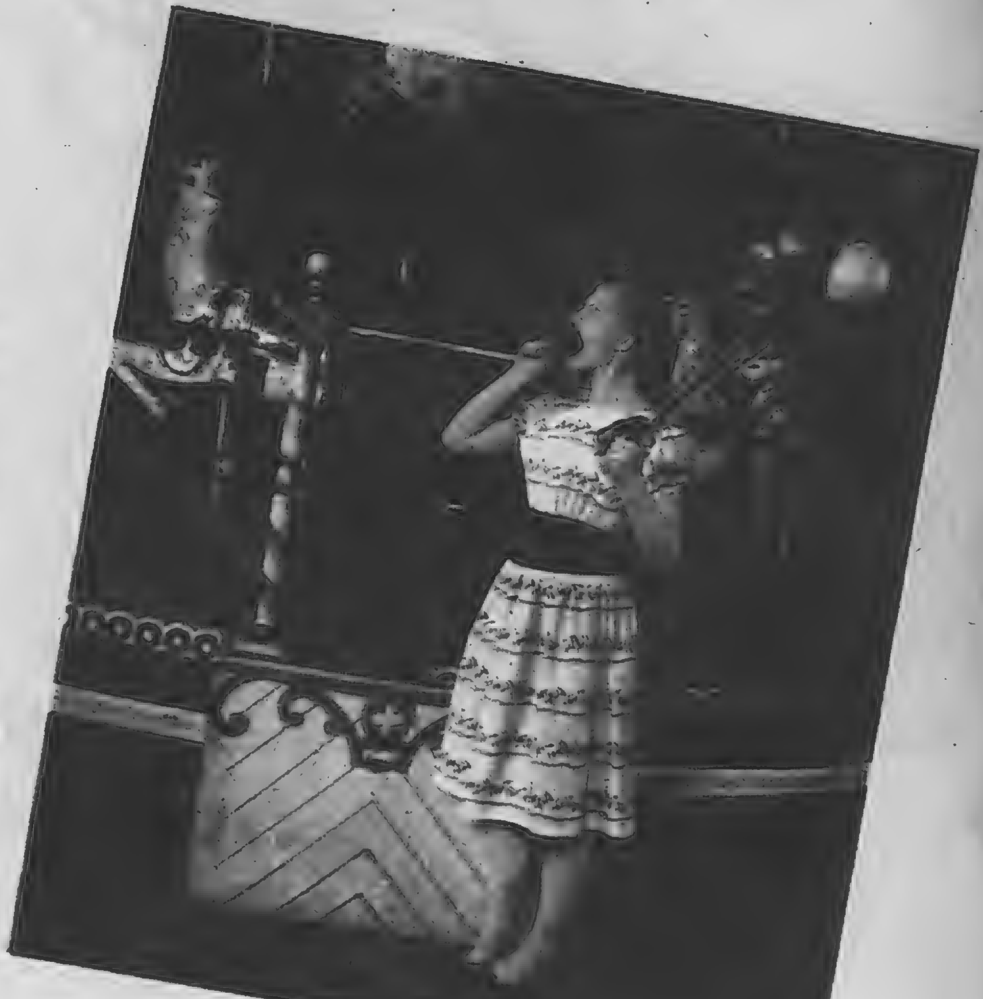
BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

These togs are gay and sprightly enough to have originated in Paris or Mexico. But not so: they were inspired by the flashing color, the movement and happy hubbub of America's county fairs.

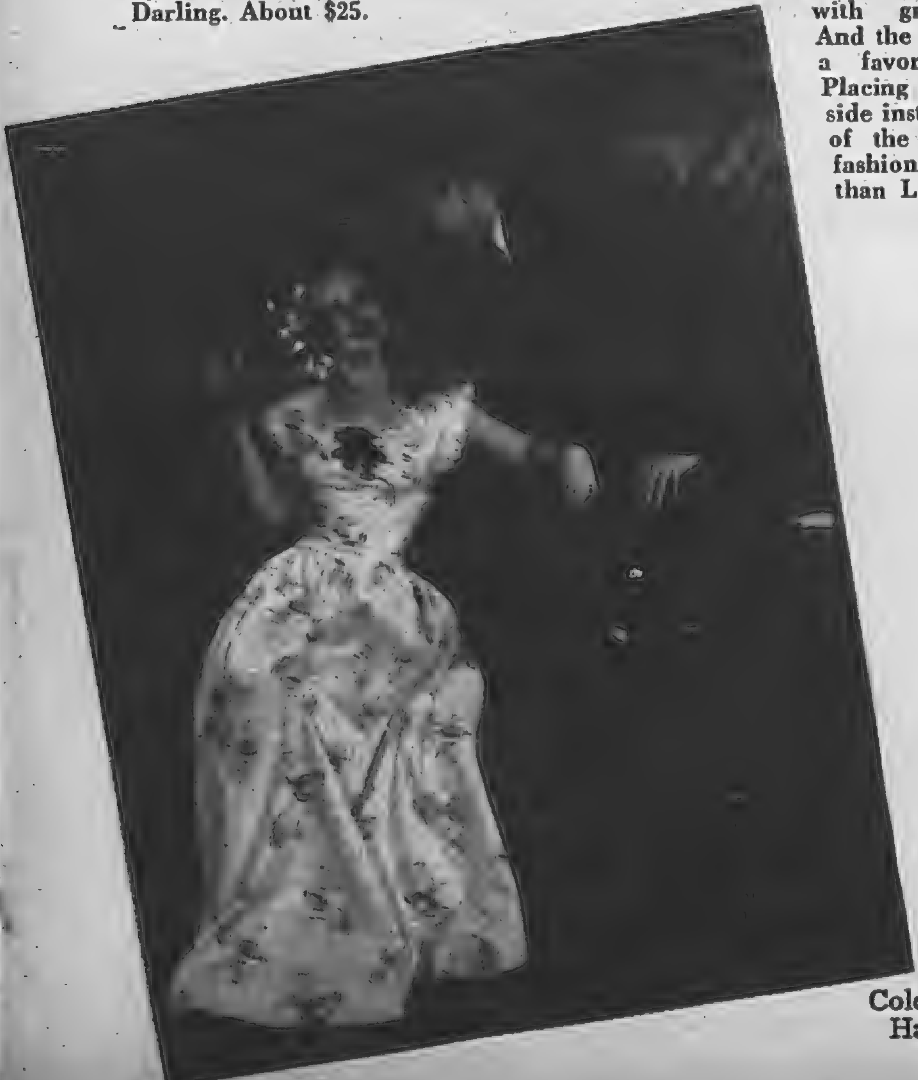
Liberty pictures them on the stage of the Broadway hit, Carousel, a Theatre Guild production, where they are modeled by three stars of the show—Iva Withers, Jean Darling, and Bambi Linn.

These dresses would be prize winners for their gay patterns and flattering styles alone. But they take on still more merit because they're all made of Soap-'n'-Water fabrics; they're unconditionally washable! That quality constitutes mighty sweet music to the ears of every girl who's buying summer fashions.

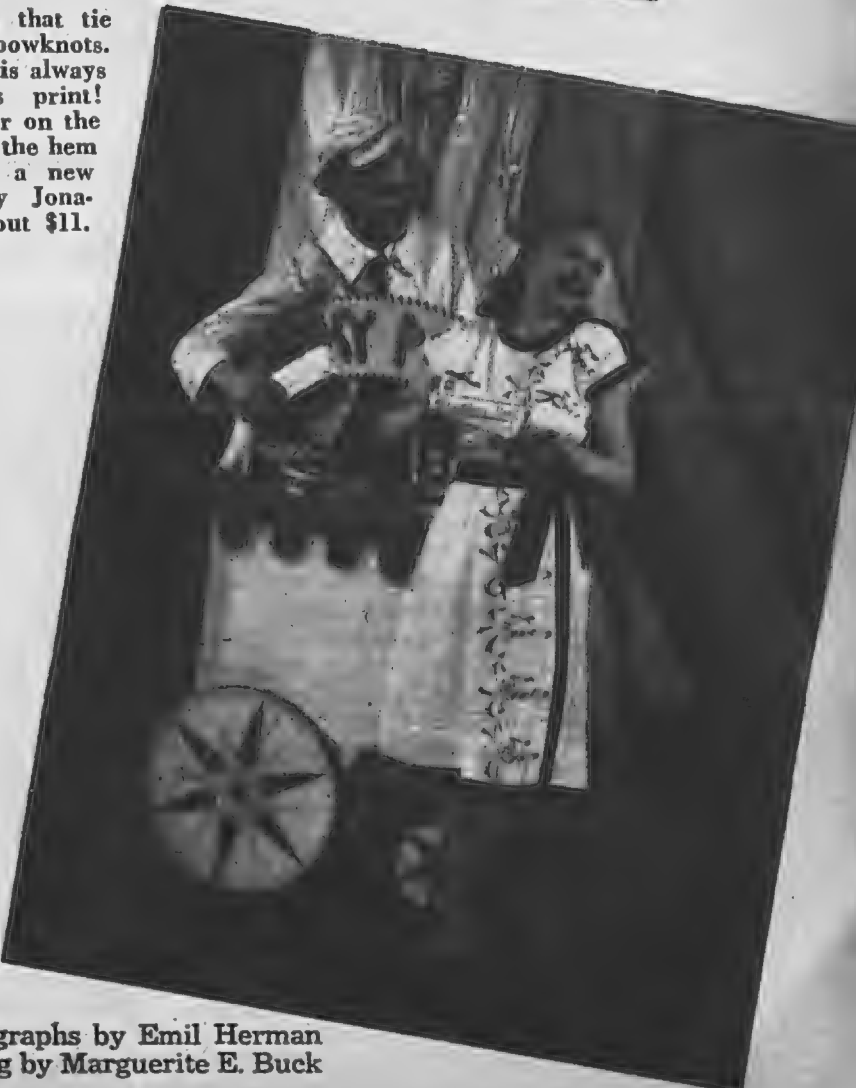
PONY! PONY! Favorite pet of children and just right for a stripe design on this puffed-sleeve teen-age dress. That black midriff whittles down a little girl's waistline so that everyone can look as petite as ballet-dancer Bambi Linn. About $4.



EVEN YOUR FORMAL evening gown can be tubbed! The print is that daring and most glamorous of all circus performers, the BAREBACK RIDER. In pastel colors on white waffle piqué, eyelet edged. Worn by Carousel's clever comedienne, Miss Jean Darling. About $25.



BALLET SLIPPERS that tie with graceful bowknots. And the bowknot is always a favorite dress print! Placing the border on the side instead of at the hem of the dress is a new fashion note by Jonathan Logan. About $11.



Color photographs by Emil Herman
Hair styling by Marguerite E. Buck

Mail to Congressmen arrives in floods like this, and none is ignored except the obvious output of pressure groups. Here, legislators check the response to a survey of public opinion on taxation.

How to Write to Your Congressman

If every voter knew how to write his congressman, says this legislator, congress would be fifty-per-cent improved. This is the way it's done.

By GEORGE E. OUTLAND

Representative in Congress from California

as told to DON WHARTON

THE 435 members of the House and the 96 senators are about as diverse a lot of men and women as could be got together. They are of different parties, different ideologies, varying abilities, predilections, and habits. But around ten o'clock in the morning these 531 members of Congress are all doing exactly the same thing—reading the mail. Congressmen miss committee meetings, ignore debates, absent themselves from the floor, fail to show up for roll calls and votes. But they always read their mail.

One member recalls that forty years ago his father, then in Congress, answered all his mail in longhand with the aid of one secretary. Today almost every congressman has a staff of three or four persons helping him with the mail. In 1907 the congressman from a certain farming district in the Southwest received an average of twelve to fifteen letters a day. In 1946 the same district sends its congressman an average of 100 letters a day. In 1907 the congressman from a large city district in the Middle West received an average of twelve letters a day. In 1946 this district sends its congressman 125 letters a day. The population of these two districts has dropped 7 per cent since 1907, but the mail has increased almost tenfold. The Senate and the House each has its own post office. The House post office has forty-four employees. Mail is delivered to every member's door four times each weekday, twice even on Sundays and holidays. Congress gets around 60,000 letters a day. City folks write more often than country folks. People afraid their side is losing are more likely to write us than those expecting to win, and people who are against something are more likely to write us a letter than those for a measure.

About one letter in five is concerned with legislation. The other four ask for information, help with government agencies, or favors of some sort. Every member's work is now and then enlivened by a strange request from a constituent. One woman wanted me to send a couple of rocks from the Potomac River for her collection of stones. Another constituent asked his representative to get him a photograph of President Roosevelt autographed "To Jimmie

Spectacled I.R.T. Smith oversees handling and four deliveries of 60,000 letters you write to Congressmen daily. Thomas R. Padgett, assistant, uses a power letter cutter.

and Frank." A constituent whose son was momentarily expected in Washington for discharge from the Army wrote his congressman to say he was shipping two suits of clothes for the young man; would the congressman please have them pressed and hanging in his office when the son arrived?

For eccentric and intemperate letters many congressmen have a file labeled "Nuts" or "Gripes." One member filed them under "Y," for "Youcrookyou." My own file, labeled "CP," for "Crackpot," has already grown to several folders—everything from anonymous threats to mimeographed or printed nut stuff. A letter from a Philadelphian says he's asked J. Edgar Hoover to have me "apprehended for imprisonment for treason." Another letter begins "Dear Congressman: I though you people could settle this matter. We have and Alian here that is from that sar Basin. She hate the englishmans." An Ohio man unknown to me regularly writes long scrawling letters, each beginning, "How are you George?"

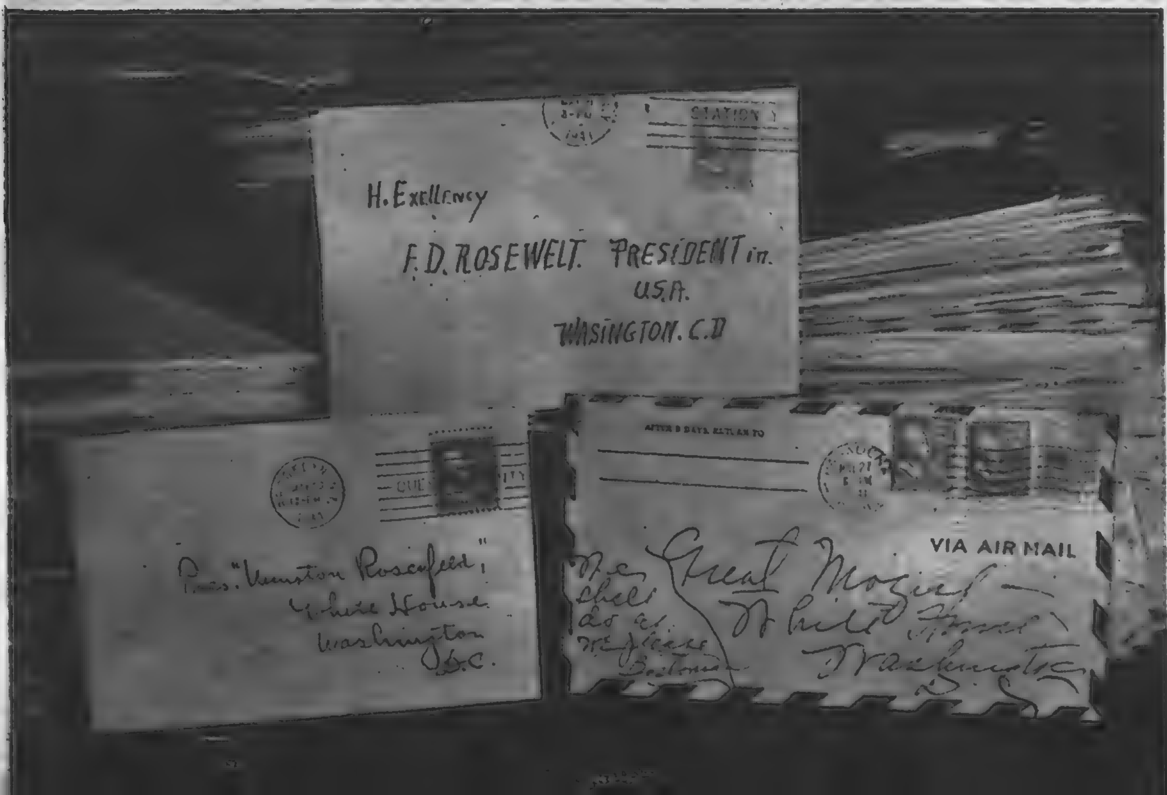
I AM a representative from a California district, and was chairman of the steering committee that worked for the full employment bill, yet "Observer" writes from Virginia, addresses me as "Senator Outland," and states that I should be thrown out of office for opposing the full employment bill! Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, while helping lead the fight to renominate Henry Wallace for Vice-President, received a wire from Los Angeles: "CORRECT IMMEDIATELY YOUR WAVERING STAND ON WALLACE."

But the crackpot and ignorant letters are the exception. Actually the mail, taken as a whole, is of the greatest value to any congressman. Frequently letters from constituents throw light upon matters of importance. No member of Congress can possibly know a great deal about all the bills and resolutions introduced—8,366 in the first session of this Congress. Many individuals and such organizations as the American Association of University Women and the Committee for Economic Development study vital measures in detail, so that not only do they express their opinions in letters to Congress, but they give us the reasons for their stand.

Even when the writer of a letter is misinformed or uninformed, it is a healthy thing for him to take pen in hand and express his views to his representative. If the time ever comes when the people feel they cannot write their congressmen or do not want to write them, America will be perilously close to true bureaucracy. I should much rather put up with the abuses, the misunderstanding, and the CP folders than have no letters at all—or commendations only.

FDR-haters wrote with venom. But he got one letter sent: "My Friend, White House."

ALL PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING



BEING a congressman is a two-way proposition. Your congressman not only represents his district in Washington but also Washington in his district. The mail reveals to him what issues need clarification back home as well as what issues he needs to bone up on. For instance, Representative Sparkman of Alabama tells me that in December mail from his district showed widespread dissatisfaction with demobilization and antagonism to universal military training. Sparkman, a member of the Military Affairs Committee, knew he had more facts than most of his constituents, and when he got home for Christmas he made four speeches on these subjects. Through his talks, and the newspaper reports of his speeches, he was able to help formulate an enlightened opinion in his district. If Sparkman had simply voted the way his district wrote, that might be *democracy* in a crude form, but what he did comprised *representative* government, working two ways, not one. Similarly, my mail disclosed opposition in my district to the Bretton Woods pact, and led me to

(*Continued on page 78*)

His Wife Discovered Him

By
Elizabeth Wilson

WHAT BABY SEES

Alan Ladd's lucky star was his wife, Sue Carol, who, as his agent, promoted him into the big time, to the delight of American womanhood

Ladd, having shown terrific box-office appeal, now commands romantic roles like that with Esther Fernandez in Two Years Before the Mast.

WAY back in March, 1942, a whole year and more before Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson became objects of hysterical female affection, Paramount released a picture called This Gun for Hire. It was an unpretentious picture about a young cold-blooded killer named Raven. It was a small-budget job, costing a mere $375.000. At the end of the cast and credits on the screen the studio casually announced as an afterthought—"And introducing Alan Ladd as Raven."

It couldn't have been more casual. And the impact on the fans couldn't have been more terrific. It was a most successful introduction. Samuel Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, who had spent a million trying to introduce Anna Sten and Simone Simon to a public who turned a cold shoulder, were said to have winced.

Four years, one World War, and one suspension later, blond, green-eyed, thirty-two-year-old Alan Ladd is still one of the hottest actors in Hollywood. The tip-offs are (1) fan mail; (2) box-office grosses; (3) linage in newspapers and fan magazines. Although he has starred in only nine pictures, three of them unreleased, and only one of them, Salty O'Rourke, released during 1945, he gets three fifths of the fan mail received on the Paramount lot—between 20,000 and 30,000 letters a week, probably the largest fan mail ever recorded in Hollywood. More fan letters a week than go to Hope and Crosby combined.

All his pictures have grossed more than $2,000,000 over the original cost. China, his biggest box-office picture to date, due perhaps to the fact that it was released at the time he enlisted in the Army, grossed well over $3,000,000. The studio doesn't have any trouble coaxing leading ladies to appear in Alan Ladd pictures. They know they'll play to packed houses. Veronica Lake, who has been in three pictures with him, was one of his early boosters. And David Selznick, one of the most ardent of the Ladd fans, has tried to borrow Alan for the lead in four of his big productions. But Paramount continues to say no loan-outs for Ladd.

Alan employs four secretaries to look after his fan mail, two to open and two to answer. "Unusual" letters and all letters from servicemen he answers himself. His secretaries mail out on the average 8,000 autographed photographs a week (the studio also sends out several thousand unautographed), which runs him into thousands of dollars, one third of which he can deduct from his income tax.

Alan had his first experience with the bobby-soxers when the studio sent him and his bride, former movie star Sue Carol, to New York in the spring of 1942 to attend the opening of This Gun for Hire. "It was my first trip to New York and, like the ham I am, the first thing I did," says Alan, "was to walk down to Times Square to see my name on the marquee of the Paramount theater. While he was admiring the size and brilliance of his name in lights (Paramount had said to hell with that underplaying business by then) the bobby-soxers discovered him. Before he got back to his hotel he was combed for souvenirs and practically stripped.

His first success was a toughie role in 1942—This Gun For Hire

IN Hollywood he can always count on a good mauling when he appears at a preview or a broadcast. His car is smeared with affectionate messages, accompanied by phone numbers, written in lipstick.

When he and Sue attended the President's Birthday Ball in Washington in 1945 they returned to their hotel at 4 A.M. to find the lobby and corridors jammed with bobby-soxers waiting for Ladd. "What will their mothers think?" gasped Alan.

There are two large Alan Ladd fan clubs, one in the West and one in the East, and several hundred small ones in cities and towns. And when little Alana was born in April, 1943, some fans in Minnesota started a fan club for her.

It's not unusual for Sue to receive letters from young women saying, "I'm in love with your husband, I hope you understand." Sue assures them that she understands. She's in love with him too. Although the teen-agers seem to delight in Alan

(Continued on page 75)

◀ **The Alan Ladds and Alana, aged 3, in their unostentatious eight-room home.**

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN.

Dr. George Mackenzie, physician-in-chief of the hospital that provides group medicine for the Cooperstown, N. Y., area, takes a new patient's history. On his desk are some of the daily letters from prospective patients, and from physicians curious about the plan.

Everybody's Specialists

BY ARLINE BRITTON BOUCHER and JOHN LEO TEHAN

THE burly fellow with a soiled cloth around his throat was insistent. Emphatically he told the interne in the admitting office of the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, New York, "I'm Ralph J——, and I've got to see Dr. George Mackenzie."

"But our throat specialist—" began the admitting officer.

"I don't want any throat specialist," Ralph rasped painfully. "I want the head of this hospital. Where is he?"

Just then tall gray-haired Dr. Mackenzie, physician in chief of the hospital, stepped out of his office.

"I just had to see you, doc," Ralph said. "My throat is killing me."

Dr. Mackenzie examined him, then told him, "I'd like to have Dr. Kieler, our throat specialist, look at you. He sees all patients who have a throat condition like yours."

Ralph was upset. "But I wanted *you*, doctor. What kind of a hospital is this where I can't have the doctor I choose?"

"In this hospital," Dr. Mackenzie said, "we are practicing medicine as a group, not as individuals. A full-time staff of medical specialists pool their efforts for the greater benefit of the patients. So when you come here, you are a patient of the hospital and are assigned to that doctor who specializes in the particular kind of illness which is bothering you."

Marian Eggleston, 10, was born in the Bassett Hospital. She has been back four times; for infected lymph nodes, a tonsillectomy, pneumonia, bronchitis.

Dr. Mackenzie explained further by pointing out that medical science has progressed so tremendously in recent years and is now so complicated that no one physician can hope to keep up to date in all branches of medicine. And at the Bassett Hospital each patient receives a specialist's care, depending on his condition, in any one of five major branches—surgery, medicine, obstetrics, pediatrics, and ear, nose, and throat conditions.

Two days later, when Dr. Mackenzie saw Ralph in the ward, the patient had to admit that Dr. Kieler had fixed him up fine.

This incident took place some years ago. Today such initial resistance would be unlikely. For in Cooperstown, situated in central New York State, group medicine is no longer

Specialized medical care with high skills available at low cost under one roof seems like a patient's dream—but it has been tried, and it works

new. Eighteen years ago Dr. Mackenzie came from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was associate professor of medicine, to establish this group practice of medicine at the Bassett Hospital. And, according to Dr. Kingsley Roberts, director of Medical Administration Service and a leader in group medicine, "Dr. Mackenzie and his staff are doing a wonderful piece of work. It would be impossible to praise them enough."

At the Bassett Hospital a major ideal of medical care has been realized—better treatment for more people through group-medical efforts centered in a well-equipped hospital, replacing the old office method with its extreme individualism which is often attended by professional rivalry and the necessity for a single man to make important decisions in several fields of medicine and surgery.

"Under the old laissez-faire system of private practice," says Dr. Mackenzie, "when the patient enters the doctor's office, the door is closed and what the doctor does to locate the trouble or what he prescribes as treatment need never be subjected to the critical scrutiny of other doctors."

HERE, as in most university hospitals and medical centers, there is no such thing as undisclosed diagnosis and therapy. Other doctors, internes, and residents can see how careful and intelligent every other member of the staff is in his examination and treatment of patients. Such close medical teamwork keeps doctors on their toes professionally, so to speak. There is no rivalry for patients; the admitting officer determines the service to which each patient is assigned.

Prompt and frequent consultations are held. For example, a woman comes in with a small lump in her breast. The interne asks the chief surgeon, Dr. Monroe A. McIver, "Should it be removed or is it benign?" A young woman with a history of rheumatism is about to have a baby (twins, the obstetrician suspects). So he asks the internist to check her heart and circulation. Yesterday the young man in room 203 had his appendix removed. Today the surgeon, noting a slight rise in temperature, wonders, "Is it post-operative pneumonia?" Within an hour he has had the internist examine the patient's chest and the radiol-

(*Continued on page 82*)

Surgeons on full-time salary have the best of modern facilities. The overall cost of a major operation and two weeks' care for a ward patient: $150.

Ward Eggleston, farmer, and his wife Maria. They and their eight children have had twenty-one admittances, countless out-patient visits—all prepaid.

Jim Eggleston, 14, left, and Gordon, 18, center, born at the Bassett, have returned five times in all. Osborne, 20, has been an occasional out-patient.

The Highroad to Mexico

Near the border, you can do 60 in comfort on Mexico's Route 1. Later you get mountains, cities and rich tropical scenery.

If you want to get away from it all, the Pan-American Highway to Mexico City is for you. A motorist who has made the trip tells you all about it

BY ABSALOM JACKSON, Jr.

THE Mexicans call it Camino Nacional No. 1, but we know it as the Pan-American Highway. Stretching southward from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City, it brings Mexico's vacation land within motoring reach of the U. S. tourist and links the street in front of your home with the ancient capital of the Aztecs.

And with all travel restrictions now lifted, more and more Americans are heading south along the Pan-American Highway. No passports are needed and the necessary tourist card and car permit, good for six months, can be procured at the border for $2.10. Already the tiny trickle of traffic down the highway during the war years has become a flood that is bringing U. S. dollars and prosperity to the Mexicans along the way. The hotel cash registers are jingling and the owners are smiling again. And as more new cars become available, Mexico will really come into its own as a vacation spot.

At present Camino Nacional No. 1, opened in 1935, is the only modern road to Mexico City. Another, south from Nogales, Arizona, down Mexico's west coast, is under construction, but it won't be open for travel for years; so, if you're going to Mexico City by car, you'll head for Laredo, no matter where you live.

From the International Bridge across the Rio Grande at Laredo, the Pan-American Highway is 763 miles of good hard-surfaced blacktop. You

DR. FRANCIS GODWIN PHOTOS FROM INTER-AMERICAN RESEARCH SERVICE

Passengers even cling to the spare tires on the perpetually crowded buses.

won't find any picturesque rickety bridges along its length. They're all steel or concrete spans built for safe traveling, and the road is a tribute to the skill of engineers on both sides of the border.

The scenery and the country, however, are picturesque enough to satisfy any traveler. The highway runs through mountains and valleys, deserts and lush tropical regions, through wild hunting country and prosperous farm lands. From the moment you cross the border you're in a strange new world.

THE highway signs in Spanish are bewildering at first, but it won't take you long to learn that *Despacio* means Slow and that *Alto* is Stop. *Conserve su Derecha* is merely your old friend Keep to the Right. The real puzzler is *Se Prohibe Estacionarse en Esta Calle.* It means No Parking!

For a while you may be confused in trying to figure out the speed limit in kilometers instead of miles, but that's easy if you remember that a kilometer is a little over half a mile (.62137 to be exact). It's 1,230 kilometers from Laredo to Mexico City, and there's a white stone marker every kilometer of the way to tell you the distance still to go. Since every scenic spot and village along the way is identified on your road map by its kilometer distance from Mexico City, you need never wonder how far it is to the next place. You'll return wishing that U. S. highways were as well marked.

As the Pan-American Highway runs south from the border it crosses a barren, lonesome region. The towns are few and far apart, though not to the extent that you need worry about gasoline or food stops. The few houses you see are made of adobe, with so few windows they have a blank, bare appearance. This semi-desert section is covered with a chaparral of cactus, mesquite, and cenizo, the latter an ashen-leaved plant with lavender flowers. Beyond scenic Mamulique Pass, where the highway climbs 2,000 feet, there are thousands of giant yucca trees, called China palm by the Mexicans. Many are planted in rows along the road, and if the yucca is putting out its great white blossoms, you're in for a treat.

BURTON HOLMES PHOTO FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Gas stations are big and bright, and company cars patrol the road.

FRITZ HENLE PHOTO

Off Route 1, travel is primitive.

DR. FRANCIS GODWIN PHOTO

These falls are about half-way to Mexico City.

In Mexico automobiles are a luxury for the rich, so most of the cars you pass will have familiar license plates. The buses are Mexican, though, and they're always jammed. You may think that the men hanging to the spare tires, standing on the rear bumpers, or riding the luggage racks on top of the buses are just hitching rides, but you're wrong. They've all paid fares, but there aren't enough seats inside.

For short distances the universal mode of travel in Mexico is via burro. There must be millions of those patient sad-eyed little donkeys. At night they are a driving hazard, but you won't want to be traveling after dark. You miss too much.

One hundred and forty-six miles from Laredo is Monterrey. You'll be surprised to find that it is a modern industrial city—Mexico's third largest. It is the site of a steel mill, many factories, and the country's biggest brewery, where the famed Carta Blanca is made. The downtown business section looks like that of any bustling U. S. city, but there's plenty of color and charm, too, with the cathedral, the government buildings, and the Bishop's Palace to reward sight-seers.

Serving as an awe-inspiring backdrop for the city is the Sierra Madre Range towering to 6,000 feet. You don't cross the range; it will provide scenery on your right for the rest of the trip. Later, another range will appear on your left.

SOUTH from Monterrey the character of the country changes. The highway runs through the fertile valleys of the State of Nuevo León. This is Mexico's orange belt, and the laden trees line the road for miles. Farther along are acres and acres of tomato farms.

Along this section of the Pan-American Highway the children will yell out as your car passes. You'll wave, thinking they're calling a greeting. They're not; they don't see many Americans and you're a stranger from a strange land. What they're yelling is *"Gringo!"*

In the early afternoons you'll see many trucks stopped along the highway with their drivers beneath them. Motor trouble? No—it's siesta time and no true Mexican will pass

(*Continued on page 73*)

Saga of the Sizzling Soda

BY OREN ARNOLD

The American habit of sipping soda through a straw adds up to a billion-dollar industry and a lot of mouth-watering facts you probably never knew until now.

WHEN a judge in a Western town recommended that parents of delinquent children be whipped, a local bottler, shrewd opportunist, plastered the town with signs: Try WHIP—Discipline Drink for Children and Parents.

The town tried it, liked it, joked about it, and thus quadrupled the sale of a lemon concoction to which the bottler had merely added a touch of pink.

By one means or another we Americans consume an incredible number of soft drinks—coke, strawberry, orange, any kind so long as it's cold.

In 1941 we swigged the unbelievable total of about 200 bottles for each man, woman, and child in the nation. In 1945, even with a 30-percent cut in supply due to sugar shortage and other troubles, we drank 140 each, or about 18,600,000,000 bottles. Standing side by side as they do on the bottling machines, they would stretch thirty-five times around the world. And the consumption for 1946 is expected once more to exceed 200 per capita.

The bottles retail for a nickel, sometimes a dime. Thus the retail total is at least $1,000,000,000, shared last year by 5,700 bottlers. Minimum investment in a bottling plant is around $25,000; usually it goes higher, and it may reach $4,000,000. Thus sugar sirup, a dash of flavoring, a bit of color, a squirt of carbonated water, and some adroit promotion is the formula for one of the truly big businesses of this hemisphere. These figures ignore the soda fountains, which also sell many refreshers. Moreover, the whole story of pop is entrenched in our national legend; it's Americana of the richest kind.

That Whip drink offered by the Western bottler had previously been called Bang, and its proud creator had invited his customers to "Get a Bang Out of Life." Later he changed the name and the color when the town's bobby-soxers suddenly developed a new enthusiasm. They staged a city tennis tournament, and he rechristened his drink Love All. He liked to ride with the winds, and he made it pay.

Not all bottlers are that alert, nor

Ten of these machines, with eight men on each, disgorge 960,000 full bottles—90,000 gallons—a day in Pepsi-Cola's New York plant.

STATIONERY
SONGS 35
CANADA DRY
Now Popularly Priced at 49¢

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Bottled or at the fountain, it's all the same to sirup swizzlers. Fountains sell about a fourth of the fizz business' dollar volume.

do they change brand names so frequently. Most, in fact, prefer to create a name and ballyhoo it indefinitely, pyramiding its fame until it becomes a national institution. About us today are some 300 such drinks that can be called good moneymakers. The franchise for bottling any one of them in any community costs plenty, but it also earns plenty if you can get the machinery, manpower, and ingredients to produce the drink. These 300, however, are only the elite; those with less fame and fortune number into the thousands.

When the now famous 7-Up was created as a lemon-flavored drink seventeen years ago, it already had more than 600 lemon competitors. Since Coca-Cola hit the jackpot and the courts ruled that only half its name could be held inviolate, some 1,100 other cola drinks have gurgled past the national palate. Orange or synthetic orange drinks have multiplied incredibly. They are, as a group, harmless, nonfattening, inexpensive. A few of them can be called mildly habit-forming, about as much so as coffee.

Most of the drinks originate in the sunny South and West; nothing stimulates sales like hot weather, even though the spread between July and January sales volume diminishes each year. On the other hand, the North may take sudden spurts of drinking; Montreal led the world in per capita consumption of Coca-Cola one year. New York, source of much that is new and good, is relatively unimportant in the making of soda-pop sirups. Georgia, with its Coca-Cola and a dozen or so other excellent drinks, is one shrine of the industry. Even the drink called New Yorker originated there. "Dr. Pepper" of Dallas has brought added renown to Texas, as if any were needed. In California, home-state drinks tempt us from every billboard and cooler. And while most of us think pop originated in our country about fifty years ago, it actually predated the republic itself.

IN 1767 Dr. Joseph Priestley in England charged some water with carbonic gas, and thought it very tasty. But in Philadelphia a druggist named Townsend Speakman adventured further: he added juice from berries growing in his yard, stirred in a spoonful of sugar, tried his mix, then rushed to a physician's office.

"Doc! Doc!" he cried excitedly. "Taste this, man! I've something here!"

He had something, truly. He had the first true soda pop in all the world.

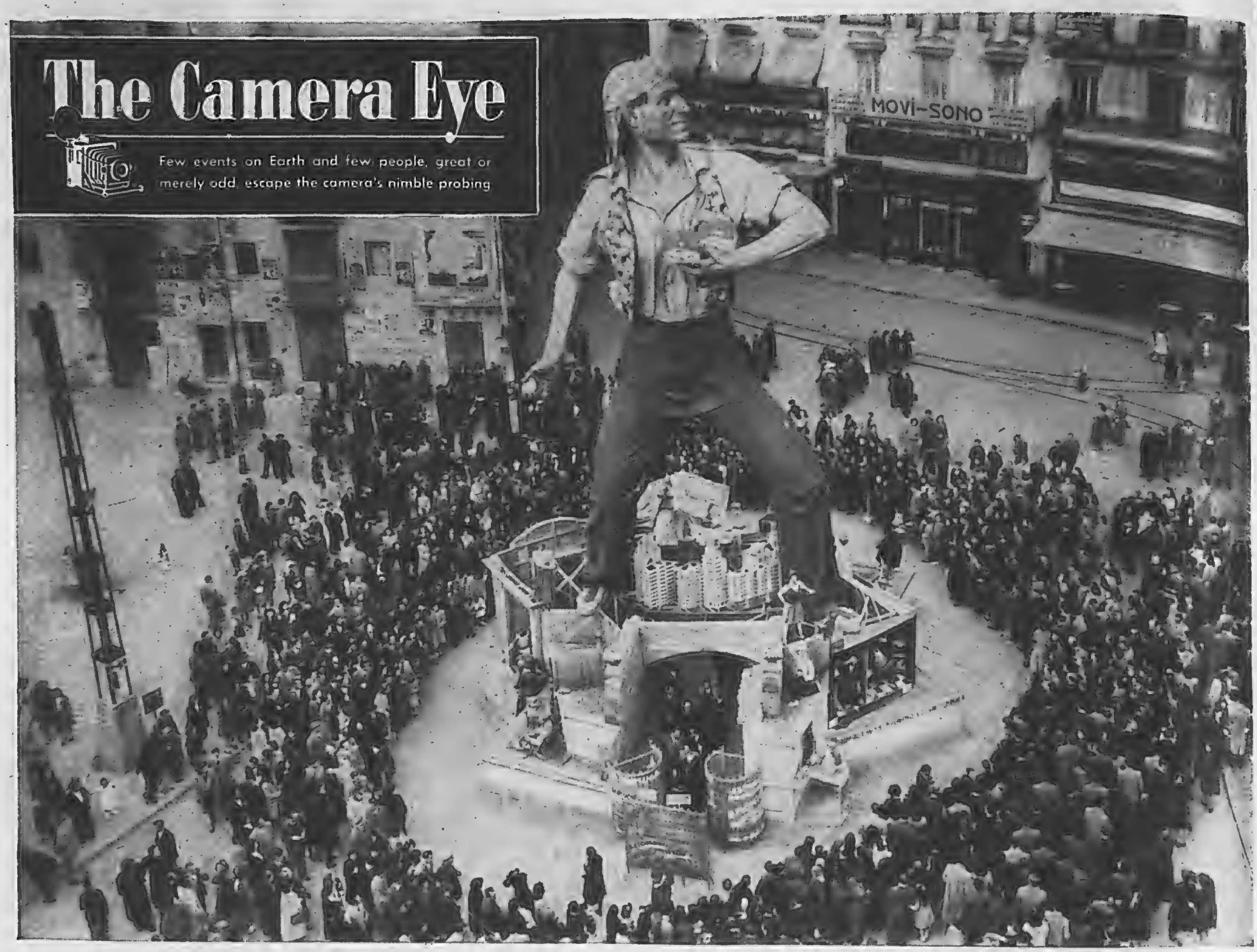
Characteristically, the English called Priestley's first product "aerated waters," and to this day they apply that name to soda pop. But American instincts for ballyhoo were already stirring. As the early 1800s moved on, we drank such wonderful concoctions as Vigorine, Heodont, Phosphodone, Quinada, and Sparkling Phosphade Ferrozodone. However, we still poured them out of reservoirs into table glasses. Not until 1835 did another American, one Elias Durant in Philadelphia, do the first bottling. He used pressure machinery "of his own invention and superior to any used (by vintners) in France." At about the same moment, Joseph Hawkins, also of Philadelphia, began bottling on machinery that he, too, invented and patented.

Next, in typically American fashion, Hawkins formed a partnership with a friend named Shaw, got some testimonials, started advertising, and expanded into big business. "Our Mineral Waters," they advertised, "contain three and a half times more carbonic acid gas than any natural spring water. One glass daily can be had for $1.50 per month, or $4 per quarter." Bottles were delivered at one and two dollars a dozen, depending on size. And the Messrs. Shaw and Hawkins personally filled them by pressing them upward with their knees against nipples, then inserting a cork, which they drove

(*Continued on page 77*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



STRANGE PET—Most kids fear snakes, but these children in San Francisco seem to be quite at ease. That's an indigo snake, and harmless.
ACME

COLOSSUS—People of Valencia, the third largest city of Spain, observe the Feast of St. Joseph with these huge figures showing sundry phases of city life. This giant calls attention to a plaint that's familiar to us Yanks—Spain, too, has a bad housing shortage.
WIDE WORLD

THE OLD GRIND—Her movie role in the Queen of Burlesque has Evelyn Ankers practicing bumps and grinds. Rose LaRose, as the teacher, obviously is showing Ankers a way.
ACME

HE'S BENT ON LABOR—This is Gent Verduyn of Detroit. His wife declared a moratorium on bowling, golf, and the weekly pinochle until he prettied up their house. He's working up a fine backache, but he had to stoop over like this to stay on the page.
INTERNATIONAL

PANTYWAISTS—In days of yore it took two-fisted games like faro, stud, or three-card monte to amuse cowhands. But not in Hollywood. On the movie lot nowadays Bill Hurley (dummy) and his gang kill time between shots playing bridge—even using the conventions.
WIDE WORLD

The

It was a sweet, dangerous game Helen was playing with a married man, but the die was cast—and loaded

Other Woman

BY ALLENE CORLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

IN less than an hour now, the train would be in Manhattan. Helen had been gone three weeks and now she would be back and she would see him again. She would take her place at her desk in the main office and presently he would ring for her and she would go in. She would open the door and close it softly behind her and there he would be. He would cross the few feet of rust-colored rug, take her in his arms and kiss her. He would say, "It has been so long, darling, so unbearably long! Thank God, Helen, you are back!"

Usually he didn't make love to her in the office. Usually he left their love-making for that magic, secret time between five thirty and seven—"our time" he called it, to distinguish it from the time which belonged to business and the time which belonged to Alicia, his wife.

It was funny how much she knew about Alicia without ever having seen her. She knew, for instance, how she looked because of the photograph on his desk. At first that cool, classically beautiful, intelligent face had disturbed her profoundly. But gradually, as he had told her more and more about his marriage, she had come to accept that look of intelligence as coldness, that well-bred aloofness as indifference. And if this other girl were cold and indifferent, well, then, what right did she have to look accusing?

"She simply doesn't *try* any more," Kenneth had said, his attractive boyish face perplexed and bitter. "We've been married ten years, Helen, and she runs my house beautifully, she's always pleasant and agreeable, but I can't get close to her any more."

SHE had sat there and listened to him, wanting terribly to reach out and comfort him, to make up to him in some small way for all the lovely fun he was being denied. But he had asked so little of her. Just that hour or two they spent together every day. Usually they went to the same place, that quiet bar around the corner. They would sit there at a special booth and drink highballs. She had loathed them at first, but they did give you a certain lift, a certain glow. They had a way of telescoping life into the narrow, exciting channel of the present. Kenneth in his chalk-striped gray flannel suit, the low murmur of voices all around them, the floating clouds of thin blue cigarette smoke, these things had substance and meaning and everything else seemed far away and unimportant.

But the part she liked best was the ride home—because in the cab they were really alone. He never came into the house with her. He had never seen the apartment she shared with two other girls. But three weeks ago, just before she'd had that wire saying her father was dangerously ill, he'd said to her, "Helen, must you go on living with these two females? They're undoubtedly nice girls, but why don't you get a small apartment by yourself? Then I could come in with you, instead of always having to leave you like this on the doorstep?"

She had said, "But I can't afford an apartment, Kenneth." And he had said, "No, I don't suppose you can." He had smiled at her then, that quick, disarming, small-boy grin. "Well, don't worry about it," he had said. "This is better than nothing. It is, isn't it, darling?" And she had said, "Oh, yes, Kenneth, it is!"

Then the next day she had had that wire from her mother and she had gone home. That first week things had been pretty bad, but then her father began to get better, and finally he had been pronounced completely out of danger. Now in less than an hour she would be back, she would be walking into Kenneth's office, opening the door and closing it softly behind her.

He rang for her and she stood up, a slim girl with shoulder-length brown-gold hair, wide smoke-blue eyes, a sweet, vulnerable mouth, and walked down the corridor to his office. She opened the door and went in and he was sitting at his desk, surrounded by important-looking legal papers. She closed the door softly and waited for him to look up, to discover she was back.

He looked up. Something funny happened to his face. It changed color and seemed to tighten up. She waited for him to jump to his feet, to come to her. But he did neither.

He said, instead, "Hello, Helen, I didn't realize you were back."

"Yes," she said, "I came back this morning."

She clung to the doorknob, her knees trembling. She was smiling at him but her lips felt stiff. She had lived for this moment for so long, but somehow everything was wrong.

"How did you leave your mother?" he said. "Or was it your father who was ill?"

"It was my father," she said. "He's much better."

"That's good. That's swell." His voice was more natural now, but it still wasn't right.

She let go of the doorknob, forced herself to walk toward him.

"Did you want to dictate some letters?" she said. Her voice sounded tight and strangled.

"Letters?" he said. "Oh, yes, of course."

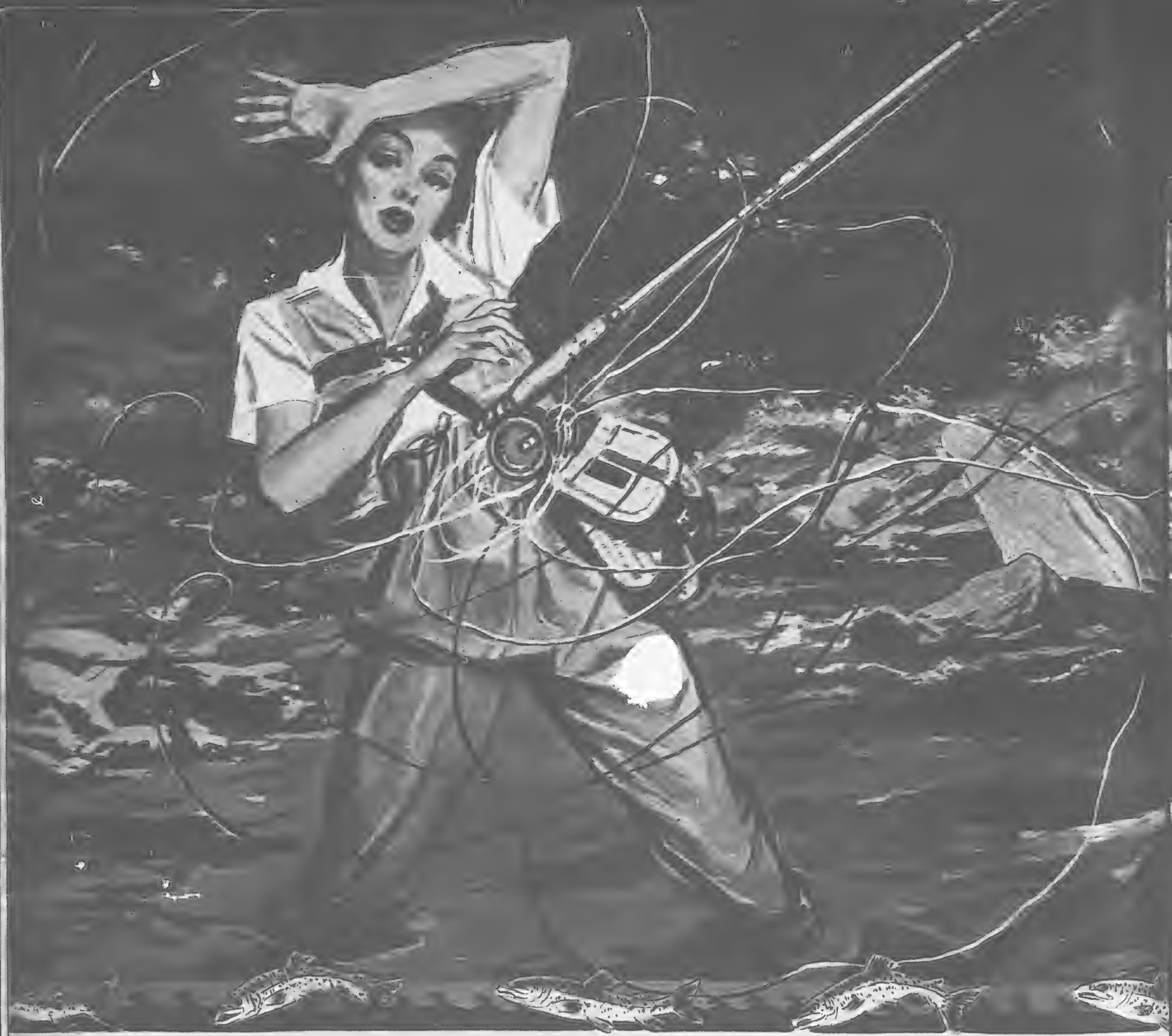
She sat down and opened her notebook and held her pencil poised above the page.

HE picked up a letter and started to dictate. He dictated rapidly for perhaps fifteen minutes. Gradually she felt the nervous tension running out of her. Any moment now he would be finished with these stupid letters and he would look at her and everything would be all right.

He stopped dictating in the middle of a sentence, got swiftly to his feet and walked across the room, stood with his back to her, looking out of one of the windows. The sun, streaming through the cream-colored slats of the Venetian blinds,

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Look," he said, "I'm not trying to pick you up but I'd appreciate it if you'd let me bring my drink over here. I've been drinking all by myself and it isn't much fun."



The line had the appearance of a ball of yarn after seven kittens had been toying with it. Jane cursed manfully and made a half-hearted attempt to untangle the mess.

TWO WHO GOT AWAY

BY STEVE McNEIL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Those marriage vows say nothing about going fishing with your husband's boss, and Jane wasn't—that is, she wished she wasn't

"ALL right," Jane said. "Out with it. What *did* you tell your boss?"

Walt scratched his head and kicked at the carpet with one toe. He managed to look like a little boy caught telling a fib. "Nothing. I didn't tell him anything. I just said we might be at Lakewood this week-end for the fishing on the Queets River."

Jane looked at him suspiciously. "And what made your boss think that *I* might be interested in fishing?"

"All I said was that you like to do the things I like to do—just as Mrs. McAvoy likes to do the things that he likes to do."

"H'm-m-m-m. And what does *he* like to do?"

"Well, he likes to fish."

"So you told him I like to fish."

"Well—maybe I did—in a way."

"In what way?"

"Oh, Jane!" Walt looked a little harassed. "You know how the boss is! He'd rather fish than eat. So he started bragging about his fishing and I started bragging about my fishing. You know how that goes." He looked at Jane hopefully.

Jane nodded.

"So then he started bragging about how his wife was his buddy—always going along on his fishing trips, and I couldn't resist."

"So you told him how I was your buddy on your fishing trips—trudging here and there with hay sticking out of my ears and fish scales on my feet or wherever they have fish scales."

WALT grinned weakly. "Well—maybe I did go overboard a little. So when he asked if we were going to be at Lakewood Inn this week-end and suggested that we make it a three-day week-end—" Walt spread his hands as if that had settled the matter.

Jane shook her head. "No! I will not be a guinea pig to a fish! I will not get myself smelling the way you always come in smelling—I mean, from the fish eggs or whatever makes the fish smell the way you smell when you come in."

"But you never caught a steelhead!"

"And that isn't all—"

"Yeah!" Walt said with some heat. "And I didn't want to hold my hands in the air for a week while you did this and that with that yarn for your knitting! And I didn't want any part of balancing a teacup on my knee at that recital of your cousin's! And I didn't want any part of finding a boy friend for your sister."

"Yes, and what did you find? Wolves, that's what you found."

"What did you expect, lambs? Or maybe you wanted them with ice water for blood."

"Ha! Ice water. Alcohol would be more like it."

"That's beside the point! The boss wants me to go fishing, and after what I told him he'll think it's funny if you aren't along. And if he gets funny ideas, then he gets funny ideas about that new job and the new pay check that goes with it. He said himself he likes to see a young executive with a wife who goes right along with her husband."

"But why does a young executive's wife have to go stumbling around on some fishing expedition? And why couldn't your boss have some other hobby—like collecting china dolls or something?"

"Well, why do we have to have bosses?"

"Ha! A Communist!" Jane shouted. "Anyway, I'd make a fool of you. I don't know anything about fishing."

"That's just it!" Walt said eagerly. "We'll go up Friday night and get on the river early Saturday morning. We'll have the whole morning to get you zeroed in on that stuff. I'm not meeting the boss till Saturday noon at Lakewood Inn, and by that time you'll be casting like a veteran."

"By that time I'll have hooked myself in the ear."

"You'll like it—honestly you will. You'll think you have a horse hooked when you tie into one of those steelheads."

"I can hardly wait."

"Aw, Jane," Walt pleaded. "Just this once?"

Jane looked at him. She had black hair and a gaminlike face and pixies in her green eyes. Walt adored her. "O.K.," she announced finally. "I'll go."

JANE sat on the bank of the river and looked at the fishing pole Walt had provided. It had a reel about twelve inches from the butt. It had a line through the guides and a leader on the line, a hook on the leader, and on the hook a glob of foul-smelling stuff that Walt had called "cluster eggs." Walt had carefully tied this glob on with red thread and just as carefully instructed her in the proper method of casting. He had then gone up the river. Jane's first cast had not turned out the way his had. When he cast, the glob of eggs rose in a beautiful arc, the line paying off the reel with silent efficiency until the power of the cast was spent—then the glob dropped in the river and drifted with the current.

Jane had placed her feet the way Walt placed his. She drew the pole back; she brought it forward; the line ran out, abruptly stopped, and when she looked at the line on the reel, it had the general appearance of a ball of yarn after seven kittens had been toying with it. Jane had cursed manfully, had made a half-hearted attempt to untangle the mess with cold fingers, and had finally dropped the whole mess on the river bank and abandoned forthwith steelhead fishing—boss or no boss.

Walt walked up to her after he

(*Continued on page 56*)

Party Line

THE collie dog raised one ear slightly when the front door opened, then let it fall as she recognized Lilly Bates' footsteps. Trixie was fond of Lilly, who lived near by.

The aged white-haired woman sitting in front of the fireplace sensed that someone was near, and turned in her chair as quickly as her feebleness would permit. "Land sakes, Lilly," she fussed, when she saw who it was, "you're enough to frighten a person to death, sneaking up on them like that! Why don't you knock?"

"If I did, you couldn't hear me," Lilly retorted loudly. "I can't understand why you don't lock your doors while you're alone, Miss Ady. Anybody could walk right in and you'd never know it."

"I would if Trixie would bark at anything but my ring on the telephone," Miss Ady declared.

At the sound of her name the dog looked up in silent affection.

"Trixie's not as young as she used to be," Lilly remarked.

"Huh," grunted Miss Ady. "Never was any good far as I could see. Plagued nuisance; can't chew her food, gets underfoot. If it wasn't that Leroy—God rest his soul—thought so much of her, I'd—"

"You'd better not get rid of her," Lilly interrupted. "She's the only friend you've got in this house—though heaven only knows why, the way you treat her."

"There you go again," said Miss Ady, "working up to say that you don't trust John and Ruth. I wish you'd mind your own business!"

"Well, I don't trust 'em, never have trusted 'em, and never will."

"They're the only kin I have," said Miss Ady, "and I think they deserve a lot of credit for giving up a good home in the city to come out here and look after a cranky old woman like me."

"Suppose you'd change your will?" asked Lilly, warming up to the subject. "Suppose you'd leave everything you have to some school? How long do you think it would take 'em to pack and get?"

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference," Miss Ady declared.

Trixie rose laboriously to her feet and began to bark. "My ring on the phone," said Miss Ady. "Must be John or Ruth. This is the day they always spend in town."

The old lady noticed that someone was at the phone, but she couldn't make out who it was. She leaned forward to peer down the dim hall.

Miss Ady and her collie, Trixie, were both old—but Trixie's judgment of people was peculiar—and infallible

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY CLAYTON HARTSOE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

"Think I don't know it? I wouldn't be over here otherwise."

The old woman walked slowly, Trixie at her heels, Lilly behind them.

"Can I help you down those stairs?" Lilly offered, when they were out in the hall.

"You can," Miss Ady replied. "I'll never understand why Leroy—God rest his soul—built two stairsteps in the middle of the hall."

Miss Ady braced herself with her cane. "Hello," she called into the mouthpiece. "Hello! . . . That you, John? . . . Speak up! . . . Yes, I'm making out all right. Are you and Ruth having a good time? . . . That's fine. . . . How's that? . . . You won't be in until late tonight? . . . I see. . . . There's no need of bothering yourself to call again at seven. I'll be all right. . . . Well, if you insist. . . . Good-by, John."

Miss Ady hung up the receiver and turned to face Lilly. "You make me sick with your silly notions," she declared. "See how they stop whatever they're doing, just to find out if I'm all right?"

"Vultures calling to see if the feast has fallen yet," Lilly muttered.

"What's that?" asked Miss Ady. "Speak up, Lilly."

"I said to be careful on these steps," Lilly replied.

"I don't see why people worry so much about me falling on these stairs," snapped Miss Ady. "The only way I'd fall would be if I was taken with one of my spells."

BY the time Lilly had tattled all the local gossip, it was dark. "I must run along now," she said. "Can I do anything for you before I go?"

"You can light the lamps if you want to," replied Miss Ady. "Guess I'll read for awhile."

"Well, if you should happen to need anything else," said Lilly, "call me on the phone, and I'll be right over."

Lilly was about to speak again, but hesitated when the phone rang. "Oh, my goodness!" she cried as she hurried toward the door. "That's Doc Blanchard's ring."

Miss Ady was startled when Lilly came back into the room. "Land sakes!" she fussed. "You'll be scaring me to death yet! I thought you had gone home."

"I went to the phone," Lilly yelled. "Thought maybe it was Hazel Pierce calling for the doctor. She's going to have a baby."

"Didn't know a thing about it," said Miss Ady. "Can't run to the phone every time it rings, like you do. Was it Hazel?"

Lilly shook her head. "Mule stepped on Rufus Scott's toe. Well, I'm going this time for sure."

THE tip of Trixie's nose quivered as she sniffed to catch the scent of the person who had entered the house through the kitchen door. A low rumbling noise which Miss Ady couldn't hear came from deep down in her throat. She had never liked the man and woman who had come to stay with her mistress. Only the woman had entered. Trixie listened closely, but the man didn't come in, so she turned back to watch Miss Ady, who was holding her specs up to her eyes with one hand, a book in the other.

When Trixie heard their ring on the telephone, she barked and climbed slowly to her feet. Miss Ady put her glasses and book on the table and eased herself from the chair with her cane. "Must be John," she said, peering at the clock on the mantel. "It's John, all right! seven o'clock on the dot."

Trixie didn't understand why Miss Ady started for the door when that woman was already talking into the phone, but she followed along at her mistress' heels.

The old lady noticed that someone was at the phone, but the lamp was turned so low she couldn't make out who it was. When she reached the two steps, she stopped and leaned forward to peer down the dimly lighted hall. "Oh, it's you, Ruth," she said. "I didn't know you were home. I thought that would be you calling." Ruth didn't reply, so she called even louder, "Who are you talking to, Ruth?"

Ruth replaced the receiver and turned toward Miss Ady, who was at the top of the steps.

Trixie growled angrily when Ruth walked slowly toward them. "Shut up!" scolded Miss Ady, poking the dog with her cane.

But Trixie didn't stop. She growled louder and louder as Ruth neared. Miss Ady raised her cane and brought it down sharply across the collie's back, but the dog didn't flinch; she continued to growl.

"I don't know what's wrong with her," said Miss Ady as she turned back to Ruth. Ruth moved forward again without speaking, and Miss Ady stepped backward as Ruth snatched the cane from her hand.

Ruth raised the cane into the air. "Don't be frightened," she said. "You're only going to fall down the stairs, but you won't know.

The cane came down in an arc, but before the silver knob could strike Miss Ady's head, Trixie sprang forward, and Ruth fell backward.

Trixie leaped after her, snapping at her face, arms, and legs. But the toothless bites were ineffective and the old dog's strength ebbed rapidly. It wasn't long before Ruth was back on her feet, raining blows on her adversary. Once the cane struck Trixie squarely across both eyes, and after that she couldn't see, but she managed to keep the enraged woman away from her mistress until the front door opened and Lilly and her man rushed in.

MISS ADY watched tensely as Lilly bathed the dog's wounds. She sighed with relief when Lilly said at last, "There. She'll be all right now."

"Thank goodness," said Miss Ady, leaning back in her rocker. "What an awful night. I was never so frightened in my life. How did you happen to come over when you did, Lilly?"

"Well," replied Lilly, "when I heard your ring, I went to the—I mean, I went to the phone to make a call, and heard you—or at least I thought it was you—talking to John. Then, after a while you said, 'I feel one of my spells coming on, John. I must try and get back to my room. Hurry home, John, Please hurry!' Now, just when you were saying that on the phone, I also heard you saying—like you were far off some place—'Who are you talking to, Ruth?' It was all mixed up, and I knew something was wrong. I called my man, and we ran over as fast as we could."

"So that's why I was going to fall down the steps," mused Miss Ady. "They knew that there'd probably be several people listening in on the line—they'd think I was about to have one of my spells."

"It would have worked as slick as lightning, too, if you hadn't called out," declared Lilly. "Ruth sure sounded like you."

Miss Ady placed both hands on the head of her cane and slowly eased down to her knees. She reached out to rub her fingers tenderly across Trixie's neck. The old dog raised her head up off the floor and moved it in affectionate response to her mistress' touch. Her eyelids opened and closed over sightless eyes. "Don't worry, Trixie," said Miss Ady. "You were my ears, now I'll be your eyes."

THE END

I MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY

"Is that what you want, Steve?" Kathy had asked after Steve popped the wrong question—and Steve was sure that was what they both wanted. But Steve had a kid sister who was growing up and looking to him for the answers

BY ROY HILLIGOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

IF you take the blacktop highway into town, coming down from New York, you pass Sol's at the outskirts. To most people, Sol's is just another roadside tavern. But to Steve Bowdoin, it was a little bit of homecoming.

He pulled his coupé off the blacktop into the gravel lot "For Customers Only" behind the squat building. It was a warm spring night, a window was open, and Steve could hear the juke box—one of the old records Sol specialized in, so old they were new to the younger crowd.

"We may never pass this way again," the first line, Steve remembered. That was just right, except that there wasn't any we; there was only Steve.

He'd been a year getting home. What was another half hour? And who was waiting for him? Aunt Hannah, up in her room as always, closeted with chocolate-covered cherries, What Do the Stars Say to YOU This Month? and memories. Lorry, the kid sister he didn't know very well, probably on a date. Homecoming was a hell of a word for this trip!

He hesitated in Sol's doorway. The older people here he never had known. The youngsters he may have known once, but they were strangers now. He was twenty-six, and he felt at this moment a hundred and twenty-six. A blonde, alone at the bar, turned clear around on the leather-capped stool, beer in hand, to gaze at him. She turned back again. There still wasn't anyone he knew in Sol's.

Except Sol himself, drawing a beer for Steve before he reached the bar. "Steve Bowdoin!" Sol beamed and slid the beer over. "Welcome back, Steve."

"Thanks, Sol." Steve measured the head of the beer with the breadth of a neatly trimmed fingernail. "Just right. Never forget, do you, Sol?"

"Never, Steve. Been a year, eh? A few days here, then another year, eh?"

Steve shook his head. "Going for good this time, Sol. A nice offer from the West Coast. That'll be too far to be running out here any more."

"I'm sorry, Steve," Sol said. "But it's fine you're getting ahead. You know the way around that New York."

Steve shrugged. "I've stopped carrying a tourist guide anyway."

Somebody laughed—soft laughter, but with no attempt to suppress it. The blonde, Steve discovered—two stools from him, her penciled brows arched high on a smooth forehead, the reddest lips he'd ever seen.

"I'm sorry," she said without contrition, "but the way you put that about the tourist guide was amusing."

"Thanks." Someone just driving through, Steve thought idly. He turned back to Sol.

"You seen the young sister yet, Steve?"

"Lorry? Not yet, Sol."

"A little beauty," Sol said. "Growing up. She likes to come in for a beer with her boy friend."

"Beer and boy friend. She's growing. I wonder if I'd have noticed." He tried to remember what Lorry had been like last year.

"You were always too busy to notice anything much, or anybody, Steve. Always working, studying, going to schools."

Steve nodded. "Still that way, Sol. I want to be a *good* lawyer."

"Fattened with pride and starved for fun." Sol shook his head solemnly. "Bet you haven't even got a girl, Steve."

"Girl?" Steve grinned. "What's that?"

"You're just saying that," the blonde said, "because you're angry with me."

STILL grinning, Steve moved over next to her and ordered her a beer. "Now—still think I'm angry?"

"Well"—her voice was a slow giving-in—"maybe you're not really."

"No," Steve said dryly, "not really." Her naïveté fell flat when you noted the heavy artistry with the lipstick, the severe black dress that didn't have to do anything for her figure except let it have its way.

"You're not from this town," Steve told her.

She surprised him. "I finished high school here."

"So? And what do you do now?"

"Nothing. Oh, I've got ideas—about music mostly. I hear marriage is a noble career too, but I haven't even read a prospectus on that one."

"You've been doing nothing for quite awhile," Steve said flatly.

She pushed her yellow hair back from the side of her face and looked reproachful. "I finished school only last year."

"My Lord!" Steve said. "But you're so young. I'd never have guessed—"

"Young?" Her lips were in a half pout, a half smile. "Maybe. But I threw away my tourist guide too, a long time ago."

Steve grinned, finished his beer and slid off the stool. "I might be back," he told the blonde.

"I might be here," she said, "Mr. Bowdoin."

DRIVING into town, Steve was thoughtful and intrigued. Smart gal, that; hadn't missed a line of his dialogue with Sol. She must be interested—as well as interesting. Young chronologically maybe, but not logically. Exactly what he'd been promising himself the first chance he found to take some playtime off.

Turning into Elm Street, he parked before the large Bowdoin frame house—a graying, settling has-been. He didn't mind paying the taxes, but Aunt Hannah should be doing a better job on the upkeep. Tragic, in a way, he thought, to be so detached toward this home he had loved.

As Steve got out of the car a long convertible, top down, drew in ahead of him. The driver began punching his horn into impatient blasts.

"Take it easy," Steve called out and went up the unsteady front steps.

Lorry met him on the dark porch. He wasn't sure at first who it was—this tall girl in rustling gown, perfumed, her face a blur. But her voice, though startled and disturbed, was Lorry's.

"Stevie!" She hugged him, but her kiss was careful, preserving of her lipstick.

"Running out already on me, sis?"

"But, Stevie," she protested, "we didn't know for *sure* you'd come tonight."

"It's all right, Lorry," he said in a flat voice. "Run along and have fun." This was only what he'd expected.

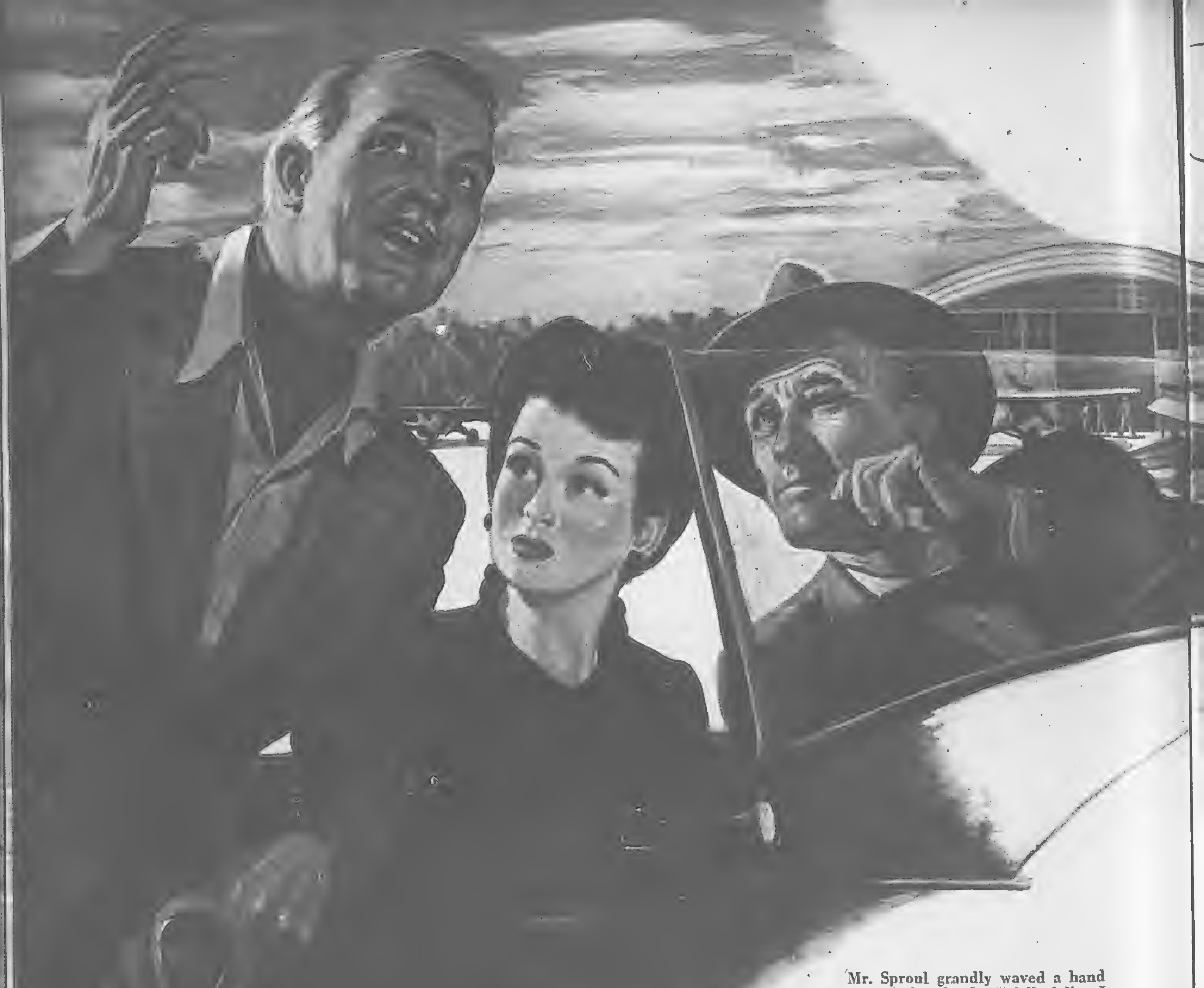
"You're swell, Stevie."

The horn was prodding her again, and a voice, male and irritated, was urging, "We're late already, Loreen!"

"Coming, darling!" Lorry answered quickly. "See you at breakfast, Stevie. You can visit with Aunt Han tonight."

(*Continued on page 69*)

"You could make me want to stay, Kathy," he said gently. "You could make me want to come home again and again."



Mr. Sproul grandly waved a hand toward the clouds. "Well, folks, I soloed. It's a wonderful feeling."

Mr. Sproul was being pursued by a widow with intentions—and when such a man is cornered and desperate, he's dangerous, too

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

MR. STACEY SPROUL stood on the porch of his Sacramento Valley farmhouse and stared gloomily over his broad and rich acres. There was no reason for gloom. The summer harvests had been more than abundant and the prices high. There was also the little matter of a shrewd plunge on the stock market that had netted a nice gain.

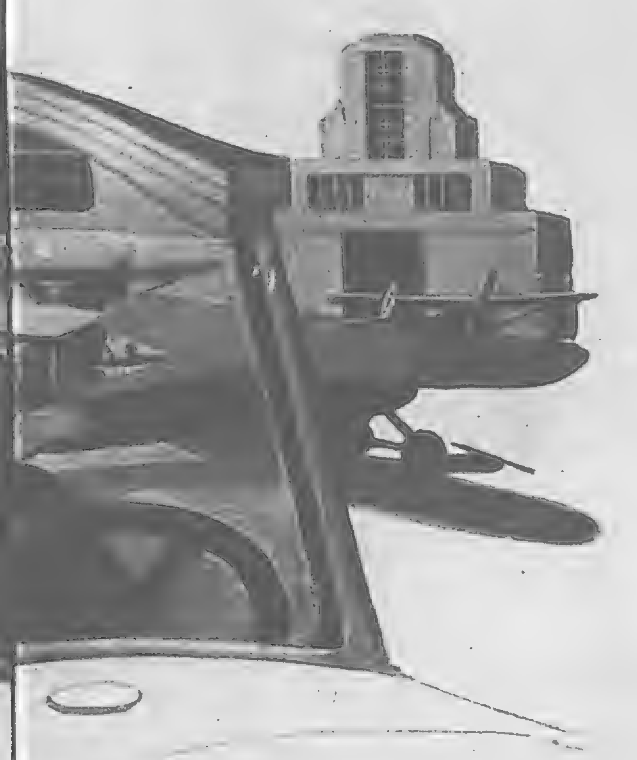
Mr. Sproul himself was not a man given to gloom. At fifty-eight he still had the tall, spare, erect figure of a military man and wore his gabardine suits and vivid ties with all the dash and verve of a much younger man. His thinning hair was gray and his neat mustache was gray, but they enhanced rather than lessened a certain quality of spirit that would be forever young.

But today Mr. Sproul was feeling none too spry. He was thinking of women. One woman in particular—Hattie Kennedy, old man Kennedy's widow of eighteen months or more.

Mr. Sproul was a widower, too, of six years, but Hattie Kennedy was nothing like his wife had been. If she had been, matters might have been different, for Mr. Sproul did not enjoy living alone. He thought women were wonderful and he desired another marriage. But not, he shuddered, with Hattie Kennedy. Heaven forbid.

Yet, on this day, he had the feeling that the trap was beginning to

The Black-Haired Widow



ILLUSTRATED BY
RAFAEL DE SOTO

close. Old man Kennedy, the day before he died, had said, "Promise you'll keep an eye on Hattie and help her out with the ranch. I'm depending on you." Mr. Sproul had promised. Of course, Tom Carmichael had made a similar promise, but Tom was a frightened old bachelor, and it was Mr. Sproul who had kept the promise.

Mr. Sproul sighed and walked down the steps of his porch to the shiny station wagon. As he drove toward Hattie's place he reviewed the events of the past year and a half. At first matters had run smoothly. He had given her sound advice in running the ranch, but there was little personal contact between them. Hattie had remained aloof and alone in her grief.

Lately, though, during the past summer, a change had come over her, almost imperceptible, but still a change. She began getting out of the house more often, she made little shopping excursions into Sacramento with Mr. Sproul, and then —most horrible of all—she baked him a pie. That was the first pie, in midsummer, and it aroused Mr. Sproul's suspicions, which were subsequently confirmed when a whole string of pies found their way to his table. Hattie had never been in the habit of baking pies for anyone except the late Mr. Kennedy.

Once the pie habit had started, other little things followed. She began calling on him regularly for business advice. She met him in church. She suggested Sunday-afternoon picnics, and once she even wanted to darn his socks. Only the day before, she had smiled, a rare thing with her, and said, "You know, Stacey, I do believe I feel more comfortable with you than anyone I know."

Mr. Sproul had reason to be frightened.

And now this, going to her house in midafternoon for tea and cookies. The trap was closing. Mr. Sproul disliked tea and certainly did not wish to sip it in Hattie's house, but he was essentially a considerate person and had been unable to refuse her invitation. If only, he thought, I were man enough to tell her nothing doing.

He pulled into Hattie's ranch, glanced up at the house as he got out of the car, and again shuddered. The place was an amazing conglomeration of cupolas and false upper windows and gimcracks and architectural gingerbread. It was cold and uncomfortable and looked forlorn and desolate, as grim as the late Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Sproul hated it.

Hattie waited for him at the top of the steps, her hands folded under her apron. She greeted Mr. Sproul with an accusing, "Well, Stacey, you're ten minutes late. I do declare you think nothing of time," then led the way into the house.

MR. SPROUL followed her into the living room and sat stiffly on the edge of an old-fashioned horsehair sofa. He glanced at a portrait of the late Mr. Kennedy and shook his head in sad recollection. Old man Kennedy had never worn anything but black; he never smoked and he never drank; he never smiled and he never laughed. The old boy's life, therefore, had been a hell on earth as far as the fun-loving Mr. Sproul was concerned.

He appraised Hattie slyly as she was bustling about preparing the tea service, and wondered what there was about the woman's nature that had led Kennedy to his grave. Hattie, too, never wore anything but black, she rarely smiled and she never laughed, but there was, somehow, something contradictory about it. Hattie was still a fine figure of a woman, at least ten years Mr. Sproul's junior, with skin as creamy and smooth as a young girl's and hair as black and glossy as a raven's wing. She was a bit on the plump side, with a large bust and well-rounded hips, but an amazingly small waist and tiny feet and hands.

Mr. Sproul conceded honestly that, except for the damned black clothes she wore and the tight expression about her otherwise full mouth, Hattie was a remarkably fine-looking woman. Well, he shrugged, she was probably one of those religious fanatics who gum up their own lives and the lives of others. But not mine, he promised himself.

SHE poured his tea, sat primly in a chair opposite the sofa, and vented a sigh that came from the heart. She said pointedly, "It's so nice to have a man in here again."

Mr. Sproul trembled and almost spilled the tea. He said, "Uh-huh."

"You know, Stacey, Mr. Kennedy was never one for saying much, but at least he was company. He used to sit just where you are now, just staring off into space, thinking and thinking."

Probably, Mr. Sproul thought, about how to blow his brains out and shorten his misery. "Yep," he said, "Kennedy was quite a thinker, all right." He lapsed into uncomfortable silence for a moment, then said quickly and brightly, "Well, Hattie, it's been a good season. Yes, sir. Fine crops and prices still right up there. I don't expect it to last many more years, but I've been socking it away in the meantime."

Hattie pushed her cup aside and leaned forward to say earnestly, "The thing I like about you, Stacey, is how you take advantage of things to increase your own security. Most men are so rash about things. They just plunge in and do silly things and lose everything they have. You're different that way."

A warning bell rang in Mr. Sproul's mind and he said, "Well, I like to spend it, too. I enjoy good living. Now, for example, I like to smoke and I like my highballs in the evenings and I like my clothes tailored and I like good automobiles. All sorts of things I like."

Hattie dismissed all that with a narrowing of her eyes. "The point is, though, you are secure—well, in spite of liking to spend a little. I couldn't stand a man who didn't keep two feet on the ground."

Mr. Sproul thought of a quick out and suggested, "Tom Carmichael's like that. Fine man, Tom; one of nature's best. Yes, sir. Make a mighty fine husband for some woman." He cleared his throat. "Always kind of thought," he hinted, "that maybe you and Tom—"

Hattie smiled. "More tea, Stacey?"

After the tea, Mr. Sproul declared that he had to run into Sacramento

(*Continued on page 60*)

1 Pick the place you want to go and *write for reservations.* When you get word there's room for you, see your railroad ticket agent and . . .

2 Reserve Pullman space for a trouble-free trip that will get you there *safely*—in *more comfort* than you'll get going any other way!

How to start on your vacation

(*WITHOUT A WORRY IN THE WORLD*)

3 No worry about weather, roads or mountains in an all-steel Pullman car. Pullman's been the *safest* way of going places fast for more than 80 years!

4 No worry about privacy or sleep. Your air-conditioned Pullman space is all your own, with big, comfortable beds it's a joy to stretch out in!

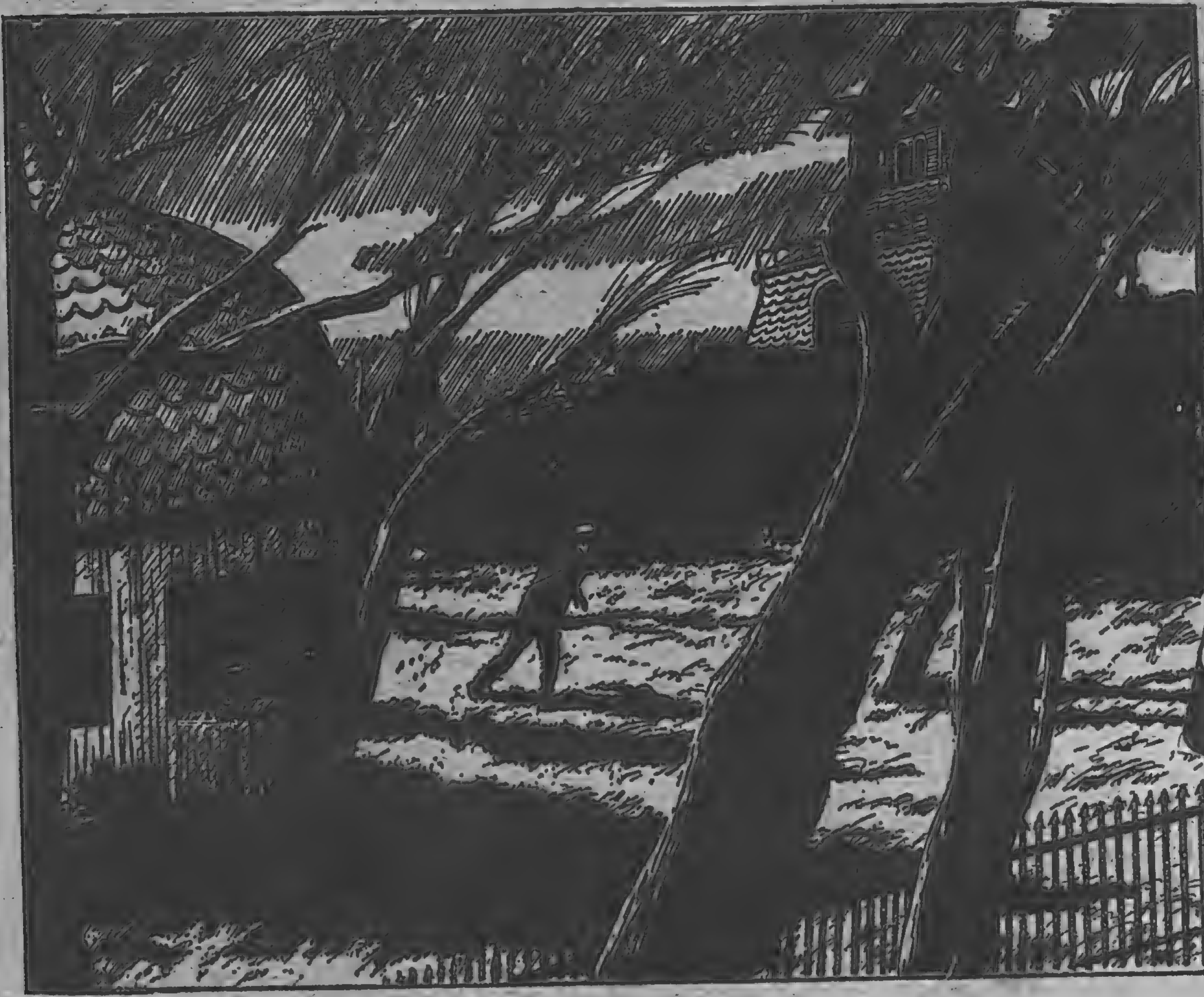
WHEN YOU GO ON YOUR VACATION... ***GO PULLMAN*** THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

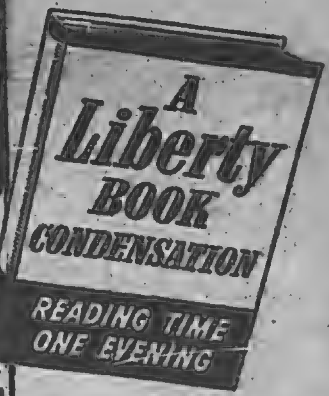
© 1946, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

The PAVILION

BY HILDA LAWRENCE

The old pavilion on her cousin Hurst's estate recalled to pretty Regan the riddle of four sudden deaths in her family. This best-selling mystery is the gripping tale of her frantic struggle to banish the curse that threatened the Heralds.





ILLUSTRATED BY
THOMAS ATWELL

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon when the girl climbed down from the interurban trolley and stood undecided on the curb. A broad maple-lined street stretched before her. It looked like the right street, but she wasn't sure. The last time had been so long ago.

An elderly man stood in a doorway and she crossed the street to speak to him. He began to smile before she reached him, but the smile faded when she started her eager questioning.

"The Herald place?" He pointed up the street. "Straight ahead on the other side. You can't miss it."

The iron fence began and she knew she was almost there. A whole long block of iron fence with a beautiful gate, the biggest garden and the biggest house, the finest place in town. She had heard her mother say so.

A stick was propped against the railing, a fine peeled stick. He had done that! It was a part of his welcome. He hadn't forgotten the game they used to play. He'd called it a magic wand. He'd said that it could do anything.

She tucked the stick under the strap of her suitcase and walked quickly on. She had reached the foot of the steps before she saw the carved door. A wreath hung in the center. Fresh and sweet, the white roses bloomed against the oaken birds and scentless garlands.

MRS. MUNDY, the housekeeper, sat at the foot of the kitchen table and surveyed the vast room. Over the dumbwaiter shelves a long wooden box was set into the wall. Its rectangular dial, like the face of a clock, listed the rooms in the house. The center indicator, like a little pointing hand, was motionless.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs and three women came

Copyright, 1946, by Hilda Lawrence. Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York. Price $2.00.

into the room. Miss Etta Luders was first. She was eighty-two, frail and hennaed. She dropped into the nearest chair. The Crain sisters sat down together. Their hands trembled as they folded bread and butter and jam and stuffed it in their mouths like eager children.

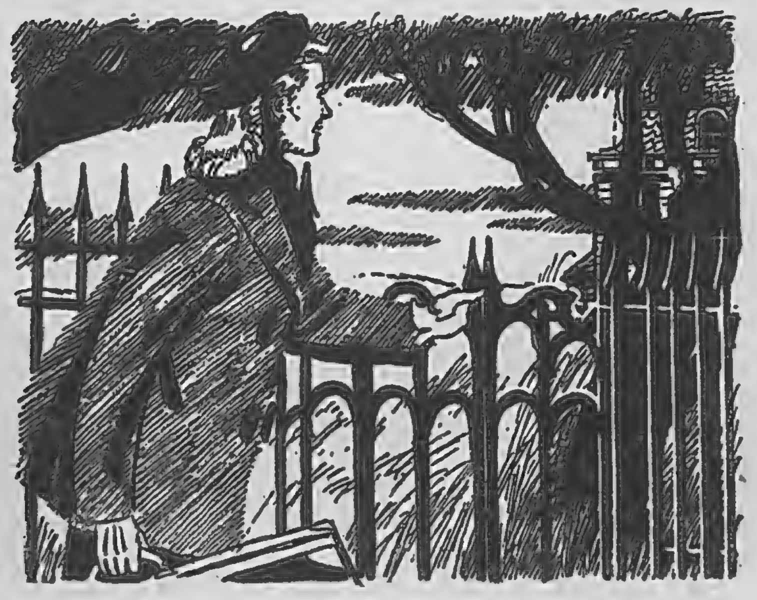
Someone knocked lightly at the garden door. All four women jumped slightly. Mrs. Mundy went to the door and opened it wide. A girl stood on the flagstone.

"I've come," the girl said. "I'm Regan Carr. My cousin expects me. My Cousin Hurst. But the front door—"

Miss Etta darted forward. "Regan!" she exulted. She took the girl in her arms. "I'm Miss Etta."

Mrs. Mundy tapped the old woman's shoulder. "Go back to your place. Sit down, Miss Carr. Now maybe you'd better tell me what you're doing here."

Miss Etta's voice was shrill. "You know who she is. I never saw her before, but I'd know her anywhere. It's a Herald face. It's his own face. You can take her up to the front parlor if you don't believe me, and stand her beside the casket. It could be her own head on that satin pillow."



Regan asked, "Is the wreath for him?"

Miss Etta nodded. "Suddenly. Last night."

"Will you take me upstairs?" Regan said to Mrs. Mundy. "I'd like to talk to Cousin May."

Miss Etta gave the Crain sisters a long look as the two went out. "I'd like to follow them," she said. "I could, too. I'm the same as the family."

The Crains had seen Miss Etta only once before, when she'd come to the house to collect her monthly check. She was a connection of some sort. Her father had worked for the Heralds in the old country. The Heralds never forgot the people who had worked for them . . . If Mr. Hurst hadn't died maybe there would have been checks for them too, Jenny and Katy were thinking. When they were too old to work. Maybe Mrs. Mundy would have given them a big tea like this one, and a neat bundle to take home. Chicken, a piece of ham, some eggs. All from the farm across the bay. Thinking of the farm made them think of Mr. Fray Herald, Mr. Hurst's youngest brother. He still lived on the old farm. It used to be the Beauregard place, and Miss May had been born there. Mrs. Mundy had told Jenny and Katy the whole story. She knew it all. She and Mundy had been with the Beauregards all their lives. The Beauregards were aristocracy, and never could learn to work for themselves the way the Heralds did. So after the War Between the States they'd begun to lose everything, until in Miss May's time there wasn't much left. That was when Mr. Hurst saw Miss May, saw the farm, and took them both.

Then Mr. Hurst had brought Miss May over to this house, his father's. Mr. Hurst had loved this house and always said he wanted to die in it. Well, he had.

REGAN and Mrs. Mundy came to the foot of a broad flight of stairs. On the left was the front parlor. People were moving in and out, in orderly lines, not talking.

"If you want to go in there," Mrs. Mundy whispered, "this is a good time."

Regan shook her head.

Mrs. Mundy said, "Wait on that bench. I'll call you when I'm ready." She moved up the curving stairs.

The undertaker approached Regan. "Member of the family, honey?"

"Y-yes."

"I knew it. Herald, not Beauregard. I know that bone structure." He smiled. "I ought to. I did the old gentleman and Mr. Max Herald's wife and the young girl. They all went sudden. Runs in the family."

"Mr. Hurst Herald was my mother's cousin."

"You don't say! Mama come along for the final rites?"

"My mother died last month. My father died long ago." Her voice rose. "Don't Beauregards ever die?"

He put a hand on her shoulder. "There now, you're all upset. But it'll pass. Of course Beauregards die! With some families it comes soon, with others late. You take the Heralds. If they can get through their twenties, they're good till sixty. After that it's touch and go." He touched her shoulder again. "Mrs. Mundy wants you."

SHE brushed by him and ran up the stairs. Mrs. Mundy led her to a door and opened it.

"My dear child," a voice said.

A man and a woman sat close together on a sofa at one side of the fire. Cousin May sat alone on the other side. Cousin May was nearly seventy. But the white hair curled youthfully about her soft face and foamed into curls above her jeweled ears.

"My dear, how dreadful this must be for you."

Regan blinked back sudden tears. "I didn't know until they told me downstairs."

"Sit here, on this little stool at my feet."

The man and the woman on the sofa coughed.

"My sister Rosalie," Cousin May said. "And my brother Henry. Do you remember them, Regan?"

Regan smiled. Rosalie and Henry Beauregard returned unwinking stares. "I don't think I do," Regan said. "I was very young then and we were here such a short while."

Cousin May sighed. "How old were you, Regan?"

"Six, I think."

Mrs. Mundy rustled over to Cousin May's chair. "I'm going down now. Miss Regan, will she—"

"She'll stay with us just as long as she wants to. Poor Hurst's little cousin! We're going to be great friends." Cousin May waved gaily to the couple on the sofa. "You two dears run along now."

Mrs. Mundy left, trailed by the Beauregards. Regan hugged her knees. It was going to be all right. Cousin May was kind even though her heart was breaking.

Cousin May said, "Now tell me all about yourself!"

"This must be very hard for you," Regan said. "Having me walk in without warning."

"You should have been notified. It would have saved you the trip. But no, you'd already started, hadn't you?"

"Yes. You see, I wrote Cousin Hurst when my mother died and he told me to come here as soon as I got things settled. He said I could be his daughter."

"How like poor Hurst," Cousin May sighed. "How did he get in touch with you, Regan?"

"He wrote."

"Did he say anything about his illness?"

Regan went over the letter in her mind. There had been something odd, not in the words themselves but in the way they'd made her feel. He'd said he wanted her, needed her. He'd said—"Come as quickly as you can." But she'd felt that he was saying even more than that.

"Did he?" Cousin May's voice was suddenly sharp.

Regan folded her hands over her purse, suddenly ashamed of its shabbiness. "No," she said. "He didn't talk about himself at all."

"Have you the letter with you?"

Someone came down the hall and paused outside the door. Regan heard the steps move on.

"Never mind," Cousin May said. "It's just that everything he said or wrote is precious to me now. He was so quiet. But he was happy. He loved his little family."

Regan thought of Max and Fray, Hurst's brothers. Max was the oldest. She remembered him vaguely. Fray had been away that summer when she had come to the house. He would be thirty-seven now. Not married.

"I haven't seen Fray," she said. "Or Max."

"They came this morning. You'll see them later. But not tonight. You're tired, my dear. A nice tray in your room, and early to bed, that's what you need most."

Regan stood up. The clock on the mantel chimed. Cousin May patted her eyes with a handkerchief. "If we could only turn that back. Back to yesterday. I found him, you know. Last night, lying on the white rug in front of the fire in his sitting room. I'll never get over it." She smoothed the shawl that covered her knees. "Did your mother tell you about the others?"

Regan's blank eyes were answer enough.

"I can see she didn't. The Heralds never talk about themselves. The others died here too. Suddenly. . . . You aren't superstitious, are you?"

"No," Regan said slowly. She was remembering what the undertaker had said. There had been three before Hurst. If they got by their twenties they were good until sixty. She was twenty-two. Eight more years. . . She told herself she was being absurd.

She closed the door quietly behind her and leaned against it. She could find no name for the sudden despair that filled her heart.

Then she started toward the front stairs. At the top of the flight she looked down. People were going in and out of the front parlor. She knew she couldn't go that way. There must be back stairs. She retraced her steps down the hall to a short passage. It was dark, but a faint light at the far end showed a narrow stairway. She had started toward it when she saw a figure moving toward her, hugging the wall. For a minute she knew panic, then she heard a faint, chirping scream. It was one of the maids, frightened as she had been.

"I'm Jenny, Miss. You've come the wrong way."

"I didn't want to pass all those people," Regan said. "I want to tell Mrs. Mundy about my dinner."

"Your dinner's all arranged for." Jenny drew nearer. "You like champagne? Mr. Fray just sent a bottle up to Miss Etta. You go in and get a nice glass for yourself."

She led the way back to the main hall and down to a row of closed doors. She knocked on the first door. "This was Mr. Hurst's suite."

It was a small room. There were worn Persian rugs on the floor, red leather chairs, and books halfway up the walls. There were more books on an open desk. Hurst's collection of Dresden and crystal gleamed behind the glass doors of plain wooden cabinets.

THERE was only one light, a candelabrum in the center of a round table. Miss Etta sat at the table, fussing with a wine cooler. "You're an answer to prayer," she said. "You're nice and tall." She jerked her head backward. "There's a picture of a man behind me," she said. "Too high for me to reach even if I dared. Turn the ugly devil to the wall, will you, lamb?"

Regan looked. "You mean Bismarck?"

Miss Etta screamed hoarsely. "Don't talk about him, turn him! A little wine for my nerves and he follows me around with his eyes."

Wonderful, Regan thought. Wonderful and certainly crazy, but nice. She turned the picture and came back.

Miss Etta filled two goblets. "The dust in this room is a sin. Drink up." She drained her goblet and refilled it. "Every month when I came for my check Hurst'd have me in here and send for a bottle. And he'd have the picture all turned before I came in. He understood."

Regan said, "I know."

"We—we used to sit here and talk for hours. We made the world over, made it over better and more fun." A film came over the small, vague eyes. "If he had to go, why didn't he wait until today? He knew I was coming."

Regan sat silent, watching with pity. Her own glass stood untouched. Miss Etta's glass had been emptied and refilled three times and now Miss Etta was bowed over the table, her dyed head resting on her folded arms.

Regan looked about the dim room. Dust was everywhere. Had they neglected him? She got up and moved across the soft rugs, touching the old things, trying to remember their story. She remembered the clock. Its crystal face was blurred with dust and she traced her initials on the surface. R.C.

She heard the door open. It was Fray. She knew him at once. He was like Hurst in the picture in her mother's room. The same dark brooding look was there, but in Hurst it had been overlaid with tenderness.

"Regan? Come sit down."

"Won't Miss Etta—?"

"Etta's all right. I've just come from May. She tells me Hurst wrote you, asking you to come here. Do you mind telling me when that was?"

Here it was again. They didn't believe her. "It was several weeks ago, when my mother died. He told me he wanted me. He told me this was my home."

"I'm glad you came. Hurst told us nothing about your mother's death. I suppose he wanted to arrange everything himself. He always wanted a daughter."

"That's what he wrote! That's why I came! But I don't want to stay, not the way things are."

He shook his head, smiling. "I want you here and May wants you." His eyes traveled to the cluttered desk. "I've got to go over all that stuff. Ledgers, diaries, letters. Would you like to help me?"

"If you think I can."

"Sold! Now do you mind letting me see that letter?"

First Cousin May, now Fray. It began to look as if everyone in the house wanted to read that letter. "I haven't got it," she said slowly. She didn't know why she was lying.

"Forget it," he said lightly. "I was being sentimental. . . Here, you're making me forget what I really came for. Your room is ready. The floor above this to the rear. Directly over this room."

THE top floor hall was dark but a door stood open at the far end. Light streamed out. A bent, white-capped woman, smoothing the bed, turned when Regan entered. She was Katy. She gave the room a sad, appraising look. "It's clean, but you ought to have a bigger one. But the big ones are all taken."

"Stay and talk to me," Regan said. "I'd like to talk to someone about Mr. Herald."

Katy shook her head. "Oh I couldn't, Miss! I hardly knew Mr. Herald. Jenny and me, we haven't been here very long." She threw a furtive look down the dark hall and then burst out: "You're so little to be up here by yourself!" She hurried to the door and was gone.

It was eight o'clock when Regan finished dinner. The rain struck at the windows with an importunate hiss. She undressed quickly and got into a robe. Her room was so cold that she wore the robe to bed. The wind joined the rain at the windows; she was too tired to listen. She fell asleep.

It was two o'clock when she awakened. The wind and the rain had stopped; the room was icy and the air was stale and thick. She opened the window. She could hear the lapping water of the bay and smell the good, salt air. She knelt on the floor, elbows on the sill.

The garden was full of mist, but she could see the trees standing in orderly rows along the drive and down by the water's edge.

The blackest trees were a circle of cypresses down by the water. Years ago she had liked them because they were different and strange; they were different and strange now, but they were disquieting too. The still, black circle held her fast. She dug into her mind, wondering why she felt the way she did. She was unaccountably afraid of the road she was traveling.

Then, suddenly, she found a reason for her fear. The trees had made her think of a picture she had once seen. It was called The Island of the Dead, or something like that. Cypresses and water. Even the sound of lapping water fitted in, even the feeling of foreboding.

One tree rose from the center of the circle, taller than the others, bleak and bare. It's dead, she thought. As she looked, it slowly dominated the garden.

She went back to bed.

THE room was full of gray light when Regan woke to the sound of knocking. One of the Crains was edging through the door, a breakfast tray in her hands. It was

Katy. She put her burden down and closed the window. The rain was falling with quiet insistence. "Bad weather for mourners. Nine o'clock, Miss."

Regan poured her coffee and drank it slowly.

"Miss, the funeral's at eleven-thirty. But if you don't feel up to going, why nobody cares to press you."

"I'm going," Regan said. "You can tell them so. Katy, who took care of Mr. Hurst's rooms?"

"Why, I did. That is, until two weeks ago or thereabouts. That was when he said he didn't want to be disturbed. Said he'd do for himself a bit."

Regan dressed slowly, then stood at the window. The fog still clung to the trees and the dead tree rose above it. The dead tree. She looked again, amazed. It wasn't a dead tree. It was a thin wooden spire. It was so familiar and yet she had forgotten its existence until that moment. That's the pavilion, she marveled.

The pavilion had been the best part of her visit before. It was a small, circular building, a summerhouse with a fireplace and little round windows. How could she have forgotten the pavilion! Hurst used to do his accounts there, and write his letters. She left the window abruptly. I won't go there, she told herself. Even thinking about it hurts. I won't go. But she knew that she would.

She put on her black hat and gloves. Hurst's letter was in her purse. She locked it in her suitcase.

They were all there when she went down. Cousin May drew her close. "So sweet," she murmured. "Do talk to Max, like a good child. I can't do a thing with him. He's grieving terribly. Here's the little Carr girl, Max."

Regan had recognized Max at once. He was an older Hurst, gaunt and beautiful, white instead of brown. He made no attempt to hide the pain in his eyes.

The Beauregards, flushed with anticipation, sat together and their plump hands in new black gloves smoothed their unaccustomed fur and broadcloth. Fray was talking to the undertaker. The Mundys, decorous in black sleevebands, kept correctly to the rear.

The undertaker opened the front door and beckoned. Cousin May moved forward, followed by the Beauregards. Fray took Max's arm and they left together, Fray with a firm stride, Max with a dragging limp. Miss Etta went next, with the Mundys at her heels.

FRAY HERALD collected the scattered papers, folded them and returned them to their envelope. "That's that," he said to Regan. "Now you know where you stand and you ought to be very pleased. Aren't you?"

"I don't know." They were in Hurst's sitting room. "I guess I still don't believe it, that's all."

"You'll get used to it in time. Can you think of one good reason for not staying on now?"

"Yes, a very good one. You'll be going back to the farm and I don't want to stay here then. It isn't—right."

Fray tapped the envelope. "You heard what I read. Hurst said this was your home. Yours to live in as long as the house stands. And don't forget you agreed to help me with Hurst's papers."

"I know I did, but—I feel that I don't belong, I don't fit in. There's only one room in the house where—" She drew a deep breath. "It's this room. It's queer."

"There's nothing queer about it. It's very nice."

"That's what I mean. It's the only one I feel right in." She traced a pattern on the dusty table. "Is that because Hurst lived here?"

"Maybe." He took a cigarette. "Those initials on the clock—I suspect they mean Regan Carr. Do they?"

She colored.

"It looks as if Hurst spent his last days in a pigpen. That's hard to understand, isn't it?"

"I know," she agreed. "I asked Katy about it. He said the maids disturbed him. He said he'd rather look after the rooms himself."

"Now, what about that promise to help me? I want you. We'll work on Hurst's letters, diaries and so on, and decide what to keep for the family archives."

That would be all right, she told herself. "You've got to promise you won't go off and leave me alone."

"You won't be alone, while Henry Beauregard's in the house. When he knows Hurst left you ten thousand a year he'll try to take you out for a soda. On your money."

Ten thousand. She'd forgotten that part of it, honestly forgotten. Ten thousand a year when she'd never had more than twenty-five a week.

"Fray, why don't Henry and Rosalie live here with Cousin May?" she asked. "She seems very fond of them."

Fray laughed. "She dotes on them. They're Beauregards. But they're better off in Philadelphia where nobody knows them. The Beauregards were big shots around here at one time and May wants to keep the legend bright and sweet. Can't do that with those two on the loose."

"But Rosalie! She must be fifty and she's so babyish and helpless. How in the world does she manage Henry?"

"She doesn't. May pays an old colored woman to look after them both. And don't worry about Rosie. Sometimes she cuts up, but she'll be a good girl while she's here."

"Does Rosalie ever talk?" she asked.

"For twenty-four hours straight about twice a year. You won't see any of that, though." He stood up. "I've got to go see Max. He took cold at the funeral."

Regan followed him to the door. "Fray, I went to the back garden after lunch. I tried the door to the pavilion, but it was locked. Who has the key?"

"I have. . . There's nothing in the pavilion. Nobody ever went there but Hurst."

"But I'd like to go inside. I have a reason."

He turned quickly. "Reason?" His voice was sharp and his eyes were full of suspicion. "What reason?"

"I used to go there with Hurst."

"What did you do there?"

"We played games and ate."

"What did you and Hurst talk about?"

"Food, I guess. That sounds ridiculous, but food is all I can remember." She gave a self-conscious laugh. "This is silly. We must have talked about other things, but all I can remember is the food!"

"Well, the pavilion's shabby now and you might be happier if you didn't go there. But we can talk about that later."

THAT night Regan struggled awake. She sat upright, staring at the curtains; a bitter wind was blowing in. She stumbled out of bed and crossed to the window. She closed it and went back to bed, but couldn't sleep.

Her head ached and even her bones felt cold. She could think only of the warm kitchen. And tea, hot tea.

The kitchen was like a haven. A pot of soup simmered gently on the stove. Soup instead of tea. She sat down at the table with a steaming bowl before her. My home now, where I can do whatever I like.

And then the bell in The Box on the wall spoke.

She stared at the blinking red light, at the little, spinning hand. Who? At four o'clock in the morning, who? Why did someone ring a bell that sounded only in an empty room? She read the letters on the dial. Two Front East. The little hand clung to the letters. She tried not to think about the other hand that was pressing, holding the little one there.

Then the little hand clicked and dropped back to the foot of the dial. Something clicked in her own mind.

Suddenly she was outside Max's door, turning the knob, recoiling from the blast of air.

Max was half in and half out of a bed that stood between two open windows. He was drenched to the skin. The discarded sheets and blankets trailed to the floor and there was an empty bottle on the rug. She closed the windows and tried to drag him back into bed. He was a dead weight. His breathing had an ugly, rasping sound. She thought he was dying. He looked dead. She cried, "Fray!"

Fray materialized like magic, his yellow slicker wet with rain. He laid Max on the bed, dragging up the covers, silent, white-faced.

"Regan!" Cousin May stood in the doorway with Rosalie and the Mundys looking over her shoulder. Katy and Jenny crept forward. Someone padded slowly up the hall. Henry.

Fray spoke. "One of you fill hot water bottles. Call Dr. Poole. May, come in and close the door."

Max lay motionless while three pairs of eyes watched and waited. Slowly his own eyes opened.

Cousin May sat down heavily. "Now I suppose one of you will give me a version of this." She spoke directly to Fray, who didn't answer. "You made a sad mistake when you sent for Regan instead of me," she went on. "I've been trying to protect her."

"I didn't send for anyone. Regan's here because she found him like this herself. Regan, what happened?"

She told them.

"It's all very clear to me," Cousin May said. "Max found himself—in difficulties, and rang the bell. He can thank you and Providence that it was heard." She frowned at the slicker spotted with rain. "And where was Fray? I distinctly heard him go to his room at nine."

"I came back from dinner at nine," Fray said. "Max was perfectly well then. I left instructions with Mrs. Mundy to give him another sedative in a hot toddy and I went out. I was coming in when I heard Regan call."

Cousin May smiled faintly. The empty bottle had rolled under the bed, but her quick eyes found it. "Don't tell Dr. Poole about the toddy, Fray, until you dispose of the real evidence. No one knows better than I how painful the truth can sometimes be."

"I don't know what the truth is, May."

"You don't? You know as well as I do that Max is deplorably drunk and if pneumonia develops it will be no more or less than suicide."

"But he isn't dead," Fray said. "Not yet. Not this time."

"He wanted to be, oh, he wanted to be!" Her lips trembled. "His grief was more than he could bear. But I do think—today of all days—to hurt me so. When I think of the things people will say!"

"Poole will be here soon," Fray said. "I think you'd both better leave. And hurry that hot water."

It was a quarter after five when Fray came to Regan's room. He pulled a chair up to the bed. "Max is all right. I don't know why and neither does Poole. According to the rules he ought to have pneumonia."

"I'm glad to know about Max," Regan said.

"He simply kicked the covers off and let himself get rained on," Fray went on. "He woke up, saw what had happened, and managed to ring the bell. Too sick to think straight, no voice to shout with." He grinned. "No pneumonia," he repeated.

"Fray," Regan said suddenly, "tell me about Max's wife. Was she pretty?"

"Claudine? Very pretty. Never heard about her?"

"No. I don't know anything about your sister, either. Except that she was young."

"She was very young, fourteen." He spoke as if he were a long way off. "Her name was Carlotta Maria and she had two long braids of yellow hair. So they called her Gretel. She shot herself. Accidentally."

If he heard her gasp, he gave no sign. "Then there's my father. You want to know about him too, don't you? My father died of pneumonia, in the same room Max has now, under almost identical circumstances."

He was grinning. "I'm going now and let you get some sleep. When you get up, come to Hurst's old rooms."

COUSIN MAY was trying hard to hide her irritation. She entered the room preceded by Mrs. Mundy and flanked by Jenny and Katy, with scrubbing pails. Fray and Regan, bending over a card table, looked up.

She smiled firmly. "You two have played long enough. Jenny, you may begin in the bedroom."

"Jenny has been thrown out of here before," Fray said. "I'd hate to have to do it again."

"But these rooms must be cleaned! Are you blind? Dust over everything! It's appalling. What will Regan think? That Hurst lived like a savage?"

"Regan loves clutter and she isn't superstitious about death." Fray laughed. "Regan, tell your Cousin May you like the room so much that you had to sign your initials on the clock."

Cousin May saw the clock. She said nothing, but Mrs. Mundy removed the tracing with her handkerchief.

"My dears, you may stay in here as long as you like. We'll forget that I asked you such a little favor." Cousin May dismissed the Crains and Mrs. Mundy. When the door closed she turned with a shrug. "I give up. It's only a small matter after all." Her jeweled fingers explored the books on the table. "Do let me see this work that is so important it makes young people forget their manners. Diaries! You're reading them, Fray? But surely they are—private!"

"Sure they are. And I think they'll be fascinating. I thought I'd put them in order for binding."

"How smug of you, Fray. Why do you do it?"

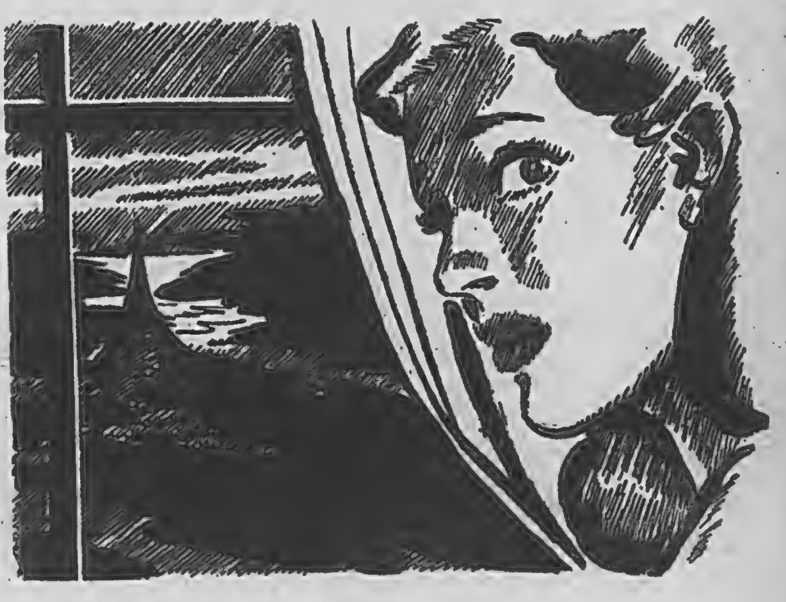
"Call it a labor of love. I saw too little of Hurst in his last years and this way I can see him again. I want to know what he thought about, what he looked forward to with pleasure and looked back on with pain. Here's the latest." He rifled the pages of a thin book bound in red leather. "It ends the morning of the day he died."

Cousin May fumbled for a handkerchief. "I'd like to read it, please," she said. "But I'm afraid."

"What are you afraid of?" Fray asked.

"I'm afraid of what he may have written! He wasn't himself, Fray! He was moody and depressed. Sometimes —I was afraid he'd kill himself!"

"But he didn't, my dear May. We know that. His heart, Poole said. It must have given him some dark days and nights and he may have written things he didn't mean. But if he did, I'll understand."



Cousin May reached for Fray's hand. "I believe you do understand. So sorry I was cross. But grant poor May one small favor. Let me read my husband's last entry."

He was turning the red book over and over. "Later," he said, smiling, "I want to read it myself first. He didn't know that a few days after his death we'd be pawing around in his private life. Or did he?"

Cousin May's face had reddened. "Fray," she said. "You sound as if I were the one who planned to—paw. And what do you mean by 'did he?' "

"Well, you know some people have a sneaking hope that their diaries will be read. That's what they write them for. Some do it to be plain nasty and some because it's the only way they can say what they honestly think."

"Fray!" She was horrified. "You can't mean—"

"I don't mean anything. I'm simply telling you I'm a diary expert. The things I've read! Pages and pages, sometimes with locks on them. And the keeper of the diary is pretty sure some member of the family will bust the lock, read, and have a tantrum. He doesn't care if he's dead when that happens. Dead or alive, there's no thrill like knocking the loved ones for a loop."

Her lips trembled. "How wicked of you! You frighten me! If there should be anything like that in Hurst's—But we all know he—he wasn't himself."

Fray laid an affectionate arm across her shoulders. "I was only kidding," he said. "Don't worry. Hurst won't fool me, he never did." He propelled her gently to the door. "You run along now. I'll keep you posted."

He closed the door. "What say we start, Regan?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'll read to you and ask you what you think."

"Think about what?"

"About Hurst. I think there was something wrong."

"But where do I come in?"

"Woman's intuition! Also, he wrote and asked you to come here. Why did he want you?"

"I don't know." The letter again. "There was a letter, Fray. And he did want me. You want to read it, don't you?"

"Do you mind?"

"No." She rose. "I'll get it."

He had reached for a cigarette when he heard her say, "Why, hello."

He turned quickly. The door was open. He hadn't heard it open. One of the maids was halfway in the room.

"Coming right away," he said. To Regan, "After lunch."

FOLLOWING lunch, Fray whispered to Regan, "Skip up and get the letter. Then meet me in Hurst's room." The first thing that frightened her was the suitcase. It was unlocked. Then, when she reached in the side pocket for the letter, it wasn't there. She turned over the small heap of mended stockings and odds and ends and tried to recall where she had put it. She saw herself slipping it into— Her hand touched a folded paper. It was the letter, not in the side pocket but under the stockings.

She went down to Hurst's room.

"Read it to me," Fray said. She read:

"'Dear Regan: You are not to worry about the future. Your present situation simplifies a plan I have in mind. I am thinking of you so much and wishing you were here. You remember how I made you a magic wand? Well, now I have made one for myself and have waved it three times. And of course you will give me my wish and come and live with me here. Will you come quickly? Because I want to talk to you again. I can promise you security and happiness, I hope, not just talk. I need you. We will say that I need you because I need a daughter. I am enclosing a check to cover the traveling expenses. I remember the old days as if they were yesterday. Do you? Even if you don't now I am sure you will when I show you some of my old treasures again, the things you used to admire. You were such a little child in those days but such a wise one. You always understood whatever I told you and you were very obedient. Perhaps I should say you were amenable to suggestion. I wonder how much you will recall of our funny games if we try to play them again? Come soon. Yours, Hurst.'"

She folded the letter. "I think there was something wrong," she said slowly. "It's not in the words, it's a kind of feeling I get."

Her eyes were traveling from the clean clock to the dusty cabinets and tables, to the furry rolls of lint under the chairs. "Seeing things?" Fray asked.

"Yes . . . Hurst didn't live in here."

He lit a cigarette. "You heard what May said, and Katy. Of course he lived in here. He died in here."

She looked around the room again, frowning. "It's all wrong. He'd never live like this. He'd keep the place in order. I think he locked the door because he didn't want anyone to know he was going somewhere else."

"Fascinating! Have you figured where he went?"

"No. It's a big house—lots of rooms closed up—"

He studied the letter. Finally he said, "If Hurst went to all that trouble to make people think he was living in here when actually he was somewhere else, then he was deliberately hiding out. If you try to pick up his trail you may find yourself embarrassed. See?"

"It was your idea! You asked me to help you."

"That was before I saw this letter. Regan, what does he mean by 'amenable to suggestion'?"

"I don't know." She frowned again.

"What are the old treasures?"

"I suppose he means the old things in the cabinets."

"What about the funny games?"

"Maybe waving a magic stick when you wanted something. Of course he always arranged the magic ahead of time so when you waved the stick your wish came true."

"What's the matter?"

She was pressing her temples with both hands. "Headache," she said. "I never had headaches before and now I have them all the time."

MISS ETTA waylaid Regan in the lower hall after breakfast the next morning. "Can't we go off somewhere alone?"

"I'm afraid not. Can't it wait, Miss Etta?"

"I've got all the time in the world, but how about you? When did you say you were going home?"

"I didn't say I was. I don't know. Can't you tell me what it was you wanted?"

"Glue. I've got a little going-away present for you, but I have to fix it up first. Have you got any glue?"

"There may be some in the library desk," Regan suggested.

"Max was worse last night—did you know that? I happened to be coming upstairs after a little midnight snack and I saw Fray go into Max's room. I went in."

Regan stopped. "How was Max then?"

"Terrible. Like death. Not talking, just looking at Fray. Fray had his hands on Max's shoulders and it looked to me like he was holding the poor man down. He sent me away, of course. Find out if you can what happened, will you?"

Regan found Fray waiting in Hurst's room. The card table was cleared of everything but a stack of books. The dust was gone and the furniture gleamed.

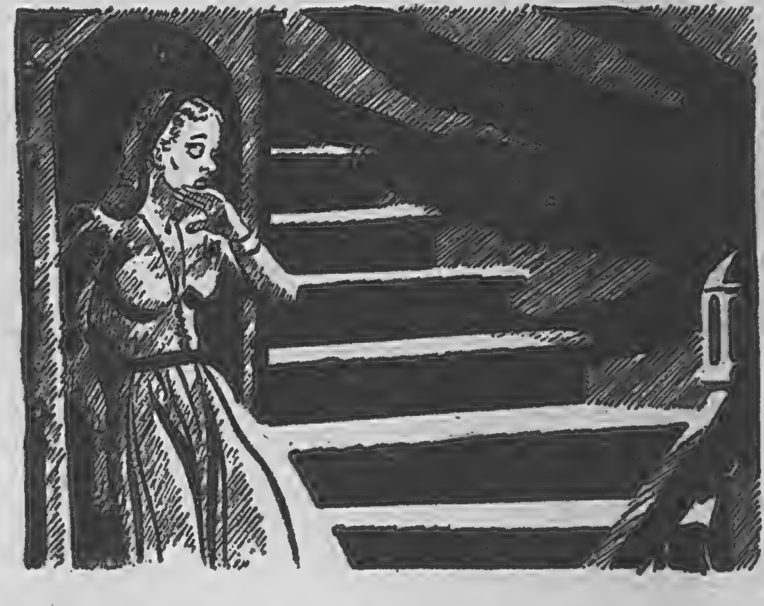
"We've had company," Fray announced. "Katy."

"Miss Etta says Max was worse last night."

"He's all right now."

"Somebody told her I was going away. Did you tell her?"

"Certainly not. Forget it! Come sit down. I'm going to read from these diaries—begin with the last, which is the present, and go back to the earlier ones. You'll soon see why."



He turned to a page in the red book. "So. This is dated two months ago.

"'I am filled with horror. The things that I believed in and lived by are gone and in their place I see a dim and ugly signpost that dares me to look ahead into a hopeless future and tells me it is not wise or safe to look back.

"'I have tried to convince myself that I am going mad. How else, after so many years, could I suddenly have these thoughts?

"'Last night I went to the pavilion. The water spoke to me, the trees spoke, and I answered them in my head. The words they used were bitter words and the thoughts they gave me were bitter thoughts.

"'I moved from corner to corner, trying to get away from the voices. I built up the fire until I thought I should suffocate. I still heard. So I played myself some music on the small piano but I played badly. I tried the record machine. It was better. I could drown the voices. All but one. One little one, it would not go. If this is to continue I must know why. I must watch. I must examine the years. I must go back into the records. If I find that everything is clear then I shall know that I am the one to be watched, not the other.

" 'But perhaps the voices tell me right. If that is true then I am also doomed, but in a different way. But I must know, for all our sakes, and soon. The little voice that cries above the others would like to rest.' "

FRAY closed the book. "Well?" he asked.

"What little voice?"

"Can't you guess? He thought he heard Gretel." He selected another book from the pile. "Now I know why he wouldn't let me come to see him. Do you remember what he said about going back into the records? That's our job. We'll follow his trail."

He opened the second book. "This one was written thirty-six years ago. Hurst was getting ready to be married. He'd taken this house. My father, sister Gretel and I were going north to live with Max. My mother was dead, she died when I was born . . . There were guests here for the wedding, not many because old Beauregard had died a month before. So the guests were family people only, Rosalie, Henry, and a few ancient Beauregards, all dead now, and my father, Gretel, Max and Etta. I was an infant. The Mundys were here too. I'm giving you the picture. There's only one interesting thing about it. Of all those people, Rosalie, Henry, May, Max, Etta, and the Mundys are still living. And they're all in this house now.

"Now, the account of the day before the wedding:

" 'Morning: Ever since daybreak there has been the most heavenly activity! The cooking that goes on today is on a scale to please father. Now there is someone calling under my window! A lady!

" 'Later: Gretel, the little witch! She was imitating May's voice and laughed when I put out my head. I went down and played a game of croquet with her and Rosalie. I let them win. They are of the same age and I hope will be friends. Poor Rosie, she is so uncertain of herself and Gretel is so the opposite. If Rosie were mine I would send her away to a good school. Sometimes it is better for a child to see less of its family. Henry is not very understanding and old Beauregard was without tenderness.

" 'Later still: The gifts arrive in a continuous stream. The old family friends have sent such handsome things. I think May is a trifle awed. At the farm things were not going well for years and this display of unlimited money must bruise a little. I have already told her that I am making Henry the manager of the farm and she is so pleased. But they are not good managers, the Beauregards, and that is why they lost the farm in the first place.

" 'Henry has made a very gallant gesture. He has given me his father's guns. Gretel has already begged to try a small one but I have told her she must wait until another time when Rosie is not here. Rosie has a great love for guns, but the poor child is too unsteady for such things. To avoid temptation, I have put the guns in the pavilion.

" 'It is four o'clock and I shall lie down for a while because Max tells me it is the thing to do. There is a small dinner this evening and Father has ordered out the best we have. Gretel has a new frock for the wedding and she has tried it on. And because it is a great day, we have given her our mother's own pearls.

" 'Midnight. This is my wedding day. The guests have gone home. They left us almost at once and sometime today the clergyman will marry us. Henry has taken Rosie home; she is in a pitiful state.

" 'At four o'clock I went to my bed but not to sleep. All was quiet in the house. All were resting except the little girls. A young servant was in the kitchen and she has told how she saw the children walking to the pavilion with their arms around each other. I know too well how they looked. They have a little game that is always played when they walk together. Poor Rosie, so little hair, so short and thin, and Gretel with so much. They walk slowly, with their arms about each other's waists, and Gretel puts her cheek so close to Rosie's, with one long braid arranged on Rosie's shoulder. Rosie is so happy to have a braid and swings it with her hand as if it is her own.

" 'I am lying on my bed when there is a shot. I remember Henry's guns in the pavilion. I join the others in a rush for the garden because they all think as I do. There is much confusion. The pavilion is a place of chaos. We hear poor Rosie's voice before we are there, screaming as if she is tortured. But she is all right, only frightened out of her wits.

" 'Gretel is lying on the floor and she is shot dead. One of the guns is beside her. Rosie is able to speak only a few words and she is mercifully taken away by May. Later we put things together and it is very little. We think it goes like this. The children are looking at the guns. That is forbidden to Rosie and she says she did not touch them. So it must be Gretel who holds one of the guns in her hand and I think she is showing off a little. We have taken her to the theater and she is fond of long speeches and acting. So I think she is acting for Rosie. There is a leafy branch lying on the pavilion steps.

" 'That is all we know. Rosie says only that they were frightened. That is the story. They were frightened and Gretel lost control. I ask myself what could frighten two little girls on a happy afternoon in spring?' "

"FRAY, how could he hear her voice, the small voice he wrote about? It was Rosalie who screamed."

"He didn't hear it. He got to thinking that Gretel may have called him. It was an obsession, that's all."

Regan thought that over. After thirty-six years could an unhappy memory turn into an obsession? Could it suddenly turn a man from sanity to madness? "Is all this as new to you as it is to me?" she asked carefully.

"Practically. When I was about five they told me I'd had a sister who shot herself accidentally. That's all."

"Yes. That seems to be all."

He looked at the fire. When he spoke his voice was dry. "If I had a Bible here, Regan, and asked you in a wrath of God voice to put your hand on it and swear that you really do think that's all—would you do it?"

"No," she said. "Rosalie said they were frightened. How could they be? I feel the way Hurst did. A sunny afternoon and two little girls. What could frighten them?"

"Maybe we'll never know. Rosie couldn't tell anyone then and she certainly can't now. She's still frightened." He looked at the clock. "I think I'll run in and see Max. Regan, I want to talk something over with you after lunch. How about meeting in your room?"

"Why not here?"

"Too accessible."

BACK in her room after lunch, Regan returned to the window and watched the sunlight on the water. Outside in the hall she heard Fray laugh. Then he came in smiling, with Rosalie's arm in his. He held a plate of sliced cake in his free hand. Rosalie's eyes were on the cake.

"A dozen eggs in it," he was saying. "And that stuff between the layers is whipped cream. Mrs. Mundy's going to be as mad as hops, but I don't care. I felt like a party. And what's a party without Rosalie? Huh?"

"Yes, yes, yes," Rosalie said.

He led her to an armchair and drew up a small table. On this he placed the cake, carefully out of reach.

"Fray," Regan whispered. "You can't do this!"

"Find yourself a chair." He touched Rosalie's arm and spoke slowly. "Do you remember Hurst? No, Rosie dear, no cake yet. Not until you tell me how well you remember Hurst."

"I remember Hurst very well," Rosalie said dutifully. "We all remember his kindness and we pray for him. He was a good man."

"That's beautiful, Rosie. Who taught you to say that?"

"May . . . Now?"

"Yes. Take the big piece."

Rosalie beamed. "I'm glad I came," she said.

Fray broke off a small piece of cake and ate it. "Do you remember my tenth birthday, Rosie? We had a big party here. Remember the ice cream? All done up in fancy little nests of spun sugar. It was good, too."

"It was good," Rosalie said.

"Then we had a Fourth of July party the next year. And what did we eat at the Fourth of July party, Rosie? What was the ice cream like then?"

"Like red cannon crackers with little flags on top!"

"Bless my soul, so it was. Here, Rosie, more cake."

Rosalie took her second slice.

Fray looked thoughtful. "The next big party was when Max got married. A wedding. But I didn't have a good time at the wedding, did you, Rosie?"

Rosalie's face puckered with her effort to remember. Then she said, "Claudine?"

"Sure! Claudine! The pretty girl Max married. Everybody was very sad. Do you know why, Rosie?"

"Who wore a blue dress?" Rosalie asked.

This is it, Regan thought. He's getting it.

"Claudine did," Fray said easily. "Poor Regan here, she's never been to a real party. Why don't you tell Regan about the parties you had when you were little? Tell her about the farm. She doesn't know about things like that. She's lived in a city and she's an orphan."

"I'm an orphan," Rosalie said. "I haven't any parents."

"Yes, but you had a father for a long time, Rosie. Your mother died when you were very young, but you had a nice, big farm to live on and a father. There's a portrait of him at the farm. He looks very clever."

"Very clever. He was good. He never whipped me."

Regan straightened in her chair and saw that Fray had done the same. "Never whipped you?" he repeated. "I should hope not! What a silly thing to say, Rosie!"

It was anything but silly and Regan knew it. She saw that Fray also knew. It was the first original, uncued and unaccountable thing Rosalie had said.

Fray went on. "Whipping boys is all right, they often need it. But little girls. People don't do that!"

"I was never whipped," Rosalie repeated.

"Of course you weren't. You were a good child, Rosie, But did you know some other little girl who wasn't?"

"No. But I know all about whippings."

"You read about them in a story, maybe. Did someone read you a sad story, Rosie dear?"

"No. I was told. I'll tell you." Suddenly her head snapped back and her lips curled in a wide, false smile. Words came from her mouth in a thin, searing hiss. "Children are like little animals. As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

UNDER their astounded eyes she became another person. Her body grew strong, her fat fingers drummed the table with intolerable patience. She sat measuring Fray through half-closed eyes. She was arrogant, despotic, implacable. She spoke in a high, clear voice.

"Whip you, my dear child?" She laughed silently. "Don't be absurd. Do you think I want every Tom, Dick and Harry on the place to hear you screaming? No, I have a better plan. I call it discipline. Do you understand? Stand up! Don't cringe, you little goose! Now listen. When you stand before me with a hanging head and tell me you have forgotten to close the door, forgotten to wash your face and hands, then I must do something to make you remember. It does no good to tell me that you're sorry. Sorry is a cheap and lazy word. I know your little mind, my child, I read it like a book. Without me, you would grow into a fool.

"And that must never happen. You must be forced into remembering, made to think. And I prefer to do it without violence. So, every morning when you wake you will hear me reminding you. You will hear me—like this."

Rosalie's fingers reached across the table and fastened on something that wasn't there. They wrapped themselves around an invisible object and gripped it until the knuckles were white.

The others watched, almost without breathing. They followed the arc of her steady arm as it swung high, they saw the satisfaction in her eyes as she swept the invisible weapon through the air and brought it down to the table with a silent crash.

"I will never strike you, you may not even see me, but you will hear that sound and know that I am near." The plump arm rose and fell again. "I will strike the walls as I come down the hall, the steps, the walls, the door to your room. You will imagine that I am coming for you and you will ask yourself what you have done. You will not have done anything wrong, not then. But you will ask yourself questions, and you will remember the things you now take pleasure in forgetting. You will wonder if I will—open the door!"

Rosalie sagged in the chair. When she raised her eyes again they saw she had come to the end of the dim old road she had been traveling.

She looked from face to face with a vague smile. "Did you hear it? I did. On the steps, on the walls, on the door." Her hands returned for the unseen switch.

"Don't!" Regan's voice was shrill.

"I won't, Regan . . . But I was never whipped."

Fray got up wearily. He led Rosalie away.

THE sun had set, and early dusk filled the garden. Regan drew a long breath and wondered about the sudden fragrance. It was too late for flowers. Yet the air that touched her cheek might have blown across a garden. She leaned against the pavilion door.

She had come out because she wanted to forget the child Rosie. Fray had led a gray-haired woman from her room, but he had left behind a child who still cringed before a switch that had whistled through the air more than forty years ago. He had come back later and told her Rosie was all right. Then she'd asked the question. "Fray, I know she was talking about herself and that someone used to threaten her with a switch, but—who?"

"Papa Beauregard. Pronounced Papah. He was a pious stinker. Poor Rosie wasn't clever, as May was, or handsome, as Henry was, if you can believe that about Henry. She was nothing but a shy, dreamy, ungifted kid. Apparently that got under his skin and fed the nasty little fungus he cultivated instead of a heart. He seems to have enjoyed baiting Rosie. He drove her nuts, of course."

When Fray left her, Regan had come out alone to the pavilion. She couldn't stay away.

The shore line curved away, bit deeply into the mainland and swung out into a promontory. She saw the promontory rising above the black water, standing against the dark blue sky. A string of lights blinked on along its length, threading their way from the mainland out into the bay. She had seen them before, in that same place, glowing in the summer night. The sounds, the smells, the night itself, were turning time back.

Long ago the lights had leaped and circled and the wind had carried music across the water. There was an amusement park on the end of the promontory. It was called Golden City. The music they heard came from the Merry-Go-Round.

Hurst had carried her out to the dock and they'd climbed down into the launch and sat there, watching the lights. She could remember now that his hand was cool on her bare arm and that his eyes were somber.

Funny, she thought. The things we said and did are coming back. Perhaps the pavilion brings them back.

What had they done after they'd climbed into the boat? It had been late then, long past bedtime, he'd said. Had someone come after her? That was it.

They'd been sitting in the boat when they'd heard someone enter the pavilion. They'd heard the scrape of shoes on the sandy steps and seen a light go on inside.

"Stay here," Hurst had whispered. He'd kissed her briefly. "Wait for me. I will come back." He'd swung to the dock and disappeared in the shadows.

She saw herself as she was then, turning her head to the light on the dark shore. She heard his voice again, pleading. She'd been sure he was pleading for her, for one more hour in the summer night. He was not to be scolded because of her. She saw herself climbing up to the dock. The dock was slippery, and she fell.

The fall had frightened her. Her small legs had been trembling when she reached the lawn and ran toward the pavilion.

She was trembling now. Her head throbbed. What had he said when she came to the pavilion door?

She pressed one hand against the door, touching the wood, the iron bolt, the lock. She couldn't even remember if the door had been open or closed then. She couldn't remember the other person at all. Only the voices. For a minute she thought she heard them again.

A footstep sounded on the grass. Someone was walking toward her from the direction of the driveway.

"Who are you sitting there?" a thin voice asked.

"It's only me, Henry," she said. She was glad to see him. He was real.

He sat beside her on the steps. "What are you doing out here in the dark? You've been trying to get inside the pavilion, haven't you? We don't like people to come here. Nobody's been inside the place for years, except Hurst. Now you come, in the dark, all by yourself. What for?"

"I came because I wanted to look at the water," she said patiently. "Henry, you were here when I came to visit years ago, weren't you?"

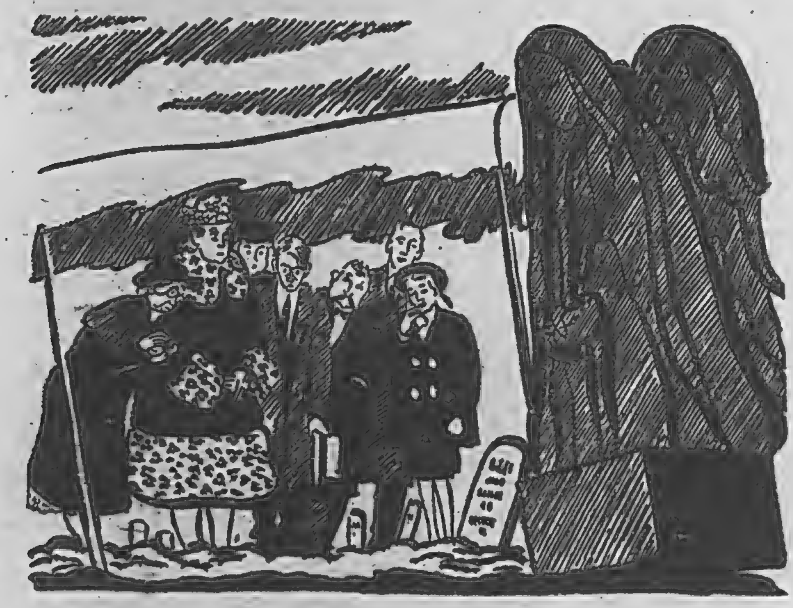
"What's that to you all of a sudden?"

"Please, Henry. I'm only trying to bring back the best time in my life. I've been thinking about that time but I can't remember all the people who were here."

"Max was here, and people kept dropping in. I don't know who. I didn't have much time for people."

"You sound as if something had happened," she said.

"Something did. Rosie and I left the farm for good soon after." His voice sharpened. "You knew that! You're just leading me on! What do you want to talk about that for? All I had was bad luck. If I'd been a damn peasant, I'd have made a go of it. The hell with it!"



"Somebody said you'd managed the farm for Hurst and then you gave it up and moved to Philadelphia."

"Right! I managed the Beauregard farm for Hurst Herald. I got up at daybreak like a cowman, and tramped in the mud. I sat up all night with sick horses because the Heralds believe in doing that. Two vets on hand, but a representative of the landed gentry had to be there too. The landed gentry were the Heralds who had money in six banks and the representative was a Beauregard with empty pockets. Me. Why should I take that? I had to have a little fun, I was human . . . Then in comes Fray, twenty-two he was then. He takes over. The very first day young master Fray walks out in the fields, the drought breaks. The wheat grows two inches, the hens lay double eggs, the cows give cream. Money, money, money . . . So Rosie and I went away."

Henry's voice was bleak and bitter. But there was courage behind it, the kind of courage a man hoards against the day when another man's back will be turned.

"I think you're lucky," she said. "You don't belong on a farm. You're cosmopolitan."

"I don't belong on a farm as a laborer!" He was partly mollified. "But it's my land. Ours. We've always had it. Hurst should have given it back to me. When he married May he should have signed it over to me. I told him so too, told him straight out."

"Maybe you'll get it back one day."

"Think so?" He struggled to his feet. "Come along, we'd better go back to the house. Getting late."

SHE opened the door to the sitting room. Fray looked at her closely. "Where have you been?"

"Walking." She took her place at the table.

"Have you got anything on your mind, Regan?"

"No. Let's get on with what we came to do."

"Right." He opened the red book and said, "Dated September, this year." He read:

"'I went up to town this afternoon because I thought it would be good to see the people. I thought it would be good to see other men's faces. I was hoping that I would find one other man whose voice would tell me that he carries a burden too. But I have no success. I have seen happy faces, faces with silent, moving lips, but none like mine. The other lips did not move because they were trying to mouth the name of a murderer.

"'There is a child who comes to my mind these days. Not Gretel but another child. Regan. We were very close. She seemed to know what I was thinking. And now when I come to this place in my life she is the one I turn to. Shall I admit to myself that she is my one hope? that she alone can help me?'"

FRAY looked up. "What do you think now?"

"It all ties in with the letter."

"Don't you get it, Regan? He wanted you to remember something. You were, and are, a key, the only one he had. We've got to sift and sift until we come to something that rings a bell in your mind."

"But I've told you everything! . . . Wait." She shivered. "There was something tonight. I went to the pavilion late this afternoon. I sat on the steps and looked at the water. Then I began to remember. We used to watch the lights and listen to the music over in Golden City. I'd forgotten until tonight.

"And I remember sitting in a boat tied up to the dock. We knew he'd be scolded for keeping me up. Then something happened. Something happened that night and it happened all over again tonight. I remembered everything up to a certain point and then I began to forget."

"Go back to where you begin to forget."

"We'd been in the pavilion and then we went out to the boat. We left the pavilion dark. Then someone turned the lights on. We saw them through the trees. And Hurst went back to shore. He told me to wait for him. I saw him go up to the pavilion. I waited, and then I heard voices. I began to be frightened because I thought he was in trouble on my account. So I got out of the boat and went to help him. I ran to the pavilion door. The other voice was loud and clear."

She stopped.

"And that's where you draw the blank? It fits. Someone wanted you to forget the rest of what happened and saw to it that you did."

She lowered her voice. "Tonight I thought I heard voices again. I thought I was—"

"Don't say it. You aren't. Things like that happen. Minds open and shut, and skip around like fleas. Nothing to worry about." He took her hand.

"Fray, who was in the house when I came here before? Rosalie, Henry, Max, and who else?"

"That's all, I think. I was at camp and Etta was off on a rampage somewhere. Are you trying to identify the other voice?"

"I've got to! I know it's important!"

"Maybe it is. If that's what Hurst wanted you to remember, it is. But we don't know that." The clock struck ten. "You want to go on with this, don't you?" he asked.

"I've got to! I feel as if there weren't a minute to lose!" She watched him turn a page in the book. "You've read them all, haven't you? You know what he was looking for and whether or not he found it. Tell me!"

"I've read them all, but I haven't anything to tell you. Of course I know what he was looking for, and so do you. He said he was looking for the name of a murderer."

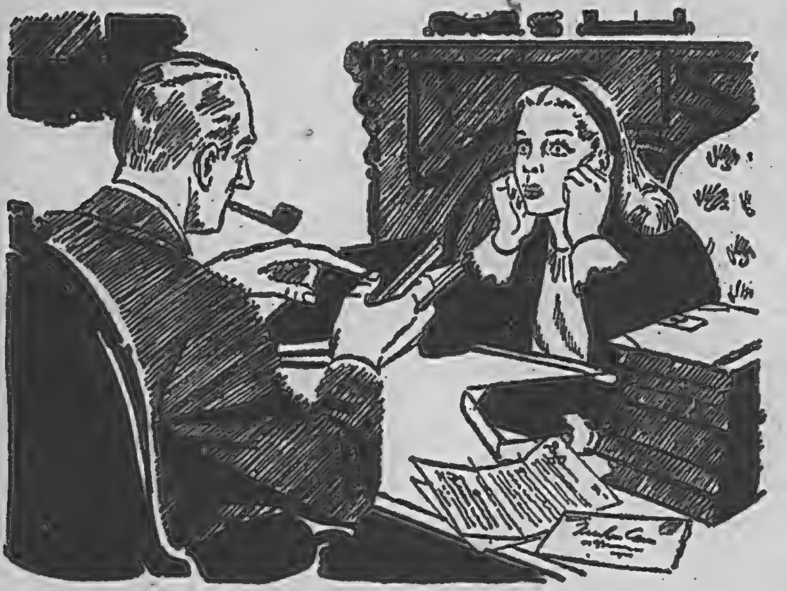
She refused to give up. "You've got to tell me, Fray. Now. Did he find what he was looking for?"

"He didn't come to a conclusion on paper. But I know he came to one because he is dead. We'll go on . . . Still September, a few days later." He read:

"'Last night I am here at this table, staring at the pages of this book, when May comes in. May is hurt with me although she does not say so. She knows I am doing something that I will not share with her and she is confused. If there were another way to do this I would do it. But this is the only way. So I have told May and the Mundys that I will live like a hermit until I finish some important work.

" 'Today is old Etta's day but I do not want to talk to her. So I will tell her I am busy in the pavilion.

" 'The pavilion. Why have I not thought of that before? That is where I must go now. That is where I must live. If I go in the night and return in the early morning no one will know. My mail is before me and I have no mind to open it. There is nothing I want to know of the world outside. Only one thing I want, to sleep in that little house down by the water. There I will be free to face this horror. It is full-grown, monstrous, yet only in these last few days have I seen it. Has it always been there, from the beginning, invisible to me and to the others? Yes, to all the others but one. I can almost believe that Father slowly came to see what I see now, and that he was planning to speak but did not have the time.



" 'How have I been so blind? Even today I do not know. But I think perhaps for years the truth has been collecting in the back of my mind. The little words and actions that a young and healthy man dismisses as trivial, they do not always go away. They wait in a dark corner for the man to grow old and sick. The mind is always patient. It knows that when a man is old and sick he takes an inventory of his life.

" 'It is Claudine I must think of now. She was the second.

" 'I have written that my mail has come and I do not care to open it. But one letter separates itself from the rest and looks up at me. I know that writing. It is Regan Carr's. Her mother is dead and she is alone. I have hoped to reach the end of this without her help. I have hoped that I would never see the day when I must take her before strangers, ask her those ugly questions, tell her she must answer truthfully. But this decision is taken out of my hands. Something has placed her in my path again.

" 'I will ask her to come here. I must win her confidence again, then I must lead her back, over the years. I must make her remember, and speak. But she must not be frightened and she must be closely watched.' "

FRAY said, "The letter again. See? If you hadn't come across, I'd have torn your room apart."

"Somebody else felt the same way," she said.

"What!"

"Somebody went through my things and found it."

He was thoughtful. "It didn't say anything to the person who read it, otherwise it would have been destroyed. No, it may have said too much. If the reader had destroyed it you'd have started asking questions. And questions would have started talk. Forget about that."

"He said"—her voice thickened and she cleared her throat—"he said I must be watched."

"What do you think I've been doing? Don't go anywhere alone. Stick to the rooms that have at least two more people in them . . . Know something? When you signed your initials on the clock it tipped me off to the pavilion. I knew he couldn't have lived in all that mess so I went out there to investigate. I found bed linen on the couch, tobacco, food. He must have come and gone like a wraith. The diaries were locked in a wall cabinet. I found them, all but one dated 1908-1909. That was the year of his purchase of the farm, his marriage, Gretel's death. It was under the rug in front of this fireplace. I think that represents his last conscious gesture."

Her eyes went to the white rug. She knew they were both seeing the same thing.

"The next thing we want is an entry in 1926." He opened a book bound in black. "Do you remember what he said? 'Claudine was the second' . . . One night nineteen years ago, Claudine took a walk. Just as you did tonight. Out in the fog, down by the water." He read:

" 'Today I have fallen overboard. I, who have been called a fish from infancy, have come uncomfortably close to drowning. There is a board loose in the dock and I step on it and fall in. I know I am done for and resign myself and the next thing I know I am being saved. It is young Fray who ropes me in.

" 'Rosie and Henry are with us now, as well as Fray, Max and Claudine. I take much pleasure in my brothers now. Max is the miracle of us all. He used to be so reserved, and now he is so soft he is almost ridiculous! Claudine, Claudine, Claudine. He brings her name into the conversation even when there is no place for it. It is good to see him and hear him. He is married only one year. He puts her on a pedestal but that is what we all do. She is so pretty. And now that she is knitting we spoil her. I have told May that we hope it is a little girl and she is pleased also. I think I see a thoughtful look in May's eyes. I must make very, very sure that she does not think I am envious of Max.

" 'Tonight Max goes to a conference. And after dinner I will play cards with Rosie which is my good deed for the day.

" 'After dinner: I will finish the day's record now. May and I have been talking privately with Max and Claudine. He wants to make a new will and it has made Claudine cry. Why is it that women think a will is an invitation to sudden death? I explain that Max only wishes to make provision for the new baby.

" 'Fray has gone up to Baltimore and Max has left for his meeting and I have promised him I will keep an eagle eye on Claudine. He tells me that she was sadly frightened when I went into the water this afternoon.

" 'They are waiting for me. May has promised us some music. Etta will read. And Henry will make a great show of working on the farm accounts which will fool me not at all. Father will doze in the big chair by the fire. And Rosie—ah well, we must all do some penance in this world.' "

REGAN said, "Will this be murder?"

"It won't look like it. It won't sound like it. You'll have to draw your own conclusions, as he did." Fray read on:

" 'After years of quiet and repose once more the garden echoes to a shout. The last time it was the guns. This time it was the water. She was afraid of the water. The water began to warn us in the afternoon. For the first time in my adult life I go overboard with my clothes on. I think now that it was no doing of my own. It was the water, calling attention to itself.

" 'She did not laugh with the others. She was frightened. Then, in her mind she must have tied all things together, Max, the will, death, water. That is why she left the house in the fog.

" 'So I begin at nine o'clock. I come down from my room and find them all assembled. A small fire, May, Henry, Rosie, Claudine, Etta, Father.

" 'We have the music and cards. And Father and Etta talk of Europe. Henry goes into the library with his farm accounts. Etta is full of giggles because Father reminds her of a railroad ticket-collector in Bavaria who tried to arrange a marriage between her and his son when she was only three years of age. Etta screams with horror at the fate she has escaped. When Etta screams Claudine is frightened. She flings up her hands and cries out. She looks about the room and at the clock and the windows. So I myself look. The fog is coming up, a heavy fog.

“ ‘She is thinking of Max, I tell myself, out in the foggy night, and she is wishing he were home. So I draw the curtains and tell her I am reading her mind. Then it is May who says perhaps Claudine would like to go to bed.

“ ‘So Claudine goes to bed. It is still early, ten-thirty, but after she is gone there is a drop in talk and spirits. There is a small wind and we can hear the trees. Rosie's voice is very high and she complains that the night is bad. May takes Rosie upstairs and soon Henry comes in from the library, saying he is tired. He leaves us also. Then Etta takes her book and says she will read in bed.

“ ‘May returns and Father and I sit quietly while she plays for us. We close the doors so that no one will be disturbed. It is nearly midnight when Max returns. He is pale and shaking.

“ ‘He tells us he is walking up the path when he hears Claudine calling. We tell him she is safe in bed and he nods. We see he is limping when he crosses the room to find a chair for himself, and we see that his trousers are wet and muddy. We ask questions.

“ ‘His story is this. He is walking up the path when he hears Claudine calling his name. He is terrified. It comes, he thinks, from the direction of the dock, and he goes there at once, running. But when he reaches the water there is no one there. The fog is thick, he cannot see the dock, he can only feel the boards beneath his feet, but he runs out upon it and calls her name. He has forgotten the broken board and he slips through as I did. He does not go into the water but hangs there, helpless and in pain. We ask him why he makes no outcry and he says that he has no breath left. It is a long time before he can extricate himself.

“ ‘Then we [illegible]ur go up to bed. I leave Father and Max in the [illegible]ide their rooms, and take May to her own door. I [illegible]alking softly down the hall to my rooms when I hear a shout. I know that death is here again.

“ ‘DOORS open, everyone is in the hall, crowding, asking questions. I can understand nothing that is said. I count the faces, and only Fray is not there. No, Claudine is not there also. We know Fray is in Baltimore but we do not know where Claudine is. Father tells us as we crowd around the door. Max is staring at the empty bed. He is like a man in his sleep.

“ ‘Max, Father and I go out into the night. The fog is still heavy and we blunder down the familiar paths like blind men in a strange country.

“ ‘We find nothing. There is the gaping hole in the dock but we expected that. I do not remember if I have ever put the board back. Max does not remember either. Henry parks the car on the slope. The headlights cleave the fog and for the first time we see the black water beneath us. It tells us nothing.

“ ‘We send Mundy for the doctor, for the policeman, and I take our motor boat and cover the shoreline. The others search the beach. Nothing. Fray returns and joins us. But the fog is our enemy from the start and it is dawn when we give up. It is still impossible to see the sky.

“ ‘We talk everything over. We go over every minute of the night that has passed. We tell ourselves that Father and I were the only ones who were always there in the music room, in plain sight of the door, and we saw and heard nothing. Upstairs and downstairs no one has heard a sound.

“ ‘Why? Claudine cannot float on air. She must walk, down the front stairs, down the back stairs. If it was the front, Father, May and I would have heard her. If it was the back, she would pass other doors, Henry's and Rosalie's.

“ ‘Then someone says we must not forget that we closed the door to the music room. We discuss that. It is after May returned to play for Father that we closed it.

“ ‘We try to fix the time. Claudine went to bed at ten-thirty. Then May takes Rosie up, perhaps ten minutes later. Then Henry leaves us. Then Etta. Then May returns. All of that takes less than half an hour and no one has seen or heard Claudine. It is a little before eleven, then, that we close the door to the music room, and from eleven until Max comes in we have a blank. Even Max cannot tell us when he heard her call. Henry has a theory that Claudine went out to meet someone by appointment and laid her plans well in advance.

“ ‘Then it grows light outdoors. Once more we go down to the water, and this time we find her. She is under the dock, between two of the stakes, shrouded in seaweed.

“ ‘Later: The authorities come from Baltimore and I tell them what we know. They tell me there are two explanations. First, they say, she would never go to the dock in the dead of night unless she was driven by something stronger than fear for herself. I see what they are thinking. It is in their eyes when they look at Max.

“ ‘They ask if he has arranged for her to meet him on the grounds, to walk a little by the water before retiring. I laugh at that. Max says nothing. He cannot. Walk on such a night, I laugh. Wearing no more than a single gown of thin silk, those foolish shoes with baby soles? I ask them if they think we are all crazy to listen to such talk.

“ ‘I ask for the second explanation. They remind us of her secrecy, and say she could have killed herself. There is nothing to answer.

“ ‘So now it is all over. The conclusion is death by drowning. “A tragic accident,” they call it. One of the colored maids tells me it is the will of God. I see May nod her head in silent agreement. I cannot believe that.’ ”

REGAN made a small motion of despair. “I'm beginning to be afraid,” she said. “And I'm useless, I can't do anything about all this.”

“Don't be afraid. You can go home—let's say the day after tomorrow. I'll arrange everything. I'm sorry, but I had to keep you here, you can see that now. Hurst thought you were a key.”

Her voice was almost inaudible. “Fray, why didn't he confide in you and Max? It sounds crazy, but I think he suspected one of you.”

He looked pleased. “Good! Now we're getting somewhere. But you can't really be thinking of me because I was one year old when Gretel was shot. It's Max, isn't it? Max shot Gretel? Max held Claudine under the water . . .”

“I don't think that! Don't even say that!”

“But you must think something, Regan. Hurst did. And Hurst was counting on you.”

He wants me to accuse somebody, she thought. He thinks I have a name hidden in my mind. Maybe that's what Hurst thought. I haven't, I haven't.

He went on. “Everybody was here when Gretel died. When Claudine's turn came we had the same cast. The same with my father, too. Hurst is the only one who managed to die with a different set-up. Max, Etta and I were miles away.”

She said, “Miss Etta is a Herald, isn't she?”

His startled eyes came back to her face. “Etta! Now you're being fantastic! What are you trying to do?”

“Give you the name Hurst was afraid to speak.”

“You can toss Etta out. Look, what could Gretel and Claudine have that Etta wanted? Not a thing. How could they stand in Etta's way? They couldn't. She adored them. What did Gretel and Claudine have? That's your key.”

“There's another answer,” she said soberly. “Maybe they were accidents. Hurst was sick. Maybe—” She dropped her voice to a whisper. “Has anybody ever called the Heralds mad?”

“Often. That's the popular notion. But Hurst wasn't. And if you're thinking about yourself, stop it.”

“How can I stop it! Tonight, out at the pavilion—”

“You're sane. Sane and loyal. That's why he wanted you.” He leaned forward. “That's why I wanted you, too . . . Regan, are you still afraid of the pavilion?”

“Yes.” He was going to ask her to go there. I can't go, she told herself. Something is waiting for me in there. But she knew she would do whatever he asked.

“Come along. You're my good girl.”

She followed wordlessly. She had no choice. From the first morning when she recognized the spire, she had known that.

The room in the pavilion was musty. She stood with her back against the door, holding her breath, looking from wall to wall, from ceiling to floor. She looked at the small piano, at the fireplace, at the mantel filed with majolica and Dresden figures, at the hunting prints, the rack of riding whips, the bookcases, the wall cabinet.

"It hasn't changed," she said. She sat down.

One of the majolica pieces on the mantel was a circle of grinning dwarfs whose uplifted hands held candles. He lit the candles one by one. He studied her averted face. "Don't you want to look at me, Regan, or are you trying not to see something?"

"I'm trying to go back," she said. "That's why you brought me here, isn't it?"

"Yes." He lit a cigarette. "Coming here started something in your mind. You've got to clear it up."

"I can't. Nothing comes back to me but—fear."

"Try it like this. This is a warm summer night. You're out in the boat alone, in the dark." He was leaning forward. "You're frightened because you hear voices and you think Hurst is in trouble. You climb out of the boat and run up the slope to the door. The pavilion door . . . The door was open?"

"I can see the light shining on the grass."

"You stand in the door and someone speaks to you."

She heard his voice like a voice in another room. Her eyes were on the mantel with its orderly row of china figures. She called them softly by name. The dwarf candlestick, the basket of red roses—

He spoke again. "Regan, listen to me."

"Yes, Fray." She sounded asleep.

He began all over again. He reproduced the night as she had for him. "You stood in the doorway and someone spoke to you. Who spoke, Regan?"

"No one. No one knew I was there. I made no noise."

"Did—they make any noise?"

"He had a whip."

He gripped the mantel edge. "What was he doing with the whip?"

"He was looking at it. He held it in his hand. He stood by the table, looking at it. I heard it, too. It cracked out, and crashed. It—"

One of the candles flickered and went out. She had been watching the candles and when that happened she turned a startled face to his. "Fray! You're doing the same thing to me that you did to Rosalie. Don't!"

"It's all right. You're not like Rosalie. But you can't stop now, Regan. There was a whip. You saw it and heard it. What do you mean, you heard it?"

"Nothing. That's all. That's the end."

"No, it isn't the end. You say he stood at the table with the whip in his hand. You say 'he'. Was it Hurst?"

"It must have been Hurst! This is where he came."

"Did you see the other person too?" He watched the struggle to remember. He watched in silence, then—"That'll do. Wash it out, forget it."

"What did you say?" she asked vaguely.

"I said forget it. We'll call it a night."

"That's queer," she said. "I thought I saw something then. Light the candle again, Fray!"

He did so. "Still see it, whatever it is?"

"No, but it's queer. Just then, just for a second, I thought I saw or remembered something. It's—isn't there something missing up there on the mantel?"

"Count the things," he said. "You may be right."

She touched each familiar piece, calling it by name. "The dwarfs, the pitcher shaped like a fish, the basket of red roses, the little swans—"

THERE was a sandy scrape on the steps outside. Someone knocked at the door. Fray held up his hand. "I'll do the talking," he whispered. He tilted the lamp shade, concentrating the light on the door. Then he opened the door.

Mundy stood on the top step. "I'm sorry, sir," he said. "I didn't know who was in here."

"Do you mind telling me what you're doing out here at this hour?"

"I couldn't remember if I'd locked the stable, sir. I came out to see. I thought I heard voices and—"

"Miss Carr hadn't seen the pavilion since she was a child. I brought her down here tonight to have a look at her childhood playground. A last look. She's leaving us in a day or two."

NEXT morning Regan joined Fray in Hurst's room. He looked around the room as if seeing it for the first or last time. "We've reached the end," he said.

"Fray, what do you mean?"

"No more digging in the past. We've hit bottom."

"Then I'm not to hear any more from the diaries?"

"No reason for it. There's a short entry in the last one that you might like to see for the sake of sentiment. And there's one about my father's death."

"I'd like to hear about your father." There's something in that part he doesn't want me to know, she thought. "I want to hear it," she said. "It's my right."

"Yes, I suppose it is." He selected the book, wearily, and found the entry. "September 12, 1927.

" 'Two days ago Father died. He was going to Europe in a few weeks and wanted to see us all before he sailed. So he came here.

" 'He naps in the afternoon of his arrival and when he wakes up he wants to take a walk. He invites us all to come with him, May, Max, Fray and myself, and he takes us to the pavilion. For years he has refused to enter that place but now he leads us there and we are surprised. He says we must all have a little talk before long, and he includes Henry. Because he is not leaving for at least a week we say there is no hurry. He says there is always a hurry and too much time has passed already.

" 'He is suddenly gay at dinner, too gay I think now. After dinner he is flushed and he is sleepy and wakeful in turn. He sits by the fire and says little, then all at once he talks rapidly and with too much excitement. He says we must meet again in the morning, when he is stronger. We must have a conference about the past and the future.

" 'So we laugh and we tell him he is thinking of his enemy the ocean. I try to make him smile. I try even to make him angry, anything to break his mood. I tell him that people who fear the water should stay away from it.

" 'All at once I know it is the wrong thing to say. The look on May's face tells us all what we already know, that the next day is the anniversary of Claudine's death. And I have brought that night back by speaking a few thoughtless words. "People who fear the water should stay away from it."

" 'Though Father looks at no one and stares into the fire we know he has heard and where his thoughts are. Suddenly he laughs, harshly. He says, "That is very profound. You will do well to study such contradictions in behavior."

" 'Max and Fray laugh at that. Soon they take him to bed. They make him a toddy. He complains of a cold but is well covered, Max says. When we all go up at eleven he is sleeping. The next morning he has pneumonia. We find him drenched to the skin, burning with fever and nearly dead. It rained in the night but we knew the windows next to his bed were closed. But when we find him in the morning they are open.

" 'It is easy to know what has happened. He was hot with the fever and instead of calling us opens the windows and the damage is done. We send for a specialist but nothing can be done. Not once during that day or the next did he speak rationally. Sometimes he looked at us and we think he knew who we were but that is all. Once I thought I saw pity in his eyes. That is an odd thing to see in the eyes of a dying man, pity for the living.' "

FRAY closed the book. "You see," he said, "an old man died in his own bed, surrounded by his children. That's what people pray for. He had it."

He wants me to think that, Regan told herself. He's worried, or frightened, and he doesn't want me to ask questions. She said, abruptly, "Was there an empty bottle under your father's bed, too?"

If that struck, and she meant it to, he gave no sign. She said it again. "I saw the bottle under Max's bed. It was there, in plain sight, and Cousin May thought he was drunk. So did I, at first, but now I think the bottle was put there on purpose. I think somebody wanted to discredit Max. That's why I asked about your father. I wondered if the same person tried to discredit him, too. Did your father have a bottle too?"

"Yes, he did."

"So," she continued, "your father died and it was worth trying again, on Max. And Max was already sick, so it should have been easy. Even if the pneumonia failed, there were the empty bottles to start talk. Servants gossiping up and down the street, both men discredited. Once you asked me what Gretel and Claudine had that anyone could want. Now I wonder what your father and Max had. They must have had something, or been on the verge of finding out something."

"Be careful, Regan. Be very careful."

She reached for the red diary. "You said there was something else. A short entry that I might read because of the sentiment. Is this the right book?"

"Yes. Read it yourself." He found the proper page for her. "There. He wrote that the day he died."

She read:

" 'My work is done. I have fitted all the pieces together. I have the answer. Today I have regretted that I sent for Regan. Now I think it is dangerous to bring a young girl into this.

" 'We will move slowly and cautiously when she comes. I will take her to the pavilion, for old times' sake. That is what I will tell her and the others. I will bring back the night I told her to forget. This time I will not say forget, wash it out. This time I will say remember. I must gather together the same ones who were here the other times.

" 'This is not for the police. There was never a weapon, only a sick mind. You cannot punish a sick mind but you can remove it from other opportunities. We must make everything clear to the others who will disbelieve it at first. We must show them how it began and how it progressed. The culminations we do not have to show. They are clearly marked with names and dates on marble.

" 'I have written everything on a paper and the paper never leaves me. I will get a signature on the paper if possible.

" 'My Father. I know now why he looked with pity on the living. He knew. He was going to tell me but he had no time.

" 'It is growing late and soon it will be dark. Regan is coming. I will go down to the fence and place a magic wand against the railing. She will find it and know that I am just the same as always. Maybe I am not the same today but soon I will be.' "

MISS ETTA had been in Regan's room while she was away. There was a package on the chest of drawers. Regan read on the attached card, "Bon Voyage."

She went directly to the bed and dragged out the small steamer trunk that was under it. She dragged it to the center of the room and opened it. She took the suitcase from the closet and put it on the table. The peeled stick was still tucked under the strap.

I'll start putting things in the trunk, she thought. She put Miss Etta's present in the bottom of it. That's temporary, she reminded herself. It'll break if I leave it that way. It feels breakable.

She sat down and looked at the package. She was still looking at it when Cousin May came in.

"I'm exhausted," Cousin May said. "Do let me sit down for a moment. They tell me you're leaving! I knew you wouldn't be happy here. When do you leave?"

"Tomorrow, I think."

"So soon, but then I mustn't scold." Cousin May stared at the open trunk. "Starting already? . . . Tomorrow, you say?"

"I think so. Fray's looking after my ticket."

Cousin May broke into a peal of laughter. "My dear little girl, I'll sigh with relief when you see the end of Fray! I met that young man this morning, and I made him admit that all that nonsense of locked doors and diaries was nothing more than a scheme to keep you with him. You know his reputation—dreadful." She pinched Regan's cheek. "But I'm afraid you were a disappointment to him! Tell me, weren't you a disappointment?"

"I'm afraid I was."

"Were you a disappointment in the pavilion, too?"

"The pavilion?"

"Now, now, I know perfectly well where you went last night. Such a foolish thing for you to do, so bad for you in your highly nervous state. And the servants. But the pavilion! Whatever possessed you, my dear?"

Regan told herself to say anything that came into her head. The real explanation would make things worse than they were. "It was my fault," she said. "I've wanted to go ever since I came."

"But at midnight! And what did you accomplish? Nothing. Tell me, did you find many changes in the pavilion or don't you remember it that well?"

"I remembered most of it." She groped for something to say. "I remembered the things on the mantel."

"The old collections? Are they still there? I haven't been in the place for years, too sad. And I wanted Hurst to have a little hideaway. And he loved it so!"

"I know. I've been thinking about that lately. He used to wear a jacket with carved buttons. It was a riding jacket, wasn't it? I know he wore it one morning when he cut himself with a whip. He made me promise I'd never tell about that. But it doesn't matter now."

"No, it doesn't matter now."

"Funny, I haven't thought of that for years and now it's come back all of a sudden and it—sticks. I keep seeing the mark, it was dreadful, but he laughed about it."

Cousin May was thoughtful. "I remember," she said. "But we mustn't talk about it, we mustn't even think about it, too sad . . . Now tell me about your plans. You're going back to the little library?"

"I suppose so. I don't want to decide that now."

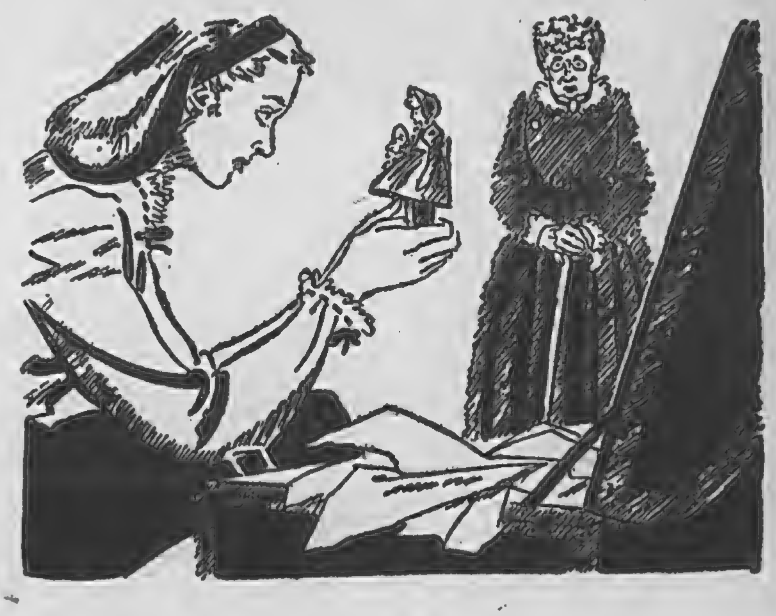
"So wise of you, so foolish to make hurried decisions." Cousin May was earnest. "Think, plan ahead, examine the situation from all sides, allow for obstacles, for unexpected developments." She could have been talking to herself. "Take nothing for granted, then go ahead. You can't fail." She laughed. "Would you like a little present from Cousin May, something to remember her by?"

"A very little one is about all I have room for." Regan indicated the bulky package. "Miss Etta."

"No! What an odd shape! Whatever can it be?"

"I wish you'd open it. I'd feel much better."

Cousin May sighed in agreement. "If you insist, and I'm sure you're being wise. With Etta one never knows." She held Miss Etta's offering at arm's length. "I'm almost afraid to look, so enormous and so very, very light." She broke the seals with care and the present emerged from layer upon layer of wrapping.



Miss Etta's bon voyage gift was a porcelain figure of a young girl with flowers in her hair and hands. Regan caught her breath and looked at Cousin May. Cousin May's face was full of astonishment.

The figure was about ten inches high and it was faultless. Blue flowers trailed from the curving fingers and fell from the smooth, yellow hair; the plain white dress hung close to the body that was clearly underneath.

Cousin May spoke slowly. "It's one of Hurst's most treasured possessions. He prized it above everything he owned. I don't understand how she, where—" She placed the little figure on the table. "This is absurd!"

Regan bent down to the tiny, oval face and she thought it looked up, as if the two of them knew something no one else knew. Now I understand why people covet things and steal them, she told herself. I could steal this. "Has it a name, Cousin May?"

Cousin May was more composed. "I lost my temper and I'm sorry. Of course not. It's an expensive piece of bric-a-brac that I couldn't find after Hurst went, that's all."

"I think I must have heard about it," Regan said. "When I was here before. It seems familiar." She touched the blue flowers. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It looks alive. It even looks like—somebody."

"That's nonsense, my dear. It's nothing more than a very clever piece of work."

"Where did he keep it?" Regan asked.

"He carried it about with him, everywhere, like a child with a rubber doll. He was quite mad about it." Her eyes looked as if she saw him, cradling the little figure in his arms. She made Regan see him too.

"It was in the pavilion," Regan said. "It was on the mantel with the other things. Do I have to put it back?"

"Put it back?" Cousin May repeated.

"Yes!" She went on desperately. "I will if you want me to. I know Miss Etta had no right to take it and it isn't mine, but I want to keep it! I'll do anything to keep it! I want it, Cousin May, I've got to have it!"

Cousin May's fingers tapped the rim of her bag, her slippers tapped the floor. "My poor, overstrained nerves, and I was beginning to feel so well again!"

Regan's eyes met hers and she smiled brightly.

"Don't look so distressed, my dear," she said. "Poor old Cousin May lost her temper for a minute, and she's truly sorry, but all is straightened out. The little figure will return to the pavilion, where it belongs. Tonight, before dinner, you will go there quietly and replace it!"

"But Fray knows it wasn't there last night. I told him something was missing. When he sees it he'll wonder."

"But you'll be gone then, my girl, so why do you fret? I'll tell him he overlooked it."

"Cousin May, I'd rather tell Fray how I got it."

"Not another word! Cousin May knows best." She stood up. "You won't forget the little errand you have to do?"

LATE that afternoon Regan went to work on her packing. The little figure on the table looked as if it were watching. When the trunk was full she locked it and turned to the suitcase on the table. She drew it forward and the peeled stick swung like a hand and struck the porcelain figure. One little arm broke at the elbow and dropped to the table with a gentle ring.

It was a gentle ring, but it echoed in her mind like a gong. She picked up the little arm. The gong thundered in her head. She saw the arm lying in Hurst's hand. He was standing by a table. In the pavilion, at night. There was a red welt across his face and a whip at his feet.

"I've got it. I know what he wanted now!" The gong rang triumphantly and the past returned without shadows.

She saw herself outside the pavilion door, looking in. Hurst was in the center of the room talking to someone over by the mantel. She didn't recognize the other voice because its normal tones were choked with rage, but she remembered the words. Someone hated Hurst and wished him dead. Someone lashed at his face with a whip. The voice went on, hate, hate, hate. It said he had spent too much money for a piece of china when other things were needed. It said he had spent his money for a piece of china because it looked like Claudine. She heard Hurst cry out. She saw him dash across the room, and then she heard a gentle ring and a burst of laughter. She saw herself running back to the dock.

He came for her there and she told him what she had seen. He took her to the pavilion and closed the door. He told her she had imagined everything, that what she had seen and heard was all a bad dream. The porcelain figure was on the table and he said he had broken it himself. Then he said, 'Wash it out.' He said she had never left the boat. If she loved him she would believe that.

Regan ran into the hall crying, "Miss Etta!" She found her in the music room. Miss Etta listened to her story.

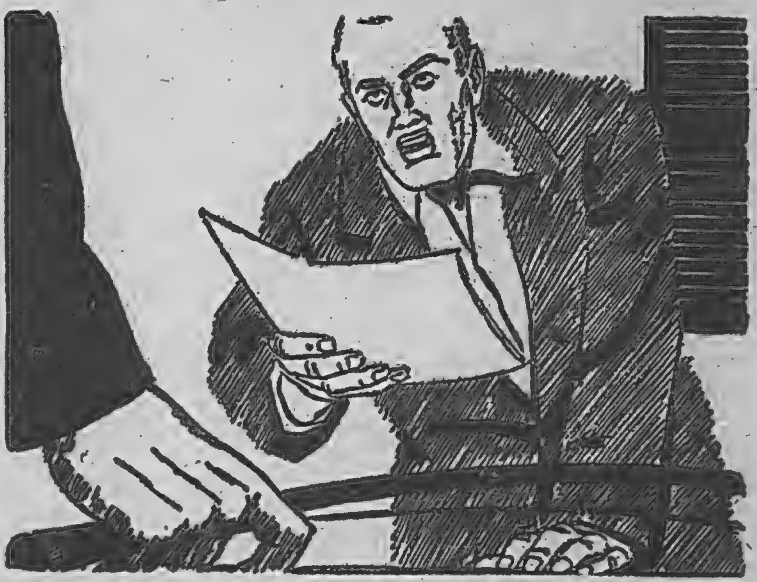
"I didn't know what it was," Miss Etta mumbled. "Go back to your room and stay there."

Up in her room Regan went to the window. The garden was dark, the pavilion invisible. Something is happening, she thought, to the house, to me. Something is being planned, put into motion, executed. Someone is in trouble.

A single figure came around the corner of the house. It was black and shapeless, veiled by the rain. It disappeared in the direction of the pavilion. Two more figures came from the driveway and followed the first one, keeping to the dark places.

She walked to the door. She knew she was going to the pavilion. She was completing a cycle.

Thin lines of light showed through the cracks in the pavilion shutters. She crept through the shrubbery until she was under one of the windows. It was open but the shutters were fastened. She could hear but she couldn't see. She heard a voice, low, then rising. Fray.



"I've been watching you for two days," he was saying to someone. "I've known where you were every minute and what you were doing and thinking. I planned to have a talk with you tonight, but Etta changed all that. She told me about the porcelain figure and I knew I had to find you at once. I knew where to come. And I even know why you're here. You came to kill Regan Carr."

Regan heard him without surprise. He was only verifying what she had felt. It was the other voice that wrapped a cold hand around her heart. It was harsh and strange.

"Did you say why?" Fray asked. "Why kill Regan? That's easy. She's a Herald and she was beginning to put things together, so it was time for another accident. And if anybody was fool enough to yell murder you were all set to accuse me, weren't you? Well, it wouldn't have worked. I've got a fine accusation all ready to throw back in your teeth. See? Hurst's writing. And you're going to sign your name under his.

"I want you to listen to a bedtime story because it's getting very close to bedtime for you. And you can thank old Etta for the long night that's ahead of you. Old Etta is one of the gifted fools of this world. She roots in the dark places because she knows the things people discard tell more about them than the things they keep. That's how she found the porcelain figure in Hurst's study, behind a row of books nobody ever read. Etta found it, liked it, and it said something to her. So she mended the old break and gave it to Regan. Then Regan broke it again and it said something to her too. Regan began to remember what Hurst wanted her to remember. She knew where she'd seen it before, she knew Hurst had bought it because it looked like Claudine."

Fray went on. "That figure cost a lot of money, too, enough to square the unpaid bills Hurst didn't know about. But most of all it looked like Claudine. So one night when your finances were too much for you, you came down here to ask him to sell it and give the money to you. He refused, and you slashed him across the face with a whip. You cut his face open because he was better than you could ever be, and you hated him for it."

"Lies, lies, lies," the voice chanted. "Lies!"

"Oh no! Truth! There was somebody else down here that night, a six-year-old who heard you accuse Hurst of an old affair with Claudine. And you said things about Gretel and my father that sickened him. He thought you were out of your mind. Later that night he went back to that weeping baby. He used all of the arts he knew to wipe the ugly business from her mind, and he succeeded because she trusted him. And when he wanted to bring it back he succeeded again, even though he was dead.

"I don't know what made him begin to suspect you. He thought he was mad to think as he did. He became an obsession to himself. He looked for a taint in our blood. When I think of that I want to kill you myself.

"But you're lucky," Fray continued. "You'll never hang for this. You're insane. Your body will be locked up and fed and cared for the rest of its life. Hurst's dead hand will do the avenging, the hand that covered this paper with writing and hid it. I found it late last night under the clock in his sitting room. The same clock that Regan signed with her initials.

"Here's the little paper. I'm going to read it to you, and when that's done I want your signature at the bottom, under Hurst's. You know what day October fifteen was? The day Hurst died. Listen:

"'October 15, 1945: I leave this under the clock in my sitting room. If I should be unable to regain it for any reason, I ask the one who finds it to take it at once to my brother Fray Herald.

"'For some weeks I have suspected that my father, my sister Carlotta Maria, known to us as Gretel, and my sister-in-law Claudine Herald did not die by the hand of God but as the result of inhuman endeavor. I am confident that the name of their murderer is known to me but until I can prove it without a doubt, I cannot write this name. When I have help, I will obtain a signature.

"'My sister Gretel and her playmate Rosalie Beauregard were the victims of a scheme which could be explained away as a joke if it failed. It did not fail. The children were in the pavilion, handling my guns. Guns were forbidden to Rosalie and she was all too conscious of disobedience. It is easy to believe that her mind was dwelling on old Beauregard's disciplinary switch, the one that cut the mind and not the flesh. Old Beauregard had been dead for years but he was always alive for Rosalie. So someone who was familiar with that ugly story crept up to the pavilion with a leafy branch and struck it against the steps. Panic in the hearts and hands of two children. One dead, one better off dead. It was premeditated murder.'

"YOU don't have to tell me why you hated Gretel," Fray said. "I can guess. She probably didn't pay you enough attention. She had poise, good looks, assurance, and she wore her mother's pearls, Herald pearls. . . . Now the next. Claudine. I won't read this because I can't. Hurst let himself go with this one. You got two that time, Claudine and her baby. Same reason, too. Claudine had everything she wanted and you didn't. Or you thought you didn't. You could have the whole world, but unless it crawled to you on its knees and lay flat on its face at your feet you'd feel cheated. You got the idea for Claudine's death the afternoon Hurst went into the water. You removed the dock board and when Claudine was in bed that night you went to her room and said that Max suspected her fidelity. You said that Max was down at the dock and you feared suicide. That was pretty crude and anyone but Claudine would have thrown you out. But Claudine was unworldly. And Max's talk about a new will clinched it. Premeditated murder again, without a weapon. That makes three. My father was the fourth . . ."

Fray went on. "I won't read what Hurst says about my father either. I'm not enjoying this. I thought I'd get a kick out of watching your face but I don't. You're hideous. I wonder why I didn't get on to you before . . . Now, my father. An old man who knew the world, a self-made man who had learned to classify people. Neither Hurst nor I know how you gave yourself away to Father, but I think it began when he saw the greed in your eyes. It was always there. He saw it and added it up. The last time he was here you knew he suspected you, and you knew he was ready to talk. We think he purposely let you see that, to find out what you'd do. He was probably looking for indisputable proof, as Hurst was. He asked for a family conference. He was drawing you out then, out into the open. But you don't work in the open. You went to his room when he was asleep and you set the stage for an illness that was almost certain to be fatal to a frail old man. And you planted an empty bottle, to make him appear irresponsible, and it worked.

"One more thing. You killed Hurst too. You killed him with the things you said to him and you watched him die. You could have saved him, he had medicine, but you wanted him where he was, dying at your feet. A natural death. Heart failure. A straightforward certificate. You thought you were safe. But you were never safe. Every hour of your life, from the night you cut his face with a whip and broke the little figure he loved, a child was growing up to accuse you."

A rustle of paper. "Sign this," Fray said.

"No!"

Then, "All right," Fray said. "The paper without your signature isn't enough to hang you, but the testimony of this witness and others can put you in a madhouse for the rest of your life. We'll leave you here alone for a little while. Then we'll come back and get the signature."

Regan crouched on the wet earth and covered her face with her hands. Footsteps crossed the pavilion floor; the door opened and closed. It was quiet in the pavilion. She crouched under the sheltering leaves, waiting for a sound. When it came it was not what she expected.

It came slowly at first, struggling up from a great depth, subsiding, rising again. When it reached the surface it broke and spread. It was some time before she knew it was the sound of crying.

Who would cry like that? The last person in the world when he knew he was the last.

REGAN entered the dining room.

Jenny stood by the serving table. Miss Etta had already taken her place. Regan went to her own seat at the end of the table. No one spoke. Finally she heard Miss Etta's low whisper. "Dr. Poole is in the conservatory. With two other men. They're watching who comes here."

Katy entered and took her place at the serving table. Jenny struck the gong with great force. Only Regan's spoon, striking against the edge of her plate, broke the silence after that. Someone entered and drew out the chair on her left. "Glad to see you," Fray said to her.

She spooned her soup steadily. When the next step came to the door she closed her eyes. This one she knew too, because the heavy table shook.

"Good dinner tonight, Rosie," Fray said.

More steps in the hall. Three people this time.

"Congratulations," Fray was saying.

Max's voice said, "Thank you, little brother."

She heard Max behind her chair; he stopped and put a hand on her shoulder. "Mr. and Mrs. Mundy had to dress me like a baby," he said.

The Mundys. The other two were the Mundys.

"Henry?" Rosalie quavered. "Where is Henry?"

"Hush," Mrs. Mundy said. "I'm here."

What happened next was the end. It came in three parts, one after the other, each one crowding the other.

The first sound came from outside the house. From the direction of the water. A clean, single shot.

The second came from the conservatory. Running feet went by the dining room door. They clattered down the kitchen steps. The kitchen door slammed faintly.

Then came the voice in the hall. It was high and happy. Then the voice subsided and unsteady steps found their way to the chair on the other side of Max—Henry.

She raised her eyes then and looked beyond Henry and Rosalie to the chair at the head of the table. It was empty.

Fray's hand took Regan's and held it. She clung to his hand as she had once clung to Hurst's, and the white wreath on the old, carved door faded in her mind as it had faded in life and the voice in the pavilion was hushed for all time. When she looked at him she knew that they had both come home.

THE END

Puzzle 369 5/20/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

SUB ROSA: The O.S.S. and American Espionage concerns the hazardous activities of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. The authors, **Stewart Alsop** and **Thomas Braden**, both parachuted into enemy-held territory. They know from first hand the attainments in the fields of intelligence and resistance of the 12,000 men and women who formed the organization headed by capable and energetic General William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan.

Stewart Alsop

Exciting as the best spy stories of fiction are these tales of intelligence work in North Africa and Holland, aiding the maquis in France, jungle guerrilla warfare in Jap-occupied Burma, and the planning and execution of sabotage against the Germans in Italy.

Agents of the O.S.S. frequently found themselves in highly dangerous positions.

One of them recalls a horrifying encounter while returning from Paris to Bordeaux after having fulfilled a mission:

"The dangers of getting permission to travel and purchase a ticket had been overcome. The only thing that seemed queer and not right to him was that the platform where the train pulled in was deserted. . . . The train came, paused, and he got aboard, carrying with him his little suitcase full of radio.

"Not until he had taken a seat . . . did he realize why the station was deserted, and why the train had paused such a short time. Through the doors of his compartment to a seat directly facing him and his equipment strode the unmistakable figure of Field Marshal Rommel, accompanied by his adjutant. . . .

"The Field Marshal was quite talkative. He was making, he said, a tour of the Southern Defenses, and he spoke of the danger of traveling, what with 'the terror bombers' about. Then he and his adjutant rose and departed.

"The agent had just relaxed when the door opened again. It was the adjutant. . . . He spoke. The Field Marshal had wondered if the gentleman would care for some tea.

"Though he was never to know it, Field Marshal Rommel was paying high tribute to the caliber of work accomplished by O.S.S. men in the series of complicated and interdependent tasks which are necessary to put into the field a man who could conceivably sit down to tea with an unsuspecting chief of an enemy army."

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price $2.50.

HELEN EUSTIS' The Horizontal Man is an exciting and well-written psychological thriller. And the writer has painted an unusually accurate picture of a New England girls' college. Whether Miss Eustis continues to write mysteries or graduates to more serious fiction, this first novel shows great promise.

Helen Eustis

Irish Kevin Boyle, the dashing instructor, was found murdered in his apartment. Molly Morrison, one of his students, had been hopelessly and inarticulately in love with him. Freda Cramm, another instructor, had been indulging in a wild flirtation with him. Leonard Marks had hated him, and George Hungerford, the aging professor, had worshiped him. One of them killed him.

Kate Innes, the hard-boiled and delightful editor of the college paper, and Jack Donelly, a young and charming newspaper reporter, furnish the romantic element.

Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

B	R	A	S	■	■	S	W	I	N	E	H	E	R	D
L	U	L	L	■	S	H	A	R	E	■	I	D	E	E
A	S	E	A	■	M	I	R	E	S	■	M	I	N	E
C	H	E	C	K	E	R	S	■	T	O	M	T	O	M
K	■	■	K	I	L	T	■	W	E	R	E	■	■	■
M	O	D	E	S	T	■	G	I	G	G	L	I	N	G
A	V	E	R	S	■	M	A	N	G	Y	■	N	U	O
L	I	E	S	■	P	O	L	E	S	■	B	E	R	N
E	N	D	■	B	O	R	E	S	■	D	A	R	E	D
S	E	S	S	I	O	N	S	■	B	I	S	T	R	O
■	■	■	I	L	L	S	■	C	U	S	S	■	■	L
B	A	D	G	E	R	■	F	A	S	C	I	S	T	I
A	L	A	N	■	O	P	I	N	E	■	N	I	N	E
L	A	M	A	■	O	A	S	E	S	■	E	V	E	R
D	I	P	L	O	M	A	T	S	■	■	T	A	P	S

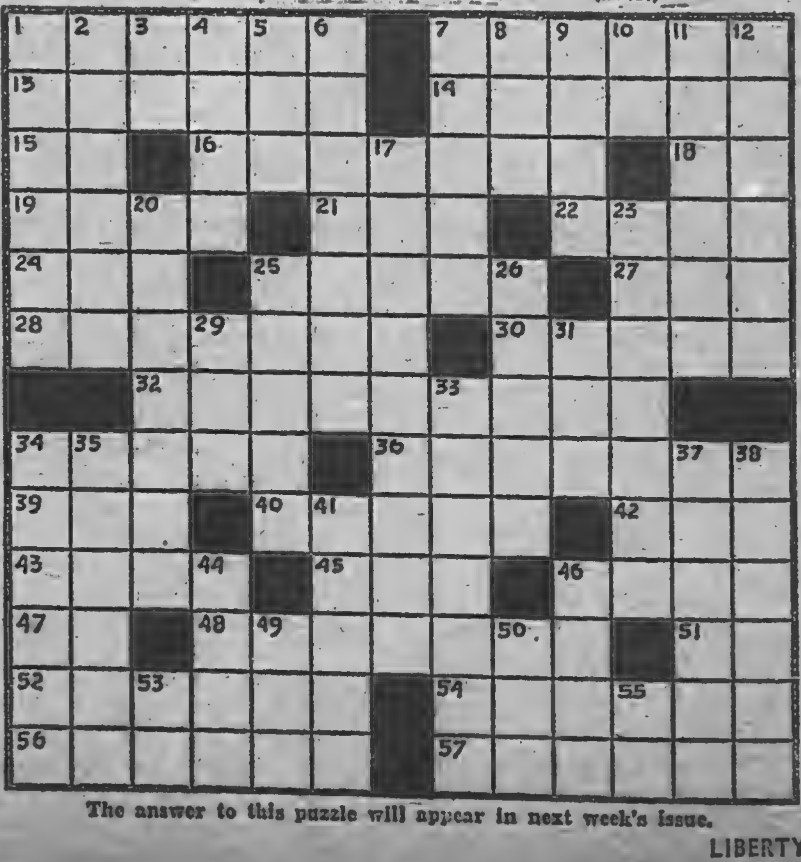
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

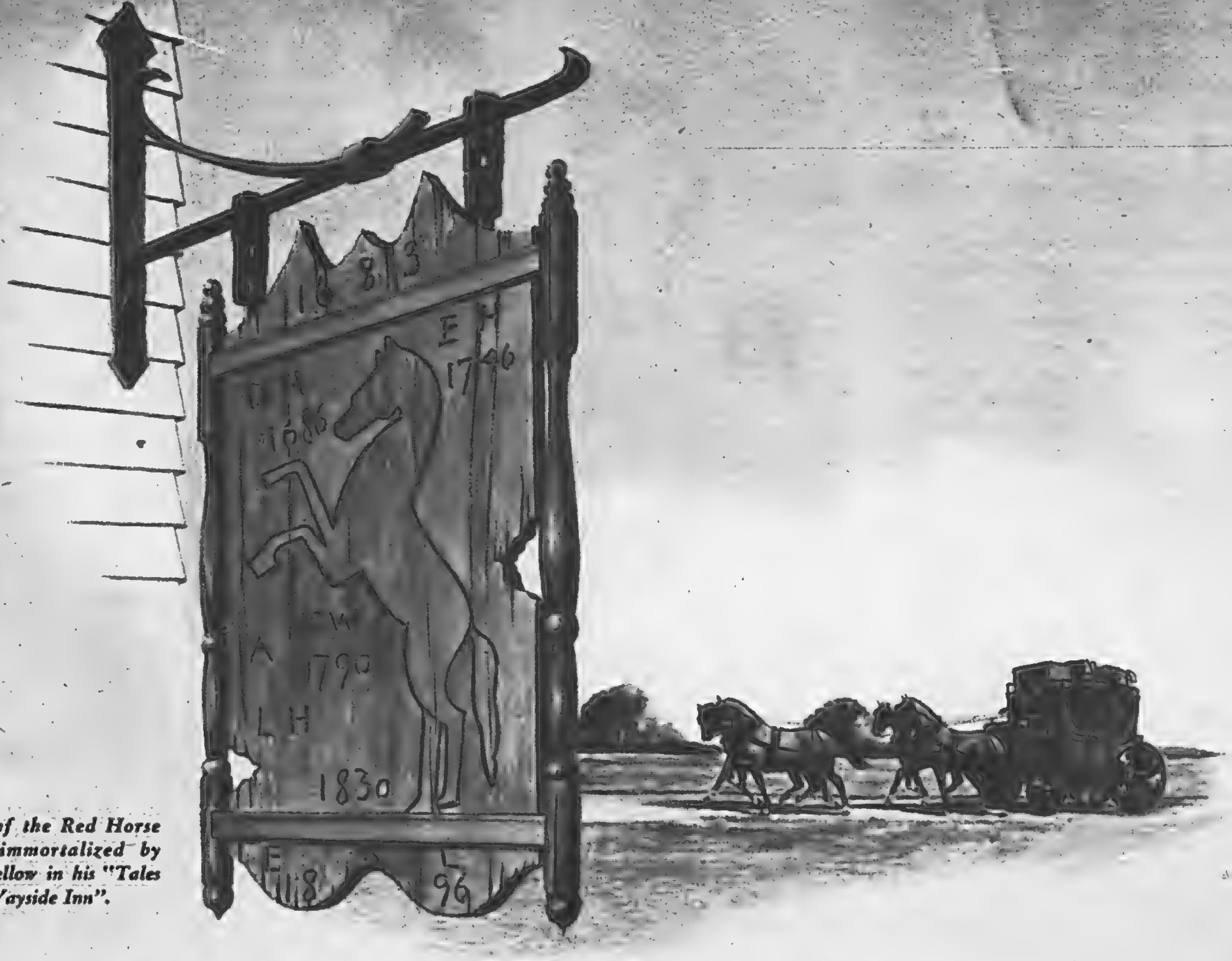
1 What's Ambassador to Russia Bedell Smith's nickname?
7 What kind of hat is woven under water?
13 Geometric unit of angle measure
14 My first half's the No. 1 Lady, my second a nickname, my all what the horse player hoped to be by nightfall
15 Complete: —— goes Maine, so doesn't go the nation!
16 Zinc's called what commercially?
18 French masculine the
19 Mitey mangy sensation
21 Name the West most inflated during the war
22 Ornithologists now declare what birds extremely stupid? (They don't give a hoot!)
24 The Salton's a real dead what?
25 Milquetoast
27 Trumpeters speak of what kind of licks?
28 What animals look down their noses commercially at minks?
30 Nyah-ish
32 Blaine, Thomas, and Cox all failed in an effort to become what?
34 The supposed subtle atmosphere in space is the what?
36 Biblical dough (pl.)
39 Also
40 What priest was tops in his day?
42 Expand nothing into a word
43 England calls installment buying the what-purchase system?
45 Magazines cannot exist without whats? (abbr.)
46 An untractable prisoner would be placed in what?
47 Italian male the
48 Complete: Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to ——!
51 Spell the green emotion in two letters
52 Cherry-colored
54 Many go to Florence, Italy, to see Venus do what from the sea?
56 Hawaii and Alaska are clamoring to become whats?
57 Melba was a what?

VERTICAL

1 Chefs often do what to their own cooking?
2 Bunny day
3 Man's nickname
4 What old maid used to be a favorite fiction character?
5 "Once around the track" equals one what?
6 Potash and Perlmutter were characters in the play Friendly whats?
7 For whose sake are we asked to do many things?
8 Non-moist hail
9 If this violinist were alive today, would Petrillo make him join his union?
10 Indefinite the
11 Who was Secretary of the Treasury under Hoover?
12 Complete: —— *Fideles*
17 What state has the least vitamins?
20 What kind of ice is good for chapped lips?
23 What article of furniture is made from an interrogative pronoun and a negative?
25 How can he be so stupid?
26 What was the greatest thing Churchill refused to do?
29 Brief anger
31 Compass point
33 The silent flowers
34 Name one of Aristotle's all-time best sellers
35 The average woman averages about an hour a day at her what?
37 Doctors call it a radial neurotic irritable impulsion; you call it a what?
38 If the score in tennis is 40-15, who has the 40?
41 Stephen Foster wrote of the Camptown whats?
44 To prepare for publication
46 Gutter-al for saw
49 Another c. p.
50 What's called the West Point of the South? (Not a joke, son! That is!) (abbr.)
53 What Egyptian was as hot as heaven?
55 Football position (abbr.)



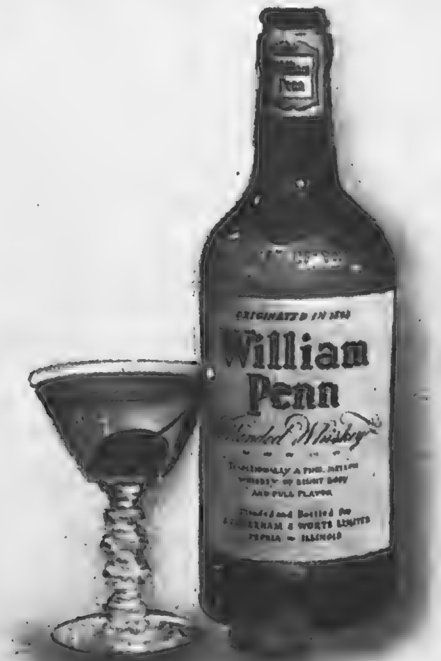
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Sign of the Red Horse Inn, immortalized by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn".

Harbor of Hospitality

Like the old-fashioned inn taproom . . . with its vast fireplace, sanded floor and rows of shiny earthen mugs . . . mellow William Penn Whiskey stands for traditional American hospitality at its best. Its wonderful old-style richness reminds you of other days, and you come to understand why so fine a whiskey, made with such goodly care, has long since numbered its friends by the million. Try William Penn Whiskey . . . sometime soon.



William Penn

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Blended Whiskey—86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Illinois

TWO WHO GOT AWAY

Continued from Page 31

had unsuccessfully combed the hole above. "Boy!" he said. "Isn't this great? What'sa matter? Gotta backlash?"

Jane mutely held up her pole. "Is that what this is?"

Walt grinned. "Fix you up in a second." His fingers explored her line and reel, he pulled line and then he reeled and handed it back to her. "You gotta thumb your reel when you cast, so your spool on your reel won't get ahead of your line. That's what causes your backlash."

Jane nodded and glared at the reel. "I wondered what it was."

"Try it," Walt urged.

Jane waded out into the stream. She braced herself, brought the pole back and cast vigorously. The bait described a beautiful arc, the line payed out with a gentle whirring sound, and then somehow she got a finger in front of the reel handle. It cracked her knuckle, the line jammed up on the reel, and the hook snapped back as if it had been on a rubber band, spattering eggs over that portion of the river at which she had aimed. "Damn!" she said explosively. "That hurt!"

Walt waded out with manful resignation. "You didn't thumb your reel."

"The reel thumbed me." Jane looked at the contraption, aggrieved. She pulled on the pole in irritation. Something pulled back. "Yi!" she yelled. "Something's pulling."

"Gimme that!" Walt yelled. He reached for the pole which Jane was only too willing to release. She dropped it before he could reach it and the steelhead on the hook took off in the direction of the Pacific Ocean.

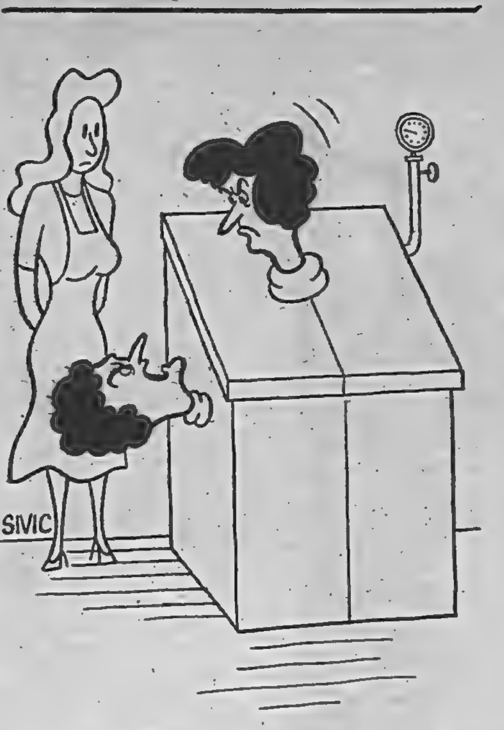
WALT made a dive for the pole, slipped on a rock, and, holding on the pole, sprawled full length in two feet of water. He gave a tentative pull. Nothing pulled back. The steelhead was gone.

Jane exploded in a wild burst of laughter. Her laughter was usually infectious, but Walt was, this time, inoculated. He got to his feet and presented such a bedraggled, sodden spectacle that Jane laughed the harder. Walt glared.

"Oh, Walt!" Jane laughed again. "If you could see how you look."

Walt knew how he looked. He waded out of the stream and stripped off his jacket. He pulled off his boots and looked at Jane significantly as he poured quarts of water out of each boot. "Thus endeth the first lesson," he said.

The drive back to the hotel was made in virtual silence, broken only by Jane's pointed comments. "Well—if you're going to be masculine and stuffy 'cause I got the only fish. . . . Anyway, who ever heard of making a fishing reel with a booby-trap thing that goes whirling around and hits you on the knuckle? I'll bet Mrs. McAvoy didn't catch a fish on her first time out, even if she is the boss's wife."



"On the contrary, Madame, *I* was here first!"

LIBERTY

"You didn't catch the fish," Walt said grimly. "You lost him."

"*I* lost him! Well, I like that! *You* lost him."

"O.K., O. K.," Walt said, sighing. "I lost him."

They walked into the hotel looking very much like ardent fishermen. They were met at the door by Mr. McAvoy.

"Ah-ha!" he said. "Thought you'd sneak up the river and pull the big ones out before we got there, huh?" He looked at Jane appreciatively. "So this is Jane! Walt told me about you," he said, beaming. "From what he said, he can hardly get on the river without you. And you know what I said?"

Jane said, "No. What did you say?"

"I said that if I had more husband-and-wife combinations like that in the firm, I'd have more confidence in my young men. Why, some of these wives want to play golf!"

Jane thought wistfully of tree-lined fairways and greens like velvet. She brought herself back to the present. "I can believe it. I mean I can hardly believe it." She turned to Walt and said, "Oh, Walt, isn't it a shame Mr. McAvoy couldn't have been with us today! That enormous steelhead!"

Mr. McAvoy said eagerly, "You hooked one?"

Walt flipped a hand deprecatorily. "Of course, we were only out about an hour. Hooked one. About twenty pounds, I'd say. Lost him in the fast water. You know how it goes," he said knowingly.

"Ha!" Mr. McAvoy said. "Do I! One time on the Stillaguamish— But here's Mrs. McAvoy. Darling, you know Walt Minear. This is his wife, Jane. Great little fisherwoman."

Mrs. McAvoy smiled at Jane and Walt and shook hands with them. "Any luck?" she asked, eying their fishing attire.

"Of course we were only out about an hour," Jane said enthusiastically, "but we hooked an eighty-pound steelhead and he took our pole—I mean we lost him when Walt fell—when he got—"

Walt gave Jane a look that visibly kicked her in the shins, and broke in, "Twenty pounds it was. Jane," he laughed lightly, "always overrates her fish. Lost him in some fast water."

"I remember one time on the Stillaguamish—" Mr. McAvoy began.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. McAvoy said. "The first hole below the bridge."

"He was about twenty-five pounds and—"

"—he wasn't well hooked and we must eat lunch now or they'll close the dining room," Mrs. McAvoy interrupted. "Will you eat with us?"

"But we're wet!" Jane said. "We shouldn't go into the dining room." She had visions of sinking blissfully into a hot tub.

Walt laughed manfully. He sneezed. "Nonsense, darling. We'll be going out again right after lunch. No use changing clothes now." He said to Mr. McAvoy, "Suppose you're going out on the river after lunch? Why don't we go back up where we hooked that big one this morning?"

Mr. McAvoy held up a finger as if he were testing the wind. "Tell you something when we're seated." They walked into the dining room, were seated, ordered, and he continued, "I was talking to one of the old-timers and here's what I found out." He leaned over the table in the manner of a conspirator about to dynamite the Panama Canal. "Eighteen miles up the river you have to get behind a tree to bait your hook. They'll come right out of the water! What do you think of that?"

Walt beamed. "Boy!"

Mrs. McAvoy said, "It seems to me I've heard that routine before."

"And that isn't all," Mr. McAvoy said. "The road is so bad, not many get up there. You have to skirt two places where there have been slides and you have to ford one stream. But when you get there—!"

"*If* you get there," Jane mumbled.

"You lose 'em in the fast water," Mrs. McAvoy observed.

"When you get there," Mr. McAvoy continued, "you find a beautiful camp ground with rock stoves and running water. We'll take our sleeping bags and some grub and spend a couple of days. How does that sound?"

"Say!" Walt said. "That's great!"

"That's great," Jane echoed.

TWO hours later Jane thought longingly of the warmth and safety of the hotel lobby. The road before them looked like something dreamed up by a proving-ground architect interested in seeing how roughly you could treat a car without completely destroying it.

"The McAvoys still behind us?" Walt asked.

Behind them the McAvoy car was hopping as if the wheels were square, but it was definitely coming. Jane nodded. "Uh-huh."

Walt grunted, skidded around the end of a fallen tree, and forded a small stream with a rush of water over the radiator. "Boy! I can hardly wait to get there!" he said.

"Me too," Jane said fearfully. "I wish we were there now."

"I knew you'd get enthused!" Walt said. "Look at that scenery!"

"Look at that road."

She sweated out a succession of boulders, fallen logs, and slides, understanding now why no one came up here to fish.

Presently they came to a grove of alders beside the river. Between the alders the underbrush had been cleared, there were little rock stoves here and there and some water taps and some little buildings with much utility value but no beauty. Walt pulled into a spot beside one of the stone stoves.

The McAvoys' car came to a stop beside them and Mr. McAvoy shouted, "Didn't I tell you this was wonderful!" He rubbed his hands together. "Well, now—tell you what—" Jane listened with much trepidation. "Walt and I will rig up. We've time for about an hour's fishing. And you women see about a little food for some hungry fishermen." He beamed. "Then tonight we'll have a campfire—sit around and drink coffee and maybe sing a few songs—get a good night's sleep and then up at dawn to fish. How does that sound?"

"Great!" Walt said.

"How about Jane and me rigging up and you men fixing the dinner?"

Jane blanched. She could see herself "rigging up." She said, "Look! Why don't the three of you go and I'll fix dinner?"

MRS. McAvoy made shooing motions. "All right, you men. Go ahead. You won't get any fish and Jane and I can show you up in the morning."

Walt and Mr. McAvoy grinned happily, rigged their poles, and finally stalked off up the river.

Jane poked tentatively at the rock stove with an iron top. She looked around, hoping to see a pile of finely cut kindling steeped in pitch which would roar and crackle and snap when a match was applied. She saw a pile of logs about four feet long. She looked around. Mrs. McAvoy was capably arranging their stock of foodstuffs and cooking utensils. Jane motioned toward the pile of logs. "Uh," she said, "what do we do with that? Call a beaver and have him gnaw up a few sticks of kindling?"

Mrs. McAvoy shook her head, opened the back of their car and hauled forth an ax, huge and glistening. "You use this," she said.

Jane took it gingerly and tested the blade. It was like a razor. "Mr. McAvoy shave with this?"

Mrs. McAvoy laughed. "He could, at that. It's his pride and joy."

Jane smiled weakly. She stepped up to the pile of logs and raised the ax, brought it forcefully down. The blade bit into the log. Jane pulled on the handle, then wrenched it sideways, then forward and back. Finally she pulled it free and regarded it unenthusiastically. She spit on her hands and attacked the pile of logs again. Fifteen minutes later she had wounded one log rather severely. She was out of breath, her arms ached, and her temper was hanging by a thread. She glared at the log. It had become her mortal enemy. She spit on her hands again and she raised the ax.

"Never mind, Jane," Mrs. McAvoy said. "I found a pile of wood and kindling—all split. The fire's already going."

They got the pots and pans on the stove and Mrs. McAvoy opened two cans of beans.

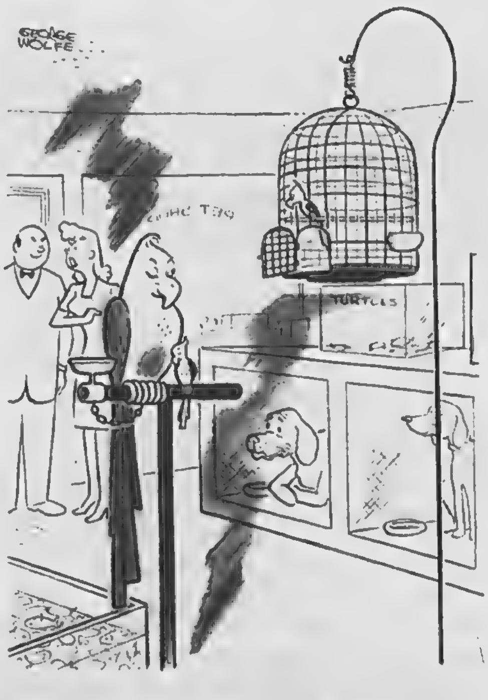
WHEN Walt and Mr. McAvoy came back, Walt said, "The water was a little muddy. Too muddy for good fishing."

"Tomorrow it'll be different," Mr. McAvoy said. "Why, I could actually feel those steelhead in the stream."

"We'll probably get the limit by noon," Walt said.

"Here are your beans," Mrs. McAvoy remarked dryly.

After dinner they washed the dishes. That is, Jane and Mrs. McAvoy washed the dishes. Walt and Mr. McAvoy thought they'd walk down below and take a short look at the river. "Be back by dark," they promised.



"That old wolf's broken up another happy family!"

LIBERTY

"Or after the dishes are done," Jane had muttered.

Just after the dishes were done, Walt and Mr. McAvoy came back, tossed a log on the fire and got out the sleeping bags. Jane, thinking wistfully of the box-spring mattress and the clean sheets back at the hotel, hissed to Walt, "Do we sleep in those things on the ground? I mean—no fir boughs?"

"Ha!" Walt said. "Fir boughs! That's old stuff. These sleeping bags are the latest stuff. Protect you in seventy-below-zero weather."

"What protects you from the rocks underneath?" Then, as she saw Mr. McAvoy walking toward them, she added, "But then, hard ground never bothered me—not out under the stars."

"That's the stuff!" Mr. McAvoy trumpeted. "You'll think you're on a feather bed." He looked proudly at Jane. "Great little partner you have here, Walt!"

Walt put his arm around Jane and said. "Never go without her. Why—one time on the Humptulips River—"

"That reminds me—" Mr. McAvoy interrupted. "One time on the Stillaguamish—"

SO they sat around the fire and were regaled by Mr. McAvoy with tales of his fishing prowess from the Gulf of Mexico to Puget Sound. Walt listened as if he were enthralled, once in a while injecting a "Golly!" or "Holy cow!" into the narrative where it seemed advisable. Mr. McAvoy enjoyed himself immensely. Mrs. McAvoy stretched full length on a sleeping bag and was soon snoring gently. Jane cast furtive glances into the now inky-black woods, which rustled and crackled ominously. Presently the fire burned down, Mr. McAvoy ran down, and finally said, "Well, how's about hitting the hay? Up early and at 'em in the morning, Walt." He rubbed himself with mosquito lotion, offered Walt and Jane some, which they declined, and was soon in his sleeping bag.

Jane lay in her bag and watched fearfully as the fire died down. Somewhere she had heard that wild animals never approach a fire. She considered getting up and throwing another log on, but a movement in the underbrush just outside the circle of firelight dissuaded her. She contented herself with hunching her sleeping bag up next to Walt's. She listened to his regular breathing, turned over on her back and counted stars in lieu of sheep, but had only counted her tenth when she realized that she was lying on something vaguely reminding her of some of the boulders she had seen on their drive up. She reached out an arm, located the offending rock and pitched it off into the blackness. Instantly there was a scurrying and pounding of feet. Jane hastily put her arm under the covers and whispered fiercely, "Walt! Walt!"

Walt rolled over? "Huh?"

"There are things out there—galloping things—animals! What are they, Walt? They make noises."

Walt grunted again. "I dunno. Bear, deer—something. Go to sleep."

"Bear!" Jane pulled the hood of the sleeping bag over her. She lay trembling and then heard a growling sound. It seemed dangerously close. She heard the noise again. It was coming from Mr. McAvoy's sleeping bag.

Jane thought she had heard some snoring in her brief lifetime, but this noise defied description. Mr. McAvoy snorted tremendously—much like a startled horse. Jane went rigid. Then he settled down into deep stentorian bellows.

JANE considered many things. She considered throwing rocks at him and she considered rolling him over in his sleeping bag. Mrs. McAvoy said quietly, "There's nothing you can do, Jane. I've lived with him twenty years. At home we have separate bedrooms with soundproof walls."

"Anyway," Jane said, "I bet it scares the animals away." A mosquito buzzed in her ear and she slapped at it viciously. Another buzzed on the other side, and then there was a swarm of them. "Yi!" she yelped. "Where did these P-38s come from all at once?"

"Wind died down," Mrs. McAvoy said. "Surely you've run into mosquitoes on your previous fishing trips with Walt. However, there's some mosquito lotion here."

Jane took the bottle and smelled it—handed it back. "Rather be bitten to death."

Mrs. McAvoy nodded. "Me too."

Jane slapped determinedly, then said, "I'll go into the shelter." She pulled the sleeping-bag flap over her head and settled down. For some reason the snores seemed louder. With the flap covering her head she found she couldn't breathe, so stuck her head out for air. Instantly she was attacked by another flight of mosquitoes. Mrs. McAvoy was sitting on an upturned box, smoking. "Take one of these, Jane."

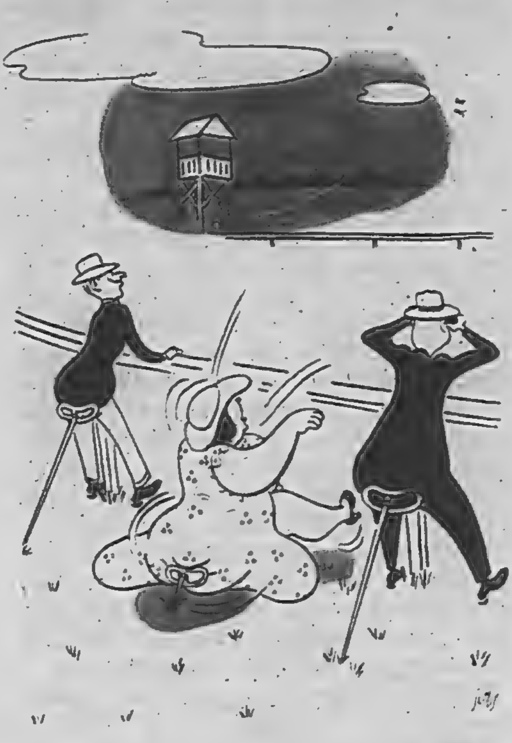
Jane crawled out, lighted a cigarette, got another box, and the two of them sat, smoking industriously, slapping now and then at a mosquito who had braved the smoke screen.

When their cigarettes burned down, they lighted others. "The only thing is," Jane said, "it's a choice of two deaths—be eaten alive or smoke ourselves to death."

Mrs. McAvoy gestured in the direction of her husband. "And sleep is out of the question, what with Gargantua bellowing."

"For two cents—" Jane said, leaving her wish unvoiced.

"If I had two cents I'd give it to you," Mrs. McAvoy said. "You're a pretty good little faker, Jane, and don't think I don't admire you for it; but if I were you I'd quit faking and take a stand right now."



LIBERTY

"Faker!" Jane said. She attempted to look indignant, then she grinned. She reached out and took another cigarette from Mrs. McAvoy's pack. She lighted it and said, "O.K., so I'm a faker. This is the first time I've ever been fishing in my life. I hate it. I hate bugs and rocks and fish and being cold, and I love playing golf and inner-spring mattresses and hot baths, and the only reason I came along this week-end was because Walt wanted me to be a big outdoors gal in front of you and Mr. McAvoy. And as of right now, I'm through." She held up her right hand. "Never again!"

Mrs. McAvoy chuckled and sighed. "I wish I had done what you're going to do years ago. I started out the same way. I went fishing and camping to impress the boss. And then Mr. McAvoy got the fever. And—I don't know—I've just sort of straggled along—not liking it, not hating it, but just going along for the ride." She sighed. "I used to play golf—pretty good golf—in the eighties."

Jane smiled. Jane looked at the sleeping Walt and the snoring Mr. McAvoy and said, "Well, what are we waiting for? It's only eighteen miles."

THEY dressed quietly and they huffed and they puffed and they were able to push the McAvoys' car away from the firelight. When they were all set they wrote a note: "Revolution comes to McAvoy and company. Women don't like to fish. Or haven't you known that all the time? Have fun, gentlemen."

Mrs. McAvoy drove back. After the first half mile Jane shut her eyes and waited for the end. But the thought of a bed without mosquitoes, without rocks, without sounds in the night, without stentorian snores made her grit her teeth and silently endure the trip.

It was two in the morning before they reached the hotel. Jane sleepily said good night to Mrs. McAvoy, went to her room, stripped off her clothes, and settled into a steaming bath with a heavy sigh of pure ecstasy. The bed, twenty minutes later, felt like twenty feet of feathers. She thought of Walt up on the river, and she smiled as she pictured his expression when he woke up. Then she pictured the expression of Mr. McAvoy. She ceased to smile. The rocks under her—the mosquitoes—the animals in the woods had made her feel that getting out of there and back to the hotel was worth any penalty she might have to pay. But now that she was back at the hotel and tucked into bed, she realized that she was not only absent without leave, but had probably placed Walt and herself firmly in the doghouse. Mr. McAvoy would be unhappy. Walt had talked glibly of a better job—of a raise—of many happy things that would come about if the Minears and the McAvoys proved to be a fishing foursome. Jane finally fell asleep.

UP on the river, Walt opened his eyes, put his nose out of his sleeping bag and surveyed the sky. It was blue and the sun was hitting the tops of the trees. He smiled happily and turned over to shake Jane. What had been Jane in a sleeping bag was now only a sleeping bag and Walt popped out of his own bag like a cork out of a champagne bottle. He looked wildly around, terror and reason fighting a battle inside him. Then he saw that the McAvoys' car was gone and that a note fluttered gently on the camp table. He picked it up, read it, looked at Mr. McAvoy, and stuck it in his pocket. Mr. McAvoy peered out of his sleeping bag and said, "How's the weather?"

"The weather," Walt said, "is fine."

Mr. McAvoy hoisted himself out of his sleeping bag and shouted, "C'm'on, you women! Up and at 'em!"

"They're gone," Walt said flatly.

"Gone? Who's gone?" He looked around him and saw what Walt already knew. "Where?"

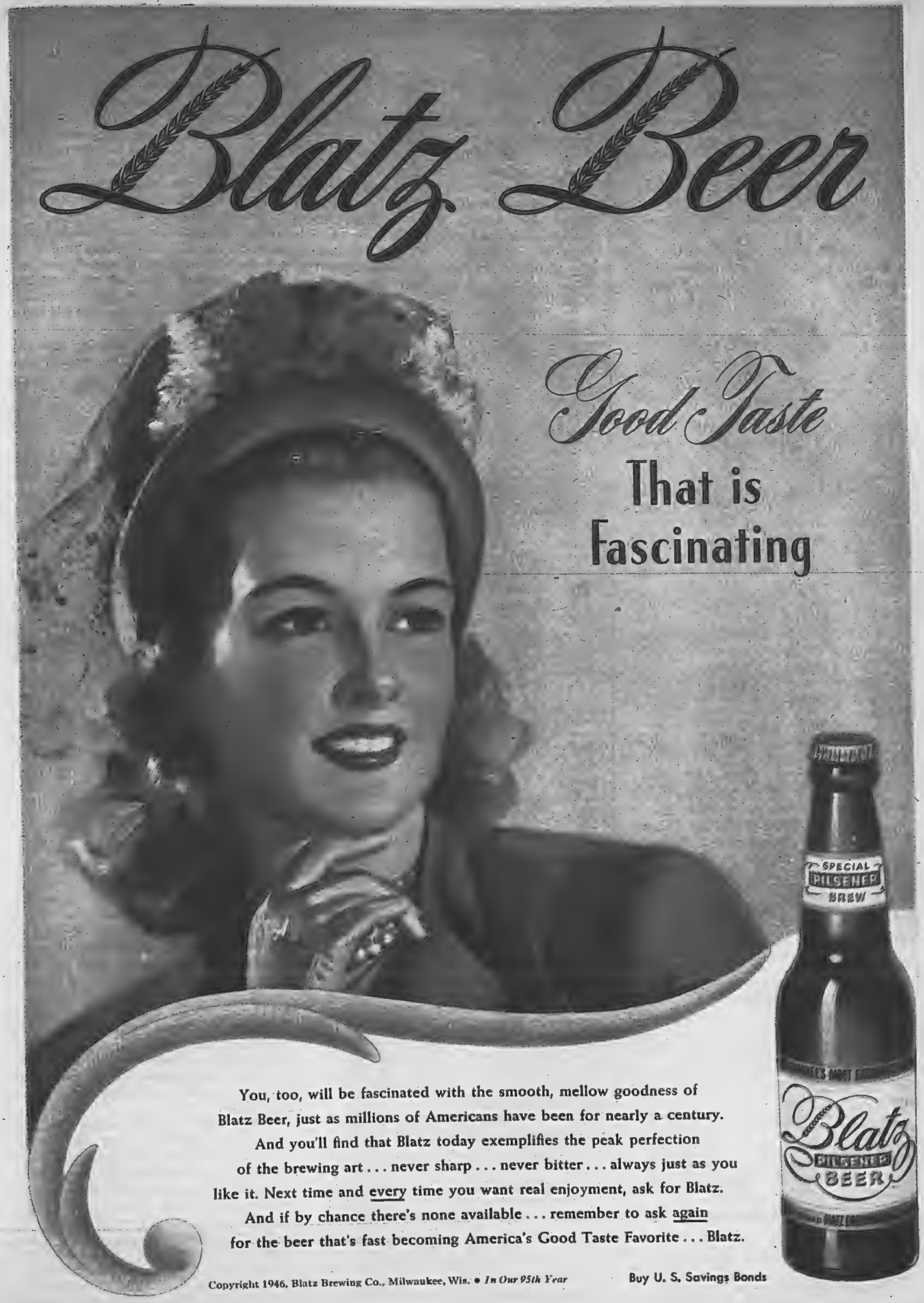
"Back," Walt said, thinking fast. "Uh—they had to go back. Jane woke me in the night. She got sick—stomach—something she ate, I guess. Didn't want to spoil your fishing, so she and Mrs. McAvoy took your car and went back last night. Great little sport, Jane. She wouldn't want to spoil a swell fishing trip like this. Not her."

"Well," Mr. McAvoy said. "Harrrumph! Too bad. You're sure she'll be all right?"

"Absolutely. Besides, Mrs. McAvoy's with her. She'll take care of her."

Mr. McAvoy looked at the stove. He looked at Walt and he looked wistfully down the road. Then he said tentatively, "Uh—can you cook?"

(*Continued on page 60*)


Blatz Beer
Good Taste
That is
Fascinating
SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER

You, too, will be fascinated with the smooth, mellow goodness of Blatz Beer, just as millions of Americans have been for nearly a century. And you'll find that Blatz today exemplifies the peak perfection of the brewing art . . . never sharp . . . never bitter . . . always just as you like it. Next time and every time you want real enjoyment, ask for Blatz. And if by chance there's none available . . . remember to ask again for the beer that's fast becoming America's Good Taste Favorite . . . Blatz.

Copyright 1946, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. • *In Our 95th Year*

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds

(Continued from page 58)

Walt brightened. He rubbed his hands and he smiled. "Can I cook! Why, one time on the Pilchuck—" He started gathering kindling.

JANE woke up the next morning with a conscience she could have hung her nightgown on. She sat up in bed and mentally kicked herself four or five times, but she didn't feel any better for it. By this time Mr. McAvoy was probably hopping mad at Walt and at her and also at Mrs. McAvoy. Jane prayed that by this time he had caught two or three steelhead, which might, she thought, cool him off a little.

Mrs. McAvoy, at breakfast, treated the entire performance as something of a feat. "I can just see their faces," she said.

"Me too," Jane said unhappily.

"Mr. McAvoy will be wild! Simply wild!"

Jane swallowed. "He will?"

Mrs. McAvoy attacked her bacon and eggs. "Simply wild!" she mumbled.

After breakfast they looked at the sun and they felt the slight breeze and they thought of long fairways and smooth greens and they said to each other, "Let's!"

Half an hour later they were industriously clubbing golf balls.

They stayed on the course through lunch, and when they walked into the clubhouse in the late afternoon, Walt and Mr. McAvoy were there.

"Ha!" said Mr. McAvoy.

"Thought you said you were sick," Walt said weakly and significantly to Jane.

"Sick?" Jane said.

"But didn't you get our note?" Mrs. McAvoy said.

"What note?"

"The note," Mrs. McAvoy said happily, "about the revolution. About how we were tired of fishing. About how we were going home."

Mr. McAvoy turned to Walt. "You see any note?"

Walt said, "Note? No, I didn't see a note." He rolled it into a ball in his pocket and thought, If I'm searched, I can swallow it.

"So you're tired of fishing! So you don't like fishing!" Mr. McAvoy glared at Jane and his wife. He looked at Walt. "Well?"

Walt gulped. He gestured in Jane's direction. "She never did go fishing before," he said weakly. "She likes to play golf. I was just bragging when I said she was my fishing partner."

Mr. McAvoy said, "Haarrrumph! Well!" He looked at Mrs. McAvoy and he grinned slightly. "Well, maybe I was bragging a little bit myself." He nodded toward his wife. "She likes to play golf too."

"I used to play good golf, too," Mrs. McAvoy said. She turned to Jane. "One time at Broadmoor—"

Mr. McAvoy walked off with Walt. "One time on the Quillayute—" he said.

THE END

THE BLACK-HAIRED WIDOW

Continued from Page 37

to pick up a few supplies. Without even asking or being asked, Hattie went for her coat and hat. She, too, had a few errands to do.

All the way into town and back again Mr. Sproul felt like groaning aloud. He hardly dared glance at Hattie sitting quietly at his side. The trap was closing. No doubt of that any longer. Having tea together, little jaunts into town—it all made a pattern.

The difficulty was, Mr. Sproul knew all too well, that he was incapable of bluntly injuring the feelings of another person. A thing like this could go on and on, and finally, one day, he would find himself walking up to the altar with Hattie. He broke out into a cold sweat merely thinking about it.

That evening Mr. Sproul paced the floor of his warm and comfortable living room searching for a solution. Just before midnight he paused and thought, with a broad grin, So she likes a man with two feet on the ground, does she?

THE following morning found him at the Sacramento airfield talking with a young flight pilot instructor. The instructor assured him, "Of course fifty-eight isn't too old. Last month I soloed a man ten years older. However, I would advise you to fly in a two-control aircraft. That's one where the controls are co-ordinated mechanically and you don't have to use rudder pedals. Simple to fly and you can solo sooner."

Mr. Sproul let out his breath, took his courage in hand, and said, "Then what are we waiting for? Lead on, my boy."

The instructor led the way to a small low-wing monoplane squatting demurely on tricycle landing gear. He and Mr. Sproul lowered themselves into the cockpit and the instructor explained the functions of the throttle and wheel control and threw in a bit of aerodynamics for good measure. Mr. Sproul, whose knowledge of aviation encompassed a round zero, was astonished to learn that the airplane would not fall like a stone if the engine quit. He was equally amazed when the instructor let him handle the wheel on his first flight.

Thirty minutes of flying, that first day, were quite enough for Mr. Sproul. The air was strange to him, perspectives seemed to change in an alarming way, and his depth perception was so undernourished that every landing seemed like an imminent crash. He was ashamed of himself when, on stepping out of the plane, he discovered that his knees were shaking.

That evening he drove over to Hattie's house and found her seated on the porch with Tom Carmichael. Mr. Sproul tugged at a corner of his mustache to hide a grin that threatened to get out of control. What luck to have old Tom there when he dropped his little bombshell!

It was Hattie herself who gave Mr. Sproul the opening he was waiting for. At mention of the coming season's crops she frowned and said, "I'll need some crop dusting done in the spring. It's an expense, but the trees could stand it."

Mr. Sproul announced, as casually as possible, "I think maybe I'll do my own crop dusting next year."

Tom looked around at him and snorted, "It's a messy job. I'd rather hire a good crew and know it's done right."

Mr. Sproul looked up at the sky and said, "I don't mean on the ground, Tom. I'll do my dusting from an airplane."

Hattie also turned to stare and blink at him. "But you just said you'd do it yourself."

"Yup. That's what I said, all right." He stretched his arms and attempted a bored yawn. "Y' see, Hattie, I just took my first flying lesson today."

Tom choked and stared at Mr. Sproul. Hattie, however, started to laugh, the first time Mr. Sproul had heard the musical sound from her. "Why," she said, "how ridiculous! At your age? Don't be a fool."

Mr. Sproul was both pleased and indignant. "Fool," he said, "rhymes with Sproul, so why not?"

"But—but—"

"No buts about it, Hattie. I—ah—I've been thinking of learning to fly for a long time. The instructor said I did very well, very well indeed. Wonderful feeling, flying around up there, watching the automobiles crawling along the road like little ants. Yes, sir, it's a great thing, this flying."

He got to his feet, attempted another elaborate yawn, and said, "Guess I'll run along. Need my sleep. Early morning is the best time for flying." He started down the steps, but paused to look back at Hattie. "By the way, I'll circle about your place in the morning and dip my wings."

MR. SPROUL drove away in his station wagon, but had to stop on the highway while he howled with laughter. Never would he forget Hattie's expression. In her round eyes had been fear, frustration, consternation.

Early the next morning he did circle over Hattie's farm, simply to convince her that he had not been talking idly. He flew an hour that day, mostly learning how to keep the little plane on a straight line, but he also practiced a few landings and was immensely pleased at how quickly his senses had adapted themselves to the new environment.

Mr. Sproul, however, felt that the two lessons had served their purpose. He had convinced Hattie that he was not a man who kept his two feet on the ground, and that was really all he wanted. But as he was walking away from the little plane he paused to look back at its gleaming metal skin and his brows came together in a thoughtful frown.

It was odd, at that, how a man his age could so easily learn to fly. Why, it opened new horizons, placed him with the youngsters, and booted him into the new and exciting air age. Mr. Sproul decided to continue his lessons. The flying bug had bitten deeply into his hide.

On the day he made his first solo, which went smoother than he had expected, he was walking off the field, still figuratively in the clouds, only to come to a halt at sight of Hattie and Tom in the latter's battered jaloppy.

Mr. Sproul swaggered over to the car and grandly waved a hand toward the clouds. "Well, folks, I just soloed. It's a wonderful feeling."

Tom chewed at a lower lip and grunted, "I still can't hardly believe it. A man your age gallumping around in a plane."

Hattie shook her head, but more in wonderment than negation. "What," she asked, "if the engine should quit?"

Mr. Sproul was about to explain that you simply glided to the closest field, but that would not have served his purpose. He said, instead, "Well, you just don't think about that much." Hattie shuddered, and he lowered his tone another somber degree. "A man's gotta take his chances with the rest, if," he added, "he's got a drop of adventure in his blood."

Tom started the engine of the jaloppy and grunted, "It still seems all-fired silly to me. A man could splatter himself all over the landscape in one of them things."

AS they drove away from the field, Hattie turned to smile timidly and wave at Mr. Sproul. He walked slowly to his station wagon, still seeing the soft, almost gentle look that had been in Hattie's eyes. Could he be wrong about the woman? Could it be possible that her attitude toward life was changing?

Then he remembered the stern, grim, and miserable old man Kennedy and shook his head. No, sir, Hattie was still Hattie.

The following day she called him on the telephone to ask his advice about the planting in the field by the levee, so he drove over to her house. They sat in the living room, stiff and prim, and talked about farming. Hattie's mind apparently was not on farming.

At last she blurted out, "Stacey, about this flying of yours—"

Mr. Sproul cocked a wary eyebrow. "Yes, Hattie?"

"Well, like Tom says, it seems kind of foolish to me, too, and—and dangerous and all, but—" She paused as the color crept into her cheeks. She plucked at her dress with nervous

YOU'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD!
WELL—I DO SHAVE WITH A STAR!
STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES 4 for 10¢
STAR
MADE BY 6NX PROCESS
Single Edge STAR BLADES 4 for 10¢
STAR

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

Double your "cheek-appeal" with Star—the amazing *new process* blade. Makes double edge razors perform miracles! *Super-keen*... the scientific way to smoother shaves, more shaves per blade!

FOR SINGLE EDGE RAZORS

Want "the shave without a struggle?" You *get* it with single edge Star! Famous for comfort—no burn, no nick, no scrape. The blade that millions of men proved with *billions* of shaves!

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., B'klyn 1, N.Y.

Lesson from a farmer's daughter!

BOSS, YOU SURE GO WHOLE HOG WHEN YOU GET INTO TROUBLE
RIGHT, STOPPER, AND THAT FARMER'S DAUGHTER ISN'T INVITING US TO GO ON A HAY RIDE
Stopper
PORK SURE COMES HIGH ON THE HOOF, BOSS!
I'D NEVER HAVE PULLED THAT HAM ACT IF I'D ONLY HAD MY BRAKES RELINED
Stopper
BRAKE DEPT
WE'LL PUT A STOP TO YOUR TROUBLES WITH AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING
Stopper

STOPPER SAYS—"If you can't stop, don't start! That's my motto. Why learn the hard way? It doesn't cost much, and it takes only a little time, to protect your car with American Brakeblok Brake Lining—the fine brake lining that many leading automobile manufacturers use in new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

Brake Shoe

fingers and looked down at the carpet as she mumbled, "but the way I look at it, why, if a man wants to fly, or anything like that, then that's his own business. Just like if a man wants to smoke or—well—take a little drink now and then."

Mr. Sproul sat back as if he had been clubbed with a baseball bat. All his efforts wasted. Hattie still wanted him in spite of his flying. Mr. Sproul saw the trap again in sight and inwardly groaned.

Mr. Sproul was desperate. Perhaps, he thought, the purchase of an airplane might scare her away. That would certainly be constituted a ridiculous extravagance in Hattie's eyes. It would make him seem like an unstable character, one whom a woman could not depend on, whom it would be very unwise to marry. So Mr. Sproul bought a two-place plane similar to the one he had been flying.

THE little plane arrived the week Mr. Sproul received his private pilot's license. The skies were streaming with the heavy California spring rains, but visibility was good enough and Mr. Sproul took up his new ship for a brief hop around the state Capitol. He flew low over Hattie's farm, then scurried back to the field and rolled the plane into a hangar.

As soon as he arrived at his home he telephoned Hattie and told her, "That was me just flying over your house."

Hattie stated flatly and coldly, "That was a foolish thing to do in this rain. My lands, you might have run into something."

Mr. Sproul chuckled. "Oh," he said, "I get a little reckless now and then. Just can't seem to help myself. But did you notice the ship?"

"Well, I couldn't see it very well in the rain."

Mr. Sproul shouted happily, "It's mine, Hattie! I bought it a month ago. It was just delivered. Imagine?"

"Well, I—I—"

"Great, isn't it? Now I can fly all around where I please and go to San Francisco and Tahoe and even Los Angeles if I want. There isn't anywhere I can't go now"—he added quickly—"storms or no storms."

Hattie closed the whole subject by saying, "I've noticed the river rising the last few days. Do you think there's any danger?"

As a last hope, Mr. Sproul considered the possibility of getting Hattie in the plane and scaring her out of her wits. The heavy rains continued and he could not fly anyway, so he spent his time at Hattie's home trying, in a quick reversal of his old stand, to convince her that flying was the safest thing in the world.

Hattie was not interested. She sat and listened, but she was not interested. He could not get her anywhere near the airplane.

On the morning the heavy rains quit, Mr. Sproul hit upon a plan. He was driving into Sacramento, on the levee road, idly keeping an eye on the unusually high crest of the Sacramento River and listening to the news reports on the car radio. The newscaster was explaining that the highest crest of the river would be reached later in the morning, but that there was no apparent danger of a flood.

Mr. Sproul smiled and then chuckled and then laughed outright.

He hurried to the airport, had his little ship wheeled out of the hangar, and climbed in. A few minutes later he circled over the airfield, under the still-gray skies, then headed south above the river. In a short while he was over Hattie's farm and could see her foreshortened figure out on the porch.

MR. SPROUL came down to a hundred feet and circled the high meadow on Hattie's farm. He knew every inch of that meadow, but he had never before thought of the possibility of landing on it. Now he studied it closely and decided that there was plenty of room. He tightened his safety belt, eased the throttle back, and came in for a low approach. The wheels dropped into the mud and the plane was braked to a halt with no difficulty.

Mr. Sproul left the engine idling, spryly jumped from the cockpit, and ran through the mud toward Hattie's home. He wanted to appear breathless and excited when he reached her. He was. He panted up the steps to the porch and then came close to spoiling everything by almost laughing at the expression on Hattie's face. She was staring at him with all the astonishment of a small child.

He got his sense of humor under firm control and shouted dramatically, "There's isn't a minute to lose, Hattie! The river. The levee—it's beginning to break just north of here. Spotted it myself."

Hattie stared at him with her mouth open, then snorted, "Pooh! The radio says there's no danger of a break."

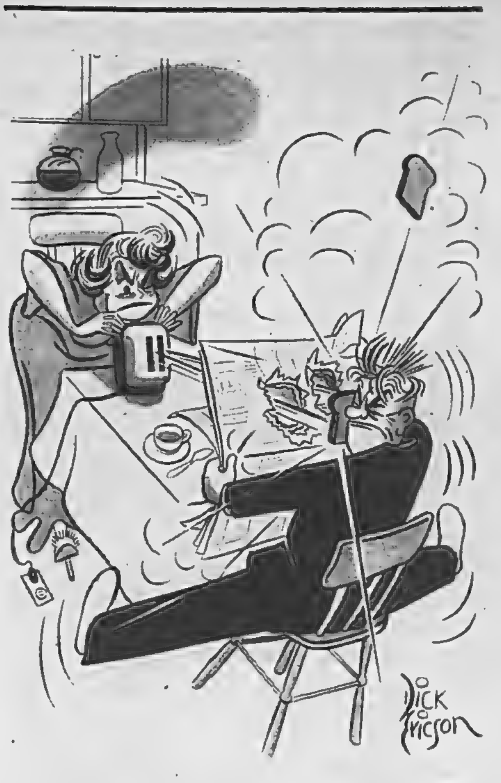
"I know. I heard that too. Believe me, Hattie, I saw it going with my own eyes. This whole place will be flooded. Hurry up. I'll fly you out of here."

Hattie looked out at the meadow and the little plane squatting in the mud. "But why fly, Stacey? I'll just drive out."

Mr. Sproul waved his hands wildly. "No, no! If the levee goes one place, it'll go another. I tell you, Hattie, I wouldn't risk it in a car. Get in the plane and we'll be out of here in a jiffy, all safe and sound."

Well—" Hattie faced a moment of indecision, then squared her shoulders and said firmly, "I'll be right back."

She went into the house and Mr. Sproul heaved a sigh of relief. It was working. Hattie did not come right back. She took a long time about returning. When she did come out to the porch she had on a hat that Mr. Sproul had never seen before, a rather saucy little hat, with a gay print dress and a coral-red jacket that did things to her form. She was carrying a suitcase that Mr. Sproul found to be heavily loaded when she handed it to him. She placed a hand in the crook of his arm and smiled into his eyes.



LIBERTY

It was Mr. Sproul's turn to be astonished, but he was too excited over the working of his plan to give too much thought to Hattie's change of clothes. He hurried down the steps, with Hattie clinging to his arm, and rushed across the meadow to the plane. He placed the suitcase in the baggage compartment, helped Hattie into the cockpit, dropped to the seat at her side, and fastened the safety belt.

HE taxied through the mud to the end of the field, then spun about to face the wind. Out of the corner of his mouth he assured Hattie, "Nothing to be frightened about."

She stated quietly, "I'm not afraid."

Mr. Sproul shoved the throttle open and the ship plowed through the mud to gradually gain speed and finally become air-borne. Mr. Sproul trimmed the ship to its best climbing angle, then leveled off at four thousand feet. He tightened the safety belt another notch and chuckled to himself. Now, he thought, I'll give her the works—everything in the bag. I'll scare the wits out of her and when we land she'll take off like a frightened rabbit.

First he tried a stall. He pulled the wheel back and back and lost speed until the ship stalled and air drummed at the wings and he felt the sinking sensation of rushing down through space. He turned his head to glance slyly at Hattie and his light smile faded. She was smiling broadly, happily, almost ecstatically, a smile of undiluted pleasure. Mr. Sproul gulped hard and brought the ship back again to its cruising attitude.

Hattie nudged him with her elbow and exclaimed, "This is simply wonderful! I had no idea flying would be such fun. But, Stacey, where are we going—to Reno?"

Mr. Sproul's eyes and mouth rounded.

"Reno?" he gasped.

Hattie blushed and giggled. "You weren't fooling me none, Stacey. I telephoned Sacramento and learned there was nothing wrong with any of the levees. You were just using that as an excuse."

Mr. Sproul gulped again. "Excuse?"

"Of course. You wanted our elopement to be romantic, and I think it is too, and it's just wonderful of you to do it this way. My," she beamed, "what will the neighbors say when they learn about this? Oh-h-h, Stacey!"

Mr. Sproul's brain was spinning dizzily and his visibility was zero. He shook his head to clear it, then realized he was holding his breath and let it out in one gasp. Reno! She thought he was eloping with her! What a pretty kettle of fish this was turning out to be!

HE turned his head to again appraise Hattie, and for the first time was really conscious of the gay clothes she was wearing. He realized, too, with shocked and pleased surprise that she was much more than just a remarkable figure of a woman. Hattie was downright pretty.

"Hattie," he said, "I've never seen you dressed this way before. You always wore such gloomy clothes and —and—"

She smiled at him and patted his hand on the wheel. "That is all over with, Stacey. I've never said so before, but Mister Kennedy was a very difficult man to live with. He had such a bitter outlook on everything and he'd never let me wear anything but black and he hated to hear anyone laugh—and—well, I guess it just got to be a habit with me."

"Then it was Kennedy—not you—"

"Why, Stacey," she blushed, "I thought you knew that. Just the other day I said to myself that that would all end the day you—well"—she giggled—"the day this would happen. You see, I've always admired you and I like the way you live and I like good things too, and fun and good times and—" She broke off, frowning, then said, "Stacey, just where are we going?"

"Going?" he laughed. He eased the throttle open another fraction and banked the plane's nose to head north and east. He glanced at the dancing and excited lights in Hattie's eyes and repeated, "Going? Why, to Reno, of course. Where else can a man marry the woman he loves suddenly like this?"

"Oh-h-h, Stacey, you're so wonderful!"

"Yep. I think I am, too."

THE END

THE OTHER WOMAN

Continued from Page 29

made bright bars of gold on the shoulders of his dark brown suit.

"Kenneth," she said, "is everything all right? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," he said, "and no. That is," he said, "nothing is really wrong and yet things aren't right—or perhaps," he said, "what I really mean is that things aren't the same."

She leaned forward, her fingers gripping the slim cylinder of her pencil tensely, her heart lurching painfully. *But things had to be the same.* She simply couldn't bear it if they weren't.

"What do you mean things aren't the same?"

"Between Alicia and me," he said. "Everything is—well, *better.* I can't explain it, exactly, Helen, but—look." He turned, meeting her eyes directly. "I guess it was knowing you—our talks together—you've been so understanding. Anyhow, I began to see what life could be like, what a *marriage* could be like if two people really worked at it. I decided that perhaps some of it, the indifference between Alicia and me, had been my fault. While you were gone I tried to—well, I *tried,* that's all. I was more—more everything, and—well, she responded. For the first time in years, Helen, I felt that she really cared for me. It's been pretty wonderful."

"Yes," she said. She forced herself to smile at him. "Well, Kenneth, I'm glad. I really am."

She told herself that she was glad, *that she must be.* She loved him, didn't she? She wanted him to be happy? Well, he was happy. His life, for the first time in years, was beginning to be right. *But what about her life? What about that?*

Apparently he was thinking the same thing, because he said, "Yes, I think you really are glad. But what about you, Helen? I mean will you—"

"I'll be all right," she said.

"Will you, Helen?" he said. "Because I couldn't be happy with Alicia if I thought that you—"

"I said I would be all right," repeated Helen.

He frowned at her, still not completely satisfied.

"There's one thing more," he said. "I hate to bring it up, but—"

She stared at him. What else could there be?

He told her. There was this business of working together. He was too fond of her to go on seeing her every day like this. He'd been thinking it over and it seemed to him that it would be wiser, *safer,* if someone else took his dictation for a while. "You understand, don't you? You understand, Helen, how it might be—well, better?"

"Yes," she said, "I understand."

SHE got stiffly to her feet. It was over. It was as if it had never been. She had known all the time that nothing permanent could come of their relationship, and it wasn't as if they had been having an affair. He owed her nothing. Nothing at all. And she *did* want him to be happy.

She said so. She said, "I want you to be happy, Kenneth. I'm glad things are better between you and—and Alicia."

She said then, "I'll go now. You can arrange with Miss Breen about another girl."

She walked to the door. She turned and looked at him one last time. His face still looked troubled and unhappy, but it also looked terrifically relieved. He was trying to do the right thing, and she had helped him and he was grateful.

He was fond of her and he was grateful to her. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing. He was going back to his wife. But he was going back to his wife because of *her,* Helen. She had not been merely a trivial incident in his life; she had been vital and important. And now that she wouldn't be seeing him any more, she would still, in a subtle, devious way, be vital and important to him. Because every time that he and Alicia were happy together he would think of her. He would think, If it hadn't been for Helen, Alicia and I wouldn't be happy like this.

He would think this, and because he did think this, whatever there had been between them would go on. Nothing would really end.

She was very young, only twenty-two. For months, because of Kenneth, she had cut herself off from the companionship of men and girls her own age. Her roommates, girls she had been in college with, hadn't been able to understand her never wanting to go out. They hadn't realized that she *did* go out—that those hours spent with Kenneth in that little bar or tea-dancing with him at one of the big hotels more than made up to her for all the evenings when she sat quietly at home.

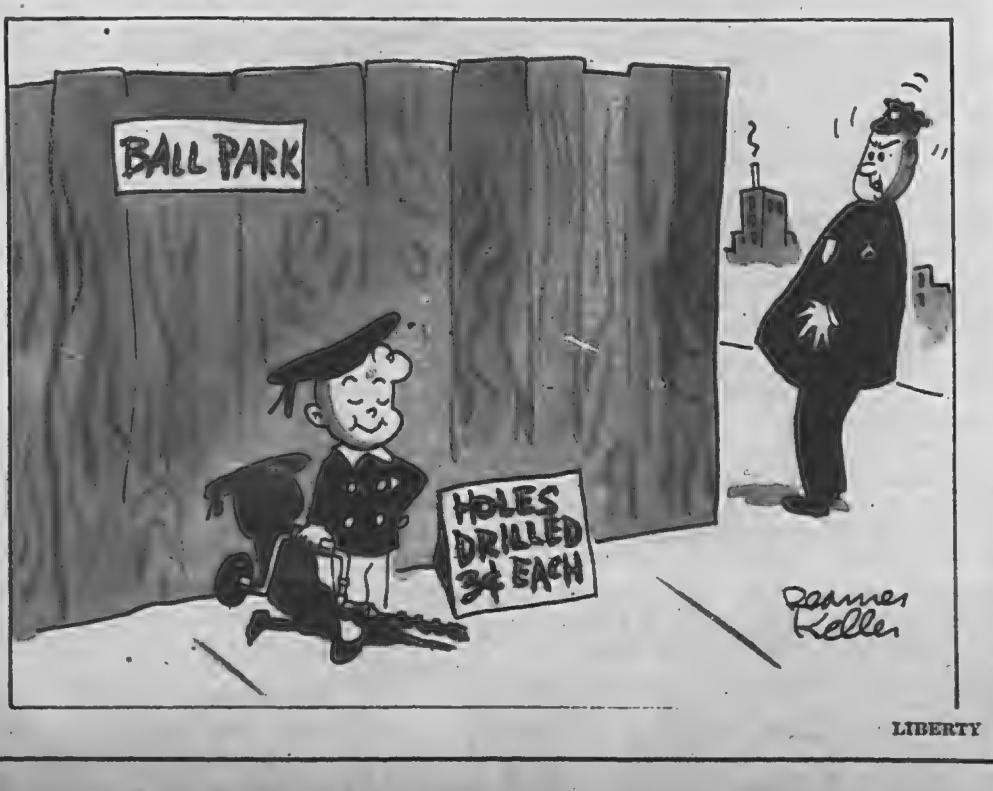
But now all this was changed. Now when she left the office at five thirty, she found herself fighting off a terrifying sense of loneliness. If she went straight home, the evening stretched ahead interminably. On the other hand, if she didn't go home, where could she go? It would never have occurred to her to go into a bar alone and order a drink.

BUT one night, when it was snowing hard and the buses were crowded, she did just that. She went into the bar of a small midtown hotel and ordered a Daiquiri cocktail. And that was how she happened to meet Johnny Webb.

Johnny was alone too, and he had been alone for four long weeks. He was new to the city and the few people he had tried to look up had all moved away during the war, or at any rate moved from the addresses that he now had. Some of the men he had worked with, like himself only very recently discharged from the armed forces, had offered to fix him up with some blind dates, but Johnny, prompted by some absurd sense of masculine pride, had pretended that he knew dozens of girls. But he didn't know even one girl and he was more lonesome than he had ever been in his entire twenty-four years.

Now here he was back in New York, which was supposed to be the gayest, most glamorous city in the world—here he was in New York with plenty of money in his pocket and no one to spend it on. Heaven knows, there were plenty of girls around, but he hadn't been good at picking up girls four years ago back in Boise, Idaho, and he wasn't good at picking them up now.

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

And then, to his complete astonishment, he picked up Helen.

He had been aware, very pleasantly aware, of her for some time. She had come in alone and ordered a Daiquiri and now she was sitting there, two small tables removed from him, on the same wall seat, drinking slowly, the way a girl might nurse along a cocktail who was waiting for some man to join her. The thing was she didn't *look* like a girl who was waiting for anyone. She didn't keep watching the door or glancing at her watch. She just sat there and she looked as if she were sitting there, making her cocktail last as long as possible, dreading to get up and go home. She looked as if this was all there was.

SUDDENLY Johnny Webb felt that this mustn't be allowed to happen. He had seen other more smoothly finished, more provocative-looking girls since he had been in New York, but no one who had looked so nice, so gently wistful, and so definitely in need of congenial companionship.

He told himself that he might get set back on his heels, but what the hell! He could try, couldn't he? But just how did you make the opening remark, the first advance, without appearing fresh and spoiling everything? And then, as if in answer to his question, he saw her fit a cigarette between her lips and open a matchbook only to discover that it was empty.

A moment later he was standing beside her, the hood of his lighter snapped back, the small dancing flame ready and waiting. "Here you are," he said gaily, and after a second's hesitation she bent her head obediently and drew life into her cigarette.

"Thank-you," she said, returning his smile somewhat formally, and there was no reason for him to go on standing there but he did.

"Look," he said. "I'm not trying to pick you up, but I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd let me bring my drink over here. I've been drinking all by myself for a month now and it isn't much fun."

He waited, his eyes entreating her to be kind to him. "If you don't want me," he told her, "just say so and I'll beat it. Perhaps," he said, "you prefer to be alone."

"No," she said, "no, I don't."

She moved along on the leather seat and he brought his drink and sat beside her. Presently he ordered another Daiquiri for her and another whisky-and-soda for himself, and when they had finished these he took her to an Italian place around the corner for dinner. By the time they had finished dinner she knew that his name was Johnny Webb and that he came from Boise, Idaho, where his father owned and operated a chain of laundries. She knew that he had gone to the University of Illinois for two years, but had left to join the infantry, and that he had gone across in the fall of 1944 and

How 'half-the-truth' may wreck your daughter's marriage...

Be sure that you, yourself, first know these
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Before you instruct your daughter on her married life ahead—make sure that your own information is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be.

Well-informed women should certainly realize by now how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. But there is still a shocking number of women who do not know WHAT to put in the douche.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested Is So Powerful Yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE PRINCIPLE—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, ineffective or dangerous products.

The ZONITE principle developed by these two great men of Science was truly a miracle—the first antiseptic-germicide in the world that was *powerful enough* yet *non-poisonous* and wouldn't injure the most delicate tissues.

Positively Non-Poisonous
Non-Irritating, Non-Burning

Doctors have found that ZONITE'S powerful strength and safety to delicate tissues make it of great worth for feminine hygiene.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE *immediately* kills *every* reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury. At all drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!
For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. L-56, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name____________________
Address__________________
City____________ State________

gone into action for the first time on Christmas Eve. His family were disappointed because he hadn't gone back to college and finished his prelaw course, but he had been offered this good job with a bank and he had taken it. He liked New York and he liked the job, but he had been lonely—more lonely than he had believed possible.

Helen said yes, she knew how it was. She had been lonely when she first came to New York. She had been lonely and she had hated everything about it, but then she had met Kenneth and after that everything had been different. After that it had become a magic, shining city, a city in which anything could happen—and did.

When they finished dinner he took her home in a cab, and two days later he called her and asked her to go ice-skating at Rockefeller Plaza. Her first impulse was to say no, but he sounded so eager over the telephone, so imploring, that she said yes. They skated for an hour and then went to a place down in the Village and ate an enormous meal of fried clams and oysters. By the time he had finally deposited her on her own doorstep she had agreed to have dinner and go dancing with him later in the week.

ONE thing about her puzzled him. She was an extremely attractive girl, but she didn't seem to know any other men or have any other dates. He couldn't understand this. He thought that possibly she had been fond of someone who had been killed in the war, but when he asked her, she said no.

It had never occurred to him that she was in love with a married man. He just thought that she was very young and not in love with anyone, and he hoped that when the time came, she would fall in love with him. If she did, he would marry her and cherish and protect her for the rest of her life and his. He had picked her up in a bar and he had known her less than two weeks, but that was the way he felt about her.

Then one night, when he had known her three weeks, he forgot all his fine resolutions about not rushing things and he took her in his arms and kissed her. She didn't pull away from him, but her own lips beneath his remained absolutely quiet and unresponsive, and this was even more bitterly disappointing than if she had repulsed him. He let her go abruptly and said, "What's wrong, Helen? Don't you like me at all? I thought you liked me."

She said, "I do like you, Johnny, but—"

She stopped, because how could she go on, tell him the truth? How could she tell him that only one person mattered to her that way and that person was Kenneth Harmon? How could she explain to him that only Kenneth had the power to set her heart on fire, make her lips come alive, make *her* come alive—and that he was another girl's husband and so forever denied to her?

She was only twenty-two and she saw suddenly what she had failed to see before, that because both these things were true, she was caught in a trap, and panic seized her suddenly by the throat and she began to tremble violently.

"I know," said Johnny, grinning bitterly, "you like me, but you don't love me. Well," he said mistaking the reason for her trembling, "don't take it so hard. It's all right, Helen, really it is."

But it wasn't all right. It was all wrong and she knew it. He left her and she lay awake most of the night, and when she did sleep, along toward morning, she dreamed of Kenneth. They were back at that little bar and he was telling her how lovely she was and how empty and pointless life was without her. He was holding her hands and insisting that he couldn't get along without her, and she felt alive and glowing and happy.

The shrill ringing of the alarm clock awakened her and she knew suddenly that she had to see Kenneth again, talk to him. She couldn't go on like this. She had told him she would be all right, but she wasn't all right. Perhaps if she could just see him once more, alone, if just once more they could go to that little bar—perhaps if he would just sit and talk quietly to her, assure her once more that he was really happy, that this was the way he wanted it, the way *it had to be*—perhaps then she would be able to go on for a while longer.

She tried all that day to see him, but he was in court, and only came into the office for a few minutes early in the morning. At five o'clock he had still not come back, and at five thirty she knew he wasn't coming, so she put on her hat and coat and left.

AS she came out of the building Johnny Webb walked up to her and took her arm.

"Hello," he said. "I've been waiting for you. I want to talk to you, Helen."

She started to say no, it wasn't any use, it would be better if he didn't try to see her any more. But then she thought, Oh, what difference does it make, one way or the other? He is all grown up. If he gets hurt it is his own fault. And she said, "Very well. If you really want to buy me a drink we can go to a little place around the corner."

She took him to the bar where she and Kenneth had always gone. She took him there deliberately to prove to herself, once and for all, how hopeless it was to try to go on with him. She would sit there with him and she would wish he were Kenneth and because he wasn't Kenneth she would ache all over. And then she would say good-by to him forever and let him go—let him go out of her life and on to some other girl.

They reached the bar and went in and sat down, not at that special booth in the rear where she and Kenneth had usually sat, but about halfway down the crowded room.

Johnny ordered drinks, and then he said, "About last night, Helen—let's forget it, shall we? It was clumsy of me to grab you like that. If you'll just let me go on seeing you like this, I swear I won't do it again. I won't touch you or even try to hold your hand if you don't want me to—"

He stopped because he realized suddenly that she wasn't listening to him. She was leaning forward, staring at someone on the other side of the room.

"What is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

She said, "Excuse me, please," and she got up and walked away from him between the small tables until she came to the booth she had been staring at on the other side of the room.

A man and a girl were sitting side by side on the red leather cushions and they were so completely absorbed in each other that they didn't notice her until she stopped beside them and spoke.

"Hello," she said, and smiled at the man.

It was Kenneth Harmon, and the girl with him was a girl from the office whose name was Ethelyn Palmer. She was new and worked in the Research Department and Helen only knew her well enough to nod to her casually.

"Why, Helen—" said Kenneth and he jumped to his feet and his face tightened with embarrassment.

Helen stopped looking at him and looked at Ethelyn, and he said, "This is Ethelyn Palmer, Helen. She works in the Research Department." And Helen said, "Yes, I know she does." Then she said, smiling at Ethelyn, "I suppose Kenneth has been telling you all about his wife—you know, Alicia. For a long time they didn't get along at all—they didn't *understand* each other. But about three weeks ago, all that changed. They had a talk and suddenly—well, everything was much, much better. He's terribly pleased about it, of course. You *are* terribly pleased about it, aren't you, Kenneth?"

She turned her head and looked straight at him, and his face was flushed a bright brick red, and for the first time in all the months she had known him, he didn't look in the least exciting or attractive.

"Well," she said, "I must run along. Have fun, you two," and she smiled first at Kenneth and then at Ethelyn and went back to Johnny.

She slipped into her seat and clenched her hands tightly to stop their trembling. Standing there, saying all those hard, brittle things, she had felt hard and brittle herself. But now she felt sick and shaken. She had walked in here quite innocently and her whole world had crashed about her head, and she didn't see, at the moment, how she was ever going to put it back together again.

Johnny's eyes went swiftly to her white set young face.

"Friends of yours?" he inquired.

"Well, not exactly," she said. "That is, I know the girl slightly and I used to work for the man. In fact," she said, "I once used to be quite a lot in love with him."

Say it. Put it into words. Words are cold impersonal things. Words can reduce any emotion, however crucifying, to just a plain statement of fact. . . . I used to be quite a lot in love with him . . . *used to be . . . no longer am. . . .*

"Once?" said Johnny.

"Yes," said Helen. "It was quite a long time ago—when I first came to New York."

"And then?" said Johnny.

"And then I found out that he wasn't at all the sort of person that I thought he was. I found that, actually, he was weak and emotionally dishonest and pretty much of a heel. I was lucky," she said. "I mean, I was lucky to find it out when I did and not months later. It might easily have ruined my whole life."

Suddenly her voice broke and something young and heartbreaking happened to her face. It crumpled softly like a child's and her lips trembled and her eyes grew wide and dark with unshed tears.

Johnny Webb said, "Let's get out of here." And he paid the bill and took her arm and they walked out.

WHEN they stepped outside, snow was falling thickly, silently. They turned and walked west, and when they came to Fifth Avenue they turned once more and walked south. They crossed Forty-second Street, and when they came to the Library, Johnny said, "It's tough right now, Helen—it's tearing you to bits. But if you had to find out, I'm glad you found out *tonight,* and I'm glad that I was with you."

She turned her head. She started to say, "But I didn't find out tonight —I found out months ago—before I ever met you, Johnny."

And then she saw that it was no use lying to him. He knew. He always would know. He had picked her up in a bar, he had known her less than a month, but all the time it had been meant to end like this—the two of them, walking along arm in arm, through a snowstorm. He was in love with her, and she wasn't, at the moment, in love with anyone. She was still too bruised, too numb to feel anything. But that would pass. And some day, soon now, she would look at Johnny Webb and it would all begin again—all the lovely excitement, all the breathless ecstasy that she had once known with Kenneth. But this time it wouldn't end in grief and despair. This time it wouldn't end at all. Because this time, instead of being wrong, it would be right.

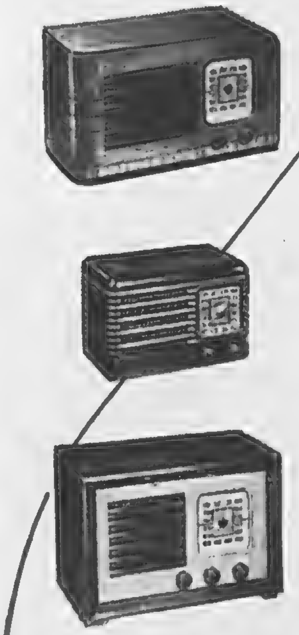
THE END

Noted for Tone

HOWARD RADIO PHONOGRAPHS

WITH *Sensational Acousticolor*

FOR YOUR GREATER LISTENING PLEASURE!



When you listen to the new Howards with *Acousticolor,* you'll realize that never before has such rich tone realism been at your command. You'll know too, that this exclusive Howard electronic development makes it possible to recreate the tonal balance, brilliance and beauty of the finest music right in your own home. Especially designed with many other advanced engineering features—the new Howards have everything for your greater listening pleasure.

The artistry of Howard cabinets—chosen from the richest works of famous period designers and modern free styled contemporaries—will bring added beauty to your surroundings.

Before you buy any radio or radio phonograph—be sure to see and listen to the new Howards.

America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS
Pioneers in FM Radio

Pre-timed by Electronics!
"PRINCESS"
17 jewels, 14K solid gold case and bracelet. $250. Fed. tax inc.

...everything you want in a watch!

Lovely to look at...definitely! But, above all, an accurate timekeeper! That's because every Pierce Watch is electronically pre-timed by scientific test instruments to insure split-second precision and enduring accuracy. Available in limited quantities at leading jewelers, the new Pierce Watches for men and women are priced from $25 to $1000. Write for booklet.

SINCE 1883
pierce
WATCHES OF TESTED ACCURACY

PIERCE WATCH CO., INC. 22 W. 48TH ST., NEW YORK 19
Makers of the Famous 4-in-1 Chronograph and Parashock

Take That Vacation

• Sure, vacationlands everywhere are going to be jammed, but if you know the angles, you won't have to stay home. Read this timely and highly interesting article written by Larry Nixon. You won't want to miss it....

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

TAKE IT EASY!
DRINK Squirt
Squirt
Squirt
THE BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!
Copyright 1946, The Squirt Company

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

TESTIMONIAL: My four-year-old boy paid me a handsome compliment this morning. Said he, giving me a casual kiss, "My, you smell good, mommy!" Believing I should give credit where credit is due, I mentally listed the products involved in my hasty A.M. make-up job, and found I was a potpourri concocted with the help of four Grade A cosmetic manufacturers, not to mention the basic assistance of soap by Macy, and water, courtesy of New York. Yardley's toning lotion and foundation cream were at the bottom of the plot to improve my map, followed by Milk-Tone cake make-up, applied with a morsel of moist cotton. Then came a couple of dabs of Primrose House Pomegranate rouge, plus Revlon's new Bachelor Carnation lipstick, and a final quick softening of the works with Lentheric's Soft-Focus face powder-pact. Net result, I smelled dandy and looked a whole lot better than I do *au naturelle.* A lazy primper myself, I hasten to assure other women who haven't the time or patience to do right by their faces that this little coterie of cosmetics, slapdashed in between hairbrushing and dressing, didn't consume more than three minutes. Gad! I may even graduate to eye shadow yet! P.S.: The whole batch cost about five bucks.

COTTON WOOL

GET SET FOR SUMMER: As usual at this time of year, the department stores are heckling customers to buy their summer clothes *now,* instead of waiting until they need them. Most of the cotton-dress and bathing-suit departments started their big promotions last month, and by the middle of July, when the rank and file will be panting for lightweight city and vacation clothing, there will be almost nothing left. Always bent on rushing the seasons, merchants are egged on in their knavery by hot competition, so seasonal promotions are growing more and more premature. In another few years we'll be Christmas shopping in July and cotton shopping in December. It's a matter of buy early or go without. Stocks of summer dresses and beachwear are much more complete this month in New York than they have been in years. Cottons and linens by the yard are also blooming in abundance. Hand-woven cottons from Guatemala in vibrant plaids and stripes are around $2.77 a yard, and there are super-smart chambray stripes at less than a dollar a yard. American linen prints are dashing and colorful. They run into real dough—at from four to five dollars a yard. Back in town, too, are Stevenson's Moygashel linens imported from Ireland, in plain colors at about three dollars a yard.

DESIGN FOR HOLIDAYS: The National Association for Monday Holidays has received its certificate of incorporation, and a bill is already pending in the Legislature to change Decoration Day from May 30 to the last Monday in May. This year May 30 falls on Thursday, a bad break in the week in the opinion of many ardent supporters of the movement. The Monday holiday program exempts New Year's, Christmas, and the Fourth of July. The group plans to proceed slowly in its campaign to switch the observance of all other holidays to Mondays, thereby giving workers the benefit of long weekends, and eliminating the business losses and inconveniences incurred by midweek holidays.

ON SAVING BREAD: American generosity and human kindness demand that we help feed the starving. Common sense also requires that we share our abundance, for there can be no permanent peace while hunger stalks the world. The new flours, milled in accordance with the government's orders, force us to share our wheat. We can conserve even further by cutting down waste at home. If bakers can't or won't help by offering a very small loaf of bread so that small families won't have bread grow stale on their hands, why not share loaves? Let Mrs. Jones buy today and split with Mrs. Brown, then turn about tomorrow.

I MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY

Continued from Page 35

"Now *you're* being swell," he said dryly. "And what's this 'coming, darling,' business?"

She was already down the steps, hurrying out to the convertible.

Aunt Hannah Bowdoin was in her room, candy at her elbow, a cheaply printed magazine in her thin hands, a heavy shawl over her legs. It always had been a wonder to Steve that her cheeks stayed so rosy. She presented one to his kiss now.

"You look tired, Stephan."

"Very busy boy, Aunt Han." He wondered if she really knew what he was busy at, or cared.

"Well, all work and no play—" She was peering at her magazine again, anxious to get back to it. "You think Loreen looks well?"

"Couldn't tell in the dark, Aunt Han."

"She looks brazen."

"I'll venture my opinion tomorrow," Steve said. "Aunt Han"—he took a chocolate cherry from her box and munched it thoughtfully—"I'm not coming here again. I'm taking all my stuff back to New York, then probably going West for good. I'll keep sending checks for the taxes, but if you ever decide to give up the house, it's all right with me. Take the sale money too. Dad would've left you half interest anyway, if he'd had time to make a new will."

Aunt Hannah nodded without enthusiasm. "Well, Stephan, it's your life. But I'll stay on here. I'm comfortable."

"When Lorry leaves, too? College, job, marriage, wherever she ends up?"

"Why not? I seldom see the girl anyway. How long will you stay this time, Stephan? I must tell the grocer."

He had meant to leave next day, though the firm had allowed him three or four days if necessary. But he hadn't met the blonde then. He could use a little vacation with a playmate who seemed all set for fun without all the build-up and preliminaries.

"A few days, Aunt Han," he said. "And don't worry about the grocer. I won't be eating here often."

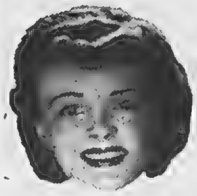
THE girl was waiting at Sol's all right, but outside, shivering a little in a light-weight topcoat. The night was cooling off.

She slipped into the car the moment Steve braked it to a stop.

"Trying to catch a ride?" he asked.

"A ride with you." She settled low in the seat beside him, close, yet not quite touching him. "One of the local bushmen in there got a bit too persistent. I moved outside to wait."

"I'm flattered," Steve said without sarcasm. She'd wanted him back more than he'd guessed. It gave him a lift. "Before we go any further, I'd



KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

"Of all brands I like Kleenex best"

Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes, only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

There's only one Kleenex*
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U.S.Pat. Off.

like to think of you as someone other than That Blonde."

"I'm Kathy Doorn."

"Dutch, h'mmm? Now I can believe in that yellow hair. Any place you want to go, Kathy?"

"You know this town," she said. "But there's beer at my house, a radio, and a piano. And a mother," she added, "who sleeps on her good ear."

The address she gave him was on the newly settled east side. "Explaining why I don't know you," he told her. "That and the fact that I don't know anyone any more—even what's left of my own family."

"I know a lot about you," Kathy said. She told him how hard he worked; how alone he was and had been even as a bustling kid back here; that he was getting ahead. All picked up from Sol, of course.

"I want to know a lot about you," he said. He put an arm about her, drew her nearer, and she stayed.

Kathy's mother was a pretty, absent-minded little woman who greeted them in curlers and flannel robe. She chatted briefly with Steve as if he were an old friend, then went up to bed.

Kathy turned to Steve with a faint smile—a rather unhappy, perplexed smile that puzzled him. "Her life is ninety per cent memory, Steve. I thought moving here would help, but Dad haunts this house too."

An odd one, this Kathy—now and then coming out with something like this that didn't jibe with the gloss.

She got him a bottle of beer, and she sank into a deep chair. "You play?" He nodded at the piano.

"A little—with big hopes." She sat at the piano and played awhile: a concerto, a bit ragged, but showing strength and sureness in her hands.

She was looking straight at him too—till suddenly he realized that she wasn't really. She had a funny trick of holding her eyes a little off the line to his, so he couldn't quite catch their expression.

"Swell stuff," he told her when she was through. "I never take time to listen to music, but I know you're good."

"Thank you, kind sir." She came to sit on the arm of his chair, her warmth and youth hitting his senses with solid impact. He started to draw her onto his lap, but she moved away, smiling. "Dance a little, Steve?"

WITH the radio tuned to a band playing I'll Buy That Dream, they danced. He hadn't held a girl this way in a long time. It was a heady sensation. Yet there was something puzzling about her dancing. She had rhythm, timing, grace, but she wasn't a practiced dancer.

"I'll buy yours," he said abruptly. Kathy glanced up.

"Your dream," he said, "locked in your mind and not showing."

"No dreams," she said coolly. "To play the piano some day, but that's all. I live from day to day."

"Good. That's exactly why I'm staying over." He paused in the middle of a step and drew her up against him, hard and close with all the force of awakened hunger. For a moment her lips were responding to his, and then she was breaking away, smiling faintly but shaking her head. "You hit a fast pace pretty early, Steve."

He stood hesitant and unsteady, until the answer came to him, and he grinned. Everything was all right. One kiss was enough for tonight. She understood; she simply didn't like to hurry.

STEVE was up at ten next morning, the latest he'd slept in months. He had finished coffee and bacon when Lorry appeared with a yawning "'Lo, Stevie."

"Big night, Lorry?"

"Mmmmm. Memorable."

He watched her down fruit juice, coffee, milk, and three doughnuts with healthy young appetite. She was older, but in old slacks, bandanna about her dark tousled head, her cute snub-nosed face gleaming like a saucepan, she scarcely substantiated Aunt Hannah's "She looks brazen." She wasn't even a Kathy Doorn.

"Kathy Doorn," he meditated aloud. "Know her, Lorry?"

Lorry, mouth full of doughnut, nodded. Presently she amplified: "I know who she is. Never see her around much. Quiet, bashful sort of kid," she added rather guardedly.

"Maybe," Steve said, "we're not talking about the same Kathy Doorn. She was anything but a bashful kid last night."

Lorry stared at him. "And maybe," she said, "she never wanted anyone very much before last night."

"Getting rather knowing for a little girl, aren't you?" Also, he thought, a very wild guesser. "Incidentally, what was all the movie queen get-up last night? Where was the armload of Sinatra records, the blue jeans, the sloppy shirt and sox?"

"Stevie!" Lorry's laugh was half gasp. "Why, you're even more out of date than I thought!"

"If I was ever up to date." He paused. "Lorry," he said abruptly, "I'm taking all my stuff—clothes, books, knickknacks—back to New York. I'm going West; probably never coming back this way."

She looked startled. "But, Stevie—"

"You'll be all right, Lorry. The money's there for college. You'll be going this fall, won't you?"

"I suppose." She sighed. "Been sort of nice, knowing you were as close as New York and could get down now and then, even once a year. Well—I've got to call George; he gets mad if I forget."

"Can't George call you?" He was interrupted by the phone ringing in the hall. Lorry answered and silently handed it to Steve.

"Good morning, big man in a hurry!" It was Kathy. Just wanting to chat, to say she'd be practicing at the piano all afternoon, but he just might find her at Sol's that night.

He hung up and turned to meet Lorry's mocking eyes. "Quite the custom, I see," he said uncomfortably. "Guess I am out of date."

STEVE drove to Sol's about eight. Besides Sol, there was one other he knew in there tonight: Al Brooks, a fellow toiler at the bank back when Steve had been earning spending money through high school. Al was still there, he said, and doing all right as a teller. Steve asked Al about Kathy Doorn.

"Kathy?" Al grinned.

"I know, I know," Steve said impatiently. "She's luscious. But what's she really like?"

Al spread his hands. "Who knows? Hell of a smart gal. Looks like a model, but won't have a damn thing to do with the boys. And me with a cozy cottage out by the dam! One pass and you don't get another date, and who's gonna take that morsel *without* makin' a pass? She'll be here tonight, I bet, and she'll be alone, drink a beer and moon."

"She'll be here," Steve said. "She won't dream alone."

He was watching for her now, not eager to acquire Al for the evening. When he glimpsed her, hesitating just inside the door, he guided her outside again.

"Some other place do for beer tonight, Kathy?"

"Of course, Steve." She slipped an arm through his. "But who says we have to drink beer?"

"Who indeed!" He helped her into the coupé, pausing to kiss her briefly—an inquisitive sort of kiss that searched out the evening's possibilities. They looked promising. "A little drive, Kathy?"

"Love it, Steve."

They drove out by the dam, parking where they could overlook the quietly flowing river. There was no moon, but a throng of stars blinked at themselves in the mirroring water, and warm breezes slipped in and out of the open car windows. Kathy's fingers, when Steve pressed them, pressed back; her head dropped to his shoulder when he drew her to him. He was eager, his pulses beginning to pound; and yet he was somehow deeply content.

"You're really leaving again soon?" Kathy asked suddenly.

"For good. I'll never come this way again, Kathy."

"You won't miss your sister?"

"She won't miss me, Kathy. We're practically strangers."

"It could be your fault, Steve. You've always been so busy."

"Could be," he said agreeably. "Are you trying to sell me on staying around? New York anyway?"

"New York anyway," she admitted. "But I suppose there's nothing I can do about it."

Steve smiled to himself. He got it now. She *was* smart. She was ready for him; she would go along with him because he was here today, gone tomorrow, without spreading gossip through town as Al Brooks and his local kind would do. She wasn't afraid of Steve. She was just as lonely as he, but she had to feel justified. He was obligated to play along, help her rationalize.

"You could make me want to stay near by, Kathy," he said gently. "You could make me want to come home again and again."

He heard a quick, almost inaudible intake of breath. Then she was silent.

"That's Al Brooks' cottage over there on the river edge, Kathy. A cozy little place, he tells me. He wouldn't mind my using it tomorrow night."

There was another long wait before she said—voice unsteady, fitting the role, "Is that what you want, Steve?"

He glanced down at her—at the yellow hair, phosphorescent in the night, at the tempting dark fullness that was her mouth.

"What we both want, Kathy."

"Of course," she whispered. "Oh, yes, darling!"

LORRY almost slipped off on her date next evening, without Steve seeing her. He'd been shaving. The click of high heels coming down the hall from Lorry's room brought Steve from the bathroom in terry robe, face half lathered. "Wait a minute, sis."

"Steve, I'm in a hurry." Lorry was impatient. "Can't you hear George honking?"

"Doesn't that guy ever get out of his car?" He confronted her, pursing his lips in a soft whistle. "Is this what the well-dressed high-school girl wears these days, Lorry?" he asked without much humor. He didn't like what he saw.

"And what's wrong with it?" She was agitated, her eyes not quite meeting his, the same little evasion Kathy used. "Don't be so quaint, Steve."

Maybe he was quaint, even obsolete, but he much preferred the tousled-headed, snub-nosed Lorry. Tonight she'd added a year with every touch of lipstick and pancake, and there'd been plenty of touches. "You're losing half your dress," he told her dryly.

"It's a very advanced cold shoulder," she snapped. "It's smart and I like it, and if you think one bare shoulder is going to—"

"I'm not thinking anything, Lorry, beyond the fact that you look like—well, like Kathy Doorn."

"And maybe," she said obscurely, "for the same reason. I'm sorry I can't talk subdeb shop with you, Stevie, but I've got a dinner date." With an impudent flip of her hips she was hurrying on downstairs.

There was plenty of time to kill. Steve had a couple of sandwiches and a highball. He paused at Aunt Hannah's door to ask idly where Lorry was going. She said she hadn't given it a second thought.

He was taking his hat from the hall

"Ah! What a Cocktail" you'll say when you try the Wagon Wheel

It's Another Southern Comfort Triumph . . . Here's the Recipe:

1/2 jigger Southern Comfort, 1/4 jigger brandy, 1/5 jigger lemon juice, 3 dashes grenadine syrup. Shake. Serve in frosted cocktail glass with red stemmed cherry.

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

Southern Comfort
100 PROOF
SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Traditional Drink of the Old South
SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink of the South

FROM THE OLD PRINT *Cave-in-Rock On the Ohio*

The *Wagon Wheel* is but one of the many marvelous drinks, short and tall, that have made 100 Proof Southern Comfort so popular. But . . . *Only Two, Remember . . . No Gentleman Will Ask for Three!* You'll enjoy all the exciting recipes in the booklet on the bottle. Others mailed on request.

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

America's Most Versatile Drink

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

TRANSMITT: To send a baseball glove.

I-DOLLAR-TRY: Love of money.

S-CROUP-ULOUS: Careful about baby's cough.

NE-FAIRY-OUS: A wicked elf.

U.N.R.R.A.TIONED: Hoover's ability.

PR-EVIL-EGE: The right to be bad.

OR-GUESS-TRA: Musicians on a quizz show.

PUNNED-IT: Scholarly verbal quibbler.

O'BESE: A fat Irishman.

ALABAMETHYST: Blue-violet quartz from Birmingham.

closet when he heard a car stop momentarily out front, followed by running steps across the porch. Lorry burst in, breathing jerkily. She tried to whisk past, but Steve caught her by both arms.

ALL the way to Sol's the mad little scene unreeled again and again in Steve's distraught brain.

"I'm such a coward, Steve, such a silly 'fraid cat," Lorry had moaned when he'd calmed her down. "I was so sure when the time came I could go through with it. Maybe it was the surprise—it not being a party after all, just George and me, his getting so impatient all of a sudden. I couldn't, Steve. Maybe I don't love him after all. I don't know. But I had to stop him. I had to make him bring me home—threaten to tell everything if he didn't."

For one flaming moment Steve's brain had flooded with rage. But, as suddenly, he had cooled. "What did you expect, Lorry?" he asked flatly. "You've used every wile you ever read about. You look as though you know all the answers and make most of them yes."

"And whose fault is that?" she stormed. "What do you men want? Shy little girls in plaid skirts and baby-blue ribbons? If you love a man and want to hang onto him, you give him what he wants. You talk and dress and act *his* way! Except that in the end I couldn't."

"What do you mean, *you* men?" he asked harshly. "Don't class me with that George of yours!"

"Why not?" she demanded. "You're dating Kathy Doorn tonight, aren't you? D'you think I haven't heard about her? What she's done ever since she heard about you, my brilliant handsome young lawyer of a brother? Fall smack in love with the big man of the world she'd never even met. Sat around, waiting for your next visit, hoping she could play it right to get you interested when you finally did show up. Play it the only way a girl can—the male's way, *your* way!"

"My way?"

"What are you taking her out for tonight? Patty-cake? Where do you meet her? At home? When will she see you again? When you come back to *marry* her?"

"Lorry, Lorry," he pleaded. "You're too damn young to talk that way. You don't know what it's all about."

"How do *you* know? When have you ever cared?"

He finally had got her up to her room, crying wildly, protesting every step. But he knew she'd stay there, think it over, sleep.

IT wasn't easy, though, to keep his mind on his own evening. When Kathy slipped into the car at Sol's, he wondered why it never had occurred to him to pick her up at home. He noticed, too, that she looked more desirable than ever. Then his thoughts sped back to Lorry.

Aunt Hannah would have to snap out of it, know where the girl was going, and why; and, for Pete's sake, keep her a *girl*, young and sweet with a few stars in her eyes.

And maybe, he thought, he'd better postpone that West Coast job. Maybe it was partly his fault—getting down once a year; letting her find out everything for herself, only to end up with all the wrong answers.

"Isn't it a beautiful night, darling? Isn't it just as it should be?" When he neglected to answer, Kathy's arm tightened against his. "Steve, doesn't this night mean anything to you? Are you sorry you—"

"Sorry?" He took his eyes from the road for an instant. Kathy's upturned face, dimly lit by the dashlight, was concerned. He felt tenseness in her.

"Kathy," he said uneasily, "of course it means something." He was gazing ahead again, thinking about Lorry, but suddenly thinking about Kathy too. Provocative, worldly Kathy.

"Won't have a damn thing to do with the boys," Al Brooks had said. "Quiet, bashful," Lorry had described her. And what else? *Maybe she never wanted anyone before—hoping she could play it right to get you interested, play it your way.* Good Lord, he thought with startling clarity, what a crazily mixed-up kid! Another Lorry!

ABRUPTLY he pulled to the side of the road and stopped the car. He made Kathy face him. "Kathy, you—" It wasn't easy. He began again, doggedly: "Kathy, are you in love with me?"

There was a long moment of high-tensioned silence before Kathy answered, her voice shaking, "I must be, Steve. Oh, yes, darling"—more forcefully now, fighting something—"I must be, or I couldn't be going with you tonight."

"*Must* be." He turned on the ignition with a weary motion. "We're going back, Kathy."

He headed back to town, and presently he heard her crying.

At Sol's he stopped again.

"Steve!"

He looked at her now, and he saw a tortured face under the flickering neon script, "Sol's"—make-up washed by tears, lips pale and bruised from the hard biting attempts to stop her crying. He really saw her eyes for the first time—open and direct on his—wide and blue and very young, as they must have been all the time.

"Thanks, Steve," she said, her voice still low, but controlled and steady. "Thanks for bringing me back."

He gazed at her and began to speak, quietly and very deliberately: "Kathy, you've been mixed up. I'm the mixed-up guy now. There's more difference between us than a few unimportant years. But there's something alike in us too—a certain steadiness of purpose, a dangerous loneliness. I'm not going away for good, after all, Kathy. I'm coming back often. When I do, I'd like to find you waiting sometimes as you were this time, wanting to be a friend—"

He broke off as she shook her head. "No, Steve. I'll never be in there waiting." She smiled, a gentle little curving of still tremulous young lips. "But you might call on me. You might come to my home and say, 'How do you do, Kathy Doorn. Are you busy tonight?' And maybe we could go on from there."

Maybe they could, he thought. He grinned down at her as he fingered through his car keys. "Before I take you home, Kathy, would you mind dropping by my house a moment? My sister will be glad to see you, and," he said, "surprised."

THE END

THE HIGHROAD TO MEXICO

Continued from Page 23

that up. Apparently Camino Nacional No. 1 makes a soft enough bed.

Beyond Ciudad Victoria, capital of the State of Tamaulipas, the Pan-American Highway enters a wild uninhabited region that is filled with game. Quail, wild turkey, and even deer will likely start up from the roadside as you pass, and there are also bear and panther farther back in the brush. Tamaulipas is prime hunting country, and thousands of U. S. sportsmen go there each year to shoot game.

After Camino Nacional No. 1 crosses the Tropic of Cancer, the highway takes you through the real tropics. Around El Mante the fields are full of sugar cane. In the State of San Luis Potosi banana trees, coffee bushes, and growing pineapple cover the foothill slopes, and dozens of varieties of palm trees grow wild. Parts of this region will remind you of Florida, but you've only to see the Huastecan Indian huts—open on all sides, with a roof of thatch to keep out rain—to remember that you're in a new land. If you look sharply you may see brilliant green-and-yellow parrots flying among the palms. Sometimes at dusk huge flocks of parrots on their way to roost will cross the road in front of your car.

TAMAZUNCHALE (pronounced Thomas and Charlie, to the delight of all U. S. tourists who've been struggling with Spanish and Indian place names) is the most tropical spot of all. It's damp and steamy from more than 100 inches of rainfall a year, and the vegetation is riotous. More than fifty varieties of orchids grow wild in the crotches of the trees and they're free for the picking. In an hour you could pick enough to pay for your trip—if you could sell them at New York prices.

From Tamazunchale the highway begins to climb the rugged mountains that form Mexico's backbone. And what mountains! Mile after mile of tumbled peaks fill the sky as the road winds tortuously but in easy grades upward. Canyons of pure marble split the mountain bulks in places, and far below the highway flows the Moctezuma River. To put any road at all up these towering slopes to Mexico's great central plateau was a tremendous feat, but it took sheer engineering genius to make Camino Nacional No. 1 a safe all-weather highway for the ascent.

Part of the way up you'll drive through the dense fog and the clouds that perpetually hang about the slopes; but higher, the sun dries up the mist and you come out into brilliant sunlight and a gorgeous panorama of peaks. In sixty miles the road has climbed 8,000 feet from the tropics to the temperate zone, and 1,000 feet below, nestled into a pocket of the ranges, is the mountain town of Jacala.

The mountains are Aztec country and the Indians you see tirelessly carrying enormous loads up and down the steep slopes are descendants of men who owed allegiance to Montezuma and Cuauhtemoc. Chapulhuacan along the highway is a typical Aztec village. You'll be amazed at the cleanliness of the rock houses thatched with straw. Even the ground around them, usually enclosed by a low stone wall, is swept clean with twig brooms.

The climb continues after Jacala until suddenly the highway flattens out and you're in the semidesert of Mexico's high central plateau. Cactus replaces trees in the landscape and adobe houses reappear. Watch for the fences made of growing organ-pipe cactus so thick a cat can't worm his way through. The towns here bear the tongue-twisting Aztec names, and you appreciate Tamazunchale even more when you try to pronounce Ixmiquilpan, for instance, where you'll probably buy hand-woven baskets from the Indians.

Some fifty miles from Mexico City, at the highest point on the highway—over 8,500 feet—stands a monument erected by the capital's American colony as a tribute to the good friendship between the two nations. Off to the left a few miles is a city huddled at the base of a dirty gray mountain. This is Pachuca, capital of Hidalgo, the richest silver-mining town in the world. More than 15 per cent of all the silver mined on earth comes from that grayish-white mountain.

This is well-populated country, and there's a village every few miles. You'll see plenty of Indians now jogging along the highway to and from the town markets, carrying loads rivaling those of their burros. The women will be spinning maguey fiber into thread as they walk. Most of them will be barefoot. Maguey (the century plant) is cultivated in vast farms along this section of highway. It not only provides thread which can be woven into cloth; from it also comes pulque, the intoxicating beverage which the peons drink. You can try it, but you won't like it.

THE Spaniards came into this region more than 400 years ago. They've left their mark in the hundreds of stone churches. A more modern note are the numerous schools, built within the last decade, which typify Mexico's battle against illiteracy.

Nearer to Mexico City the highway passes within a few miles of San Juan Teotihuacán, site of the Aztec and Toltec Pyramids of the Sun and Moon and the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. The pyramids compare with those of Egypt in size and are built of earth and stones. A side road will take you there to climb

Advertisement

"Quimby doesn't get any *bad lies—he eats his Wheaties!"*

Quimby plays it safe. He tees off with a big bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning. You get solid nourishment in those 100% whole wheat flakes. Swell flavor. Champion golfer Byron Nelson says: "Wheaties sure taste great." See if you don't agree.

CURIOUS PIPES—From an old woodcut, [illegible]—Bettmann Archives

NO, WE DON'T MAKE THESE BUT...

...you'll find dozens of handsome models; antique and plain; curved and straight; small, large and medium; round, oval and square; long, short and in-between—AND, what's more important, every one's an LHS, the sign of the perfect pipe. Ask your dealer.

"A good pipe is an investment in daily pleasure."

LHS STERNCREST STERLING

STERLING SILVER BAND

IMPORTED BRIAR $5
Model #12, antique finish
Other models, plain or antique

ALSO LHS STERNCREST 14K
Specially selected briar, 14K gold band $7.50
LHS Sterncrest Ultra-Fine . $10.00
LHS Certified Purex . . $3.50
LHS Purex Superfine $1.50 (Domestic Briar)

LHS PIPES

The famous ZEUS Filter Cigarette Holder is back in Aluminum, with handy ejector

FREE: Write for "Pipes—for a World of Pleasure"
L & H STERN Inc., 56 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

the seven levels to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun over steep stone steps worn deep with the passage of centuries of footsteps. From the top you can look out over the vast enclosure around the temple where hundreds of thousands of Indians once gathered to see their priests perform human sacrifices before the hideous painted heads of the feathered serpent god.

There are only a few more miles of Camino Nacional No. 1 left. Here it follows the old Aztec highway to the capital, crossing a stone bridge which served Cortes and his conquistadors in the conquest of Mexico some 400 years ago. At the foot of the bridge a monument marks the execution spot of Padre Morelos, hero of Mexican independence from Spain. Then the road goes over a pass and Mexico City is spread out before you. The trip is over.

From the capital the Pan-American Highway is still under construction southward to Guatemala to join other highways which will some day link all Central and South America. Over that projected 16,000-mile network your children will drive to the Panama Canal, the Andes, and on to Buenos Aires. But that's in the future. Today the highway ends at Mexico City.

What about hotel accommodations along Camino Nacional No. 1? Forget any ideas you may have about roughing it in primitive quarters. The Mexicans know that Americans want clean, comfortable rooms with modern plumbing and electric lights, and they provide them. In the cities like Monterrey and Victoria there are first-class hotels that have everything, even to air conditioning.

IN the smaller towns you'll find tourist courts built of concrete and tile in Spanish ranch style. They all have private baths with hot showers, and there'll be inner-spring mattresses on the beds. Only the colorful Mexican bedspreads and rugs and the decorated tile will remind you that you're not in your own country. And at Valles, fortunately situated where most travelers will want to spend the night, there are small hotels like those in our resort towns with spacious grounds, rose gardens, cocktail lounges, and swimming pools!

Rates, in spite of the current widespread inflation in Mexico today, are surprisingly cheap by U. S. standards. In Valles, for instance, a double room opening onto a broad sunny veranda is available for about $2.50 U. S. currency, and this includes the use of the hotel pool. Compare that with the prices you'd pay in Miami or the Berkshires!

The tourist courts are even more inexpensive, and in the cities the hotels charge about the same as the hotels in Philadelphia, New Orleans, or Kansas City.

When you stop overnight along the route, be sure to take a stroll around the plaza. Every Mexican town, however small, has one, and it's the center of the social life. On market days, usually Saturdays, and Sundays, the band plays and you'll see the promenade, with the girls walking round and round the square in one direction while the young blades circle in the other—flirting at every step. Or you might like to see a Mexican-made movie. It'll be fun. The dialogue is in Spanish, but you can follow the action without knowing the language and you'll enjoy the Mexican music with which they're filled. In the cafés any of the guitar-carrying youths will entertain you with songs if you ask politely—with a five-peso note.

The food along the Pan-American Highway is generally both good and cheap. The menus in the hotel dining rooms and the restaurants that cater to tourists offer a variety of American dishes in case you don't happen to like enchiladas, tortillas, and frijoles. But try the Mexican foods anyway. After all, you're on a trip to see new things and do new things. Chances are you'll like the plentiful steaks and chops cooked Mexican style, but stay away from the goat's meat. It's strong and tough. When you order chicken, you'll be served only white meat; the rest goes to make delicious chicken consommé which is Mexico's staple soup.

EXCEPT in the larger cities, dinner or supper will cost you about eighty cents. Breakfasts, including ham and eggs and orange juice, are less. With your meals you'll get service such as you've never seen in the States. No need to look vainly for a waiter in Mexico and try to catch his eye; two or three are always hovering around your table to anticipate your wishes. You may have trouble, though, in getting the check at the end of your meal. In Mexico, people dine leisurely, and the waiters can't understand the American hurry to be off.

You'll want to know, too, about filling stations along Camino Nacional No. 1. They're not as plentiful as they are in the United States, but Pemex (Mexico's Standard Oil) operates a string of up-to-date stations at convenient intervals along the highway, so you needn't worry about running out of gas or finding a place to buy a new lamp bulb. For tourists who might have breakdowns or wrecks, Pemex sends a fleet of emergency cars to patrol the highway.

Gasoline is sold by the liter (a little over a quart) rather than by the gallon. But you'd better watch to see that the attendants replace the caps on your gas tank and radiator and oil inlet. They have a habit of forgetting those little details.

At present, gasoline is rationed in Mexico—because of transportation difficulties, not shortages. But Pemex and the government issue special cards to tourists to enable them to get all the gas they need. This isn't altogether altruism on the part of the Mexicans. The U. S. tourist trade brought some $32,000,000 a year into Mexico before the war, and everyone expects a huge increase in 1946.

A lack of ability to speak Spanish is no handicap along the highway. Most of the hotel and gas-station personnel can speak your language.

By Mexican standards the rest rooms and toilet facilities are super-clean, but don't expect too much. They're modern, but only passably sanitary. Better stick to the ones in the hotels.

And what about the outlaws and robbers which, according to romantic fiction and the movies, infest Mexico? Is there any danger of holdups? Not as much as there is in the United States, say the authorities. But when you're in Mexico City in the cafés and silver shops and curio emporiums—well, you're on your own!

Any time is a good time to be heading south to Mexico City. It's a year-round resort with a climate much like that of Los Angeles. For a vacation you'll always remember, pack your bags and head your car toward Laredo and Camino Nacional No. 1.

THE END

HIS WIFE DISCOVERED HIM

Continued from Page 19

as a killer, the servicemen have voted And Now Tomorrow—the one picture in which Alan has played a straight romantic part—their favorite Alan Ladd film. Alan would like to play a swashbuckling role, such as the red-haired, green-eyed, dashing Don Pedro in Captain from Castile.

The idol of a goodly percentage of American womanhood is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has large hands and feet. His hair is blond and his eyebrows are black. When Sue Carol, as an actors' agent, was trying to sell Alan to the studios in 1941, a prominent producer said, "He looks like a freak with those black eyebrows and light hair." So when he had had a chance to test for the part of Raven in This Gun for Hire, Alan dyed his hair black. After the great successes of This Gun and The Glass Key, Paramount demanded that their "bad boy" keep on dyeing. But Alan can be stubborn. He grew back to blond for Lucky Jordan, and has been his own natural self ever since.

Alan hates lamb, loves hamburgers and potato salad, and his forehead becomes beaded with perspiration when he eats chocolate. He loathes birds but is fond of horses. And now that he is out of the red for the first time in his life, he has decided to breed horses as his hobby.

One of the best-dressed actors in Hollywood, Alan prefers sports clothes. He lost a job with the National Cash Register people once because he insisted on wearing sports clothes and refused to wear the conventional blue serge. He is very observant of women's clothes, and thinks most women look best in black. He once saw some women in slacks sitting on stools along a bar at a friend's house. And the contours where each woman met the stool made such a revolting sight that he has never forgotten it. Needless to say, Sue doesn't wear slacks.

ALAN'S working day starts at seven fifteen. He refuses to eat breakfast, but drinks cups and cups of black coffee. He arrives at the studio at eight thirty and goes right to his dressing room, where his pal Webb Overlander, Yale man turned make-up man, is heating up another pot of coffee on a hot plate. Since Alan doesn't wear any make-up, Webb is around mostly for laughs, and an occasional scar. "Alan's not like some actors who are afraid they'll mar their beauty," says Webb professionally. "You can put any kind of scars on him the part calls for." Alan turns on his record machine as soon as he gets his coffee, and sings to himself. He keeps it hush-hush that he once crooned with a Hollywood band. He's on the stage by nine o'clock. Geraldine Fitzgerald, who knows more about acting than all of Hollywood's glamor queens put together and is now co-starring with him in O.S.S., says of him, "I'll lay a bet that when he gets the right story we'll see him get the Academy Award."

Sue usually prepares lunch for him on the hot plate in his dressing room. Around three he dashes off to the commissary for a sandwich, and he's always starved by the time he gets home for dinner. The Ladds refuse to follow the Hollywood pack to Romanoff's and the Mocambo. They often have dinner with some of their servantless friends and then Alan helps with the dishwashing.

Alan is a good guy to have around the house when it comes to manual labor. But when it comes to electricity, he's a washout. "Alan hasn't a mechanical mind at all," says Sue. "If he tries to fix the electricity, he damn near burns the house down."

Although he is the most popular star on the Paramount lot, with fan mail to prove it, Alan is not in the top-drawer income class. Since his "battle" with Paramount which resulted in a suspension and a new contract, Alan now makes between $50,000 and $75,000 a picture. But that's before taxes. Though the studio permits him to pick up extra dough by appearing as guest star on various radio program when he isn't working, it absolutely forbids him to have a program of his own—the dream of every actor. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope got in there early and squeezed that bonanza dry, as far as Paramount is concerned.

The Ladds live in a comfortable

WEAREVER
De Luxe
50 YEARS OF FINE PEN MAKING GIVE YOU THIS GREAT PEN FOR ONLY
ONE DOLLAR
BY AMERICA'S LARGEST FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURER
$1.00
OTHER WEAREVER MODELS:
WEAREVER ZENITH PEN $1.95 • SET $2.75
WEAREVER PACEMAKER PEN $2.75 • SET $3.75
AT DEPARTMENT, CHAIN AND STATIONERY STORES
© DAVID KAHN, INC., North Bergen, N. J.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
WEAREVER
WEAREVER U.S.A.

unmovie-like eight-room house in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood. No swimming pools, no tennis courts, but a playroom with a projection machine. The first thing you notice when you enter the living room, which is attractively done in gaily colored chintz, is a large picture of Alan on the piano. On it he has written, "To my wife from whom I'll never be apart come what may. I love you terribly."

The house is crowded with women: Kathleen, Alana's nurse; Georgia, the cook; a laundress who comes in once a week; the four secretaries; and Mrs. Isabel Gray, a former teacher of Alan's who has become a constant and welcome guest in the Ladd's home. "Look at 'em," says Alan affectionately. "My women. So help me, even the dog's a girl."

The house is beginning to bulge a bit at its seams, so Alan thinks he will have to put it up for sale soon. In the meantime he and Sue are concentrating on their recently acquired twenty-five acres in Hidden Valley, where they expect to breed horses. At present their stable" consists of a colt and two mares.

ALAN'S life story is right out of Horatio Alger. He was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, September 3, 1913, the only child of Ina Rawley Ladd and Alan Ladd, Sr. His father died when he was four. And when he was five, his mother moved into an apartment house in the cheaper section of Oklahoma City. Alan and the little boy next door proceeded to burn it down by lighting matches in a dark clothes closet. His mother moved from town to town, trying to make a living for herself and her boy. Alan was in and out of so many public schools he lost count. As all the school kids would taunt him as "the new boy," Alan learned to use his fists at an early age. When he was seven, his mother married James M. Beavers, a house painter, who was a real father to Alan. One night, Alan recalls, his stepfather came home in a rage. "Still no jobs!" he shouted. "I've had enough of this. We're going to California!" Hot dog, thought the jubilant Alan; Tom Mix and Tony!

"The Joads had nothing on us," says Alan. "When we had all our worldly possessions piled high on our Model T Ford, we looked like a chapter right out of Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath." At Flagstaff, Arizona, the family took jobs on the nearest potato ranch because they were broke. His mother cooked for the harvesters, and Alan carried water and helped his stepfather dig potatoes. It was his first job, the first of some fifty or more he would have before he clicked as a movie star. When they reached the Promised Land a month later, it was in the throes of a depression.

Alan's first home in California was a transients' auto camp near the Ascot racing track, until Mr. Beavers saved up enough money to buy a small cheap lot and erect a garage on it. The family moved into the garage, and Alan went to school in South Pasadena, five miles away, with the rich kids. Alan was an active kid. He sold newspapers, cut grass, delivered groceries, and swept out stores. Even at that early age he was clothes-conscious, and he didn't care how hard he worked so long as he made enough money to look neat and well dressed.

A year or so later the family moved to Hollywood and lived within a stone's throw of the Paramount lot. When Alan was twelve, his stepfather figured that the San Fernando Valley, which was opening up with a big real-estate boom, was the best place to dig in and make a home. Alan found plenty of jobs to do there.

At North Hollywood High School he quickly became one of the school leaders. He went in for athletics in a big way, and collected cups and publicity. He was well on his way to being an Olympic swimming champion when he discovered girls. Girls wanted to dance. So he slicked down his hair and learned to dance. When he graduated from North Hollywood High, a number of colleges, having read about his athletic records, came forward promptly with scholarship offers—Dartmouth, U.S.C., and various smaller colleges. A political power in the valley offered him a West Point appointment. But Alan knew that these glamorous offers were not for him. His stepfather was ill and could no longer work. For days on end they could not afford anything better than cheap cuts of mutton, which is the reason Alan can't stand the smell of lamb today.

DURING his senior year at high school Alan played Ko-Ko in the dramatic club's production of The Mikado. "It was when he played Ko-Ko that I went overboard and proclaimed to all who would listen that he was the most gifted boy I'd ever known," says Mrs. Gray, who taught Alan in English class and assisted in dramatic coaching. "You can imagine how I received the news that Universal was sending a man through the school on a talent hunt."

Alan survived four months of training at Universal, and then he was dropped. This was a great blow to his ego. He decided to take up newspaper work. He landed a job on the North Hollywood Sun-Record, reporting, soliciting ads, and managing circulation. He soon realized that you never get rich on newspapers, so as a side line he opened up a hamburger joint on San Fernando Boulevard, and called it Ladd's Patio. In the mornings he chased around on his newspaper job, and in the afternoons and nights he fried hamburgers, washed dishes, and waited on customers. Soon the joint was doing so well he had to give it his full-time attention.

One day one of his customers offered him a job as a grip at ten bucks a day at Warner Brothers studio. And Alan took it. Because he had been a high diver, his job was to rig scaffoldings for the lights high above the sound stages. For two years he made good money at his dangerous job, until suddenly three events jolted him right out of the grip business. First, he ran into a former high-school chum who was well on his way to becoming a star on the Warner lot. Then two days later a member of the crew with which Alan was working fell forty feet and was critically injured. And then a couple of days later Alan received a letter from his former English teacher and dramatic coach. Mrs. Gray wrote him in part, "I hear you are working as a grip, Alan. I'm sorry. An actor with your talents shouldn't let them go to waste like that. You have a future if you have the courage to seize it. . . ."

ALAN quit his job the next day and signed up for a dramatic course at Ben Bard's school. He still had the responsibility of his family, so he would take odd jobs whenever he could find one.

No studio jobs were forthcoming, and rarely an odd job. Alan was the answer to the question: How broke can you be? His stepfather had died, and his mother had left town to visit friends. Alan hocked the few possessions he had, to pay his tuition at Bard's, then started skipping meals. His weight went down from 160 to 130. He had to quit Bard's when the money gave out, and he started haunting casting offices and radio agencies. Just when his fortunes were the lowest, his mother, the one person besides Mrs. Gray who had had faith in him, died. Alan was ready to admit defeat. He'd take the first job that came his way. He'd dug ditches before and he could do it again.

But, ironically enough, the first job that came his way was with a small radio station in Hollywood, KFWB. Sometimes he made as much as forty dollars a week. He became known in radio circles as a handy actor who could do any part in a pinch.

Then Alan found his lucky star, or rather she found him. Ex-star Sue Carol had stopped acting and opened her own talent agency. Turning on her radio one day, she heard a couple of voices which she decided had "everything." An inquiry at the radio studio revealed that Alan Ladd was playing two parts. Soon afterward Alan became a Carol client. (Sue gave up his contract in 1942 because she didn't think she could be his wife and business agent too.) She began to plug him around Hollywood until "How about Alan Ladd?" came to be good for a laugh at casting offices and radio stations. Before he became a star overnight, in This Gun for Hire, Alan had played small parts in sixty pictures.

They weren't big-time stuff, but

they paid off in folding money, and Alan had managed to get out of debt.

Two years passed, with Sue plugging away for her client. She was at Paramount one day and was about to open her mouth to say, "How about Alan Ladd?" when William Meiklejohn, the producer, beat her to it. "How about Alan Ladd?" asked Meiklejohn. "If he's available, send him over to see Frank Tuttle." Alan had never done a heavy before in his life, only romantic and comedy bits, but when he read the part of Raven he was determined it was for him. When Paramount saw his test they put him under contract.

When the fan mail started pouring in after the preview of This Gun, Paramount realized they had something hot in the way of an actor. They tactfully suggested to Alan that it might be a good idea to soft-pedal the fact that he was married. Alan vehemently refused. "Sue is responsible for my career," he said. "We had a lot of fun planning it together, and we'll enjoy it together."

He has taken a lot of good-natured kidding from his friends and studio pals because he always includes Sue in everything he does and says. It's never "I" with Alan, it's always "we." When he was being given his honorable discharge from the Army he was asked by his captain when he was inducted. "We were inducted January 26, 1943," said Alan.

THE END

SAGA OF THE SIZZLING SODA

Continued from Page 25

home with a mallet. How you got this airtight cork out, in your dining room, was not their worry. You could expect a high-pressure baptism, and you weren't disappointed.

Later, we Americans were drinking toasts to Lillian Russell in Lime Juice Champagne. Frances Willard's popularity inspired Strawberry Punch. But these bottled delights had strong competition in Checkerberry, Crème de Cassis, Grape Blood, Orgeat, and Kumyss. International trade structures, including tariffs, were important by 1883, when more than 7,000,000 bottles of artificially carbonated waters were imported to compete with our local supply.

Ginger Ale, a product of Ireland, was among them, but people here said that the "ale" in its name would make it hard to sell.

About this time a bottling pioneer in Ohio built the first steam-heated plant to bottle soft drinks in wintertime.

Meanwhile, allied industries were trying to keep pace with the soda-pop factories. In 1883 a count showed 2,788 big-chested men making bottles for the trade. They would take molten glass on a metal stem, swell their lungs and cheeks, then blow. By doing this they earned approximately $1,200,000 in a year.

Another crew of men was at work making closures. Some of these men were geniuses, surely, for no lesser mortals could have invented the contraptions that used to adorn our bottle tops.

Can you remember, for instance, the true pop bottle? It had a hard wire loop protruding from the neck and a rubber seal inside. You struck that loop with your palm, or pushed it against the wall. The thing emitted a loud *pop!* and everybody jumped, because the red soda water inside jumped too. It came out awhizzing, but it delighted American kids until about 1912. After that, some killjoy more concerned with sanitation than display began putting metal crowns on all our bottles. They remain to this day.

THIS crown was patented in 1892 by William Painter. Some improvements have been made, notably in composition of the inner cork seal, but it is essentially unchanged, and in America has replaced virtually every other type of bottle stopper, even though the country already had 1,500 stopper patents when Painter got his.

Most early ones tried to harness the natural gas pressure inside the bottle to hold a seal against the neck. That wire-loop number—the Miller plunger patented in 1874—was one such. The ball type, introduced from England in 1887, was another; it had a marble inside, and failed because so many small boys broke the bottle to get the marble. Others were internal expanding rubber seals, and the simpler loop seal, also invented by Painter before he devised the crown. Today, however, the greatest need is for a new bottle; breakage is still a costly, worrisome thing. What smart American, using what new transparent inexpensive plastic, will revolutionize the bottle industry in this decade?

Actual contents of the pop bottles have been less complicated. The term "simple sirup," meaning sugar melted in water, by extension covers the whole trade, for we Americans demand only that our summer drinks be reasonably sweet and unreasonably cold.

Most of them are childishly simple in formula. Fruit oils and juices still rank supreme. The first major departure came in 1886 when Dr. J. S. Pemberton at Atlanta, Georgia, mixed an extract of coca leaves, from Peru, and cola nuts, grown in West Africa and Jamaica, to create a unique flavor and aftereffect in a drink. He interested Asa Candler, and together they began boiling their new concentrate in a back yard and peddling it to drugstores.

Candler bought out his partner. Then one day in 1898 Joe Whitehead and Ben Thomas, Chattanooga lawyers, were sweltering at a baseball game. Joe Whitehead mopped his brow and said, "I'd give money for

One of the Treasures of all time

IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada
90.4 PROOF

HARWOOD'S
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY
90.4 Proof
Sole UNITED STATES Importers
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

a cold glass of that new thirst quencher."

"It ought to be bottled," Ben agreed, "so we could have it right here in the grandstand. Say, why don't we look into it?"

They took in a third lawyer friend, J. T. Lupton, called on Asa Candler and made a deal. America had very few soda fountains then, so the bottle trade boomed. The Coca-Cola Company by 1945 had 1,500 bottlers selling to 1,400,000 dealers around the world, and had become the world's largest buyer of granulated sugar. All the drink is now bottled under franchises to local plants. To get a franchise anywhere in America you'd have to buy out an existing bottler, because all territory has long since been taken. And you'd pay through the nose; some franchises have brought as much as $500,000, a figure which would amaze Asa Candler: he *gave* the three lawyers exclusive bottling rights in most of the United States!

WHILE the success of Coca-Cola has inspired some 1,100 direct competitors, only about twenty-five are nationally active this year. Court decisions have established the right of any bottler or syrup maker to use the word "cola" in a drink name provided the rest of the name does not sound like "coca." Wherefore Pepsi-Cola, Royal Crown Cola, Double Cola, and the others have appeared, virtually all franchised when they achieved volume. The word "coke," although not trade-marked, belongs by court decision to Coca-Cola alone, due to public acceptance of it. Many factories buy cola syrup from any of several makers, then bottle it under their own local names. Thus the identical drink may have a dozen different names in as many cities.

Popularity of all the cola drinks is due in part to the distinctive "kick" of caffeine, each average bottle containing from one fourth to one half as much as the average cup of coffee. But the effect of a drink, and its consequent popularity, need not depend on any drug; it can be pressure alone. The renowned 7-Up is evidence.

Of all the big-name beverages, 7-Up is probably the fizziest but simplest. Competitors in some areas tried ridicule by calling it "the national burp drink." But the public loved it, and the 7-Up folks cashed in. Launched in the very teeth of the late depression, 7-Up sold 10,500 cases in 1930. By 1933 sales had jumped to 681,100 cases. By 1937 all territory in the United States and Canada had been assigned, and 1945 sales were limited only by wartime shortages. Unlike Coca-Cola and many other notable drinks which flourished first in the sunnier climes, 7-Up had its most spectacular growth in the North.

That drink at first was called Lithiated Lemon. Nobody aside from C. L. Griggs, its creator, was quite sure what lithiated meant, so he went hunting for a better name. One Sunday, in a magazine article about cattle brands in the West, he read:

"One rancher in Texas chose his brand from the popular card game, seven-up."

That clipped, terse phrase, though meaningless in the beverage world, appealed to Griggs' promotional instincts. Time has proved him right.

On just such an arbitrary basis have most of our best-known drinks been named. Some have reason behind them, but in the aggregate they almost overwhelm us with their peculiar Americanese.

"Cherry Blossoms, a Blooming Good Drink," one sirup maker frankly proclaims. Sunjo, Botl'o, Cheer Up, Smile; Hydrox, So-Grape, Pam Pam, Guile; Squeeze and Chaser, Squirt and Brim; Beetsip, Broco, Mira, Whim. Rhymesters can have a field day with their jargon. Currently advertised names include from six to forty for every letter of the alphabet, from Alvagrape through Zesto and Zimba. X-Cel and X-Try were among them; so were Quench, Vin-Vie Tip Rex, Groop Lemmy, Bounce, Zip, Whoop, Howdy, Whistle, and Waypure.

One bottler created a delicious thing from blood oranges, whose juice is the color of ox blood. He called it Blood Orange—and faced bankruptcy; but he changed the name to Pomegranate Punch and prosperity smiled.

Squirt is one of the relatively few grapefruit drinks to achieve importance. At first, some of its investors as well as its competitors considered the name a bad choice. "It suggests an unhappy experience," they said. "It's even vulgar in sound." But the American public decided that grapefruit juice squirting in our eyes, vulgar or no, was funny. Anything funny wins our hearts.

TODAY, 1,250,000 retail outlets sell one or more bubblesome beverages, and food stores account for three fourths of all sales. Moreover, the industry is achieving academic recognition. Through its association, the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, college courses in soft-drink bottling have been established, designed especially to train war veterans as technicians and personnel managers. These courses are offered at Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia and at Texas A. & M., and others are being arranged.

Moreover, the returned warriors have some new ideas of their own about mixing and naming new soft drinks.

One chap, who was with MacArthur when the general first set foot on Japan, has already applied for permission to bottle and peddle Fujiyama Cooler in that distant land. He figures it will not only make him a profit, but will also teach the Japs something about the American way of life.

THE END

HOW TO WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN

Continued from Page 17

address audiences on that subject in several key towns back home.

Your congressman can greatly profit from your letters, and that doesn't mean at all that he must turn himself into a tabulating machine, counting the letters pro and con and voting for the larger number. The picture of a congressman sorting letters in two piles and voting for the heavier pile is a gross oversimplification. One thoughtful, sincere, honestly reasoned letter will outweigh half a dozen which simply say "Vote for this" or "Vote against that." One spontaneous outburst on your own stationery is worth a hundred mimeographed letters or forms clipped from a newspaper as part of some write-your-congressman drive.

DON'T waste your time signing canned letters, copying off letters someone has prepared. A congressman's secretary can usually tell when a letter is part of a pressure-group campaign. Sometimes these letters come in a flood, all beginning differently but eventually breaking into some identical paragraph. Sometimes the writers forget and enclose the communication in which they were urged to write and say such and such. In one case the writers had taken great pains to make all letters appear individual, but the telltale mark was there: the same word misspelled the same way in every letter.

Letters opposing universal military training came in by the hundreds, individual letters which looked genuine and uninspired. But one of the congressmen to whom they were sent noted that one day the letters were all from one town, the next day from another town, the next day from another. Obviously a traveling representative was moving from town to town, drumming up letters.

Perhaps the newest pressure-group device is to get people in upper income brackets to write with pen or pencil on five-and-ten-cent-store paper, school tablets, and the like—with the obvious implication that the writer is "a typical constituent." I don't think this shrewd technique will fool any congressman who knows his district. Cheap paper and a scrawling hand don't make any more impression than good stationery and a typewritten message. Unless writers give their addresses, their letters are disregarded, and when letters on five-and-ten-cent-store paper start coming in from a country-club district, the cat is out of the bag.

Multigraphed telegrams are a dime a dozen. Form post cards mean nothing. One day last year I received five identical telegrams from officials of the same organization, threatening to work against me in the forthcoming elections unless I voted against a certain bill. I wrote them that one telegram was enough and that threats did more harm than good; whereupon I received five identical apologies.

How does Congress actually react to heavy mails on a disputed issue? One old-timer around the Capitol has made a study of this. He took the thirteen issues of the past twenty-five years which brought in the heaviest mail. On nine, he found, Congress voted in accordance with the majority mail opinion: woman suffrage, the League of Nations, prohibition and repeal, soldiers' bonus, social security, holding companies, the first government reorganization bill, and the Supreme Court enlargement plan. On two issues, lend-lease and selective service, the weight of pros and cons varied from section to section; in general, the members "voted the mail" of their own section. On two issues Congress voted contrary to the mail demand: the Townsend Plan and lifting the arms embargo.

THE power of the mail was dramatically demonstrated in the summer of 1940, after the President let it be known he wanted Congress to go home. Immediately people began writing in, demanding that Congress stay in session during the war emergency—and Congress stayed. If anyone should ever doubt the value of mail from home, let him recall that prolonged session during which Congress passed bills initiating both our two-ocean navy and selective service.

At the peak of its activity the Truman Committee investigating war production was getting 200 letters a day. Some of its biggest cases were started by people who said, "I'm going to write my congressman about that"—for example, the fake testing of steel and the Army's burning of lumber. The notorious case of labor and material waste at the Norfolk Navy Yard began with letters from individuals who couldn't stomach it all. The Truman Committee didn't have enough manpower to investigate every tip. Letters were filed according to subject, and when a file got fat—say, a file on lumber burning—the committee put an investigator on the subject. This shows the importance of citizens writing even when they know others are writing on the same subject.

Perhaps the most striking example of the power of the mail was the case of the so-called Pensions for Congressmen bill. It passed both houses, was signed by the President, became the law of the land. Then the deluge started. From all over the country letters poured in, protesting. And what did your congressmen do? They hurriedly reversed their position and passed a bill rescinding their action.

Your letters, when they spring from the heart, can be similarly ef-

YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW YOUR STUFF

. . . to get ahead today

If America is to keep its lead in the almost unbelievable skills which have advanced so rapidly during the war—jet propulsion, atomic science, radar, electronics, television and many more—hundreds of thousands of young men will have to acquire higher education, either in college, trade or business schools.

Likewise, if you want to succeed in any of the countless career opportunities which will be open to you, you will *need* all the education you can get. And now you CAN get it, not only with your tuition paid, but also with a generous living allowance presented to you.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, if you enlist for 3 years in the new peacetime Regular Army before October 6, 1946, you will, upon your discharge, be entitled to up to 48 months of education in your favorite college, trade or business school. You may enlist if you are over 18 (or 17 with your parents' consent) and under 35. Of course, you must have the necessary school or college entrance requirements. The Government will pay your tuition, laboratory fees, etc., up to $500 per ordinary school year, plus $65 a month living allowance ($90 per month if you have dependents).

You'll find the Army itself a great educational institution, enabling you to specialize in one or more of 200 skills or trades . . . to travel to foreign countries . . . to do interesting jobs at good pay.

This is a great opportunity. Take advantage of it! Get all the facts at your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station and ENLIST TODAY.

PAY PER MONTH—ENLISTED MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes and Medical Care

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER: *20 Years' Service*	*30 Years' Service*
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	$138.00	$89.70	$155.25
Technical Sergeant	114.00	74.10	128.25
Staff Sergeant . .	96.00	62.40	108.00
Sergeant	78.00	50.70	87.75
Corporal	66.00	42.90	74.25
Private First Class .	54.00	35.10	60.75
Private	50.00	32.50	56.25

(a)—Plus 20% Increase for Service Overseas. (b)—Plus 50% if Member of Flying Crews. (c)—Plus 5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service.

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU

U. S. Army

CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW!

fective on the even more important issues of 1946. One member, in Congress for ten terms, says the letter that counts is the one that shows your congressman three things: it's you yourself writing, you know something about the subject, and you have done some thinking. If every voter wrote one letter like that once a year, I believe we'd have a fifty-per-cent better Congress. State your reasons for favoring or opposing a measure. A member is far more interested in your reasons than in your position. Letters pro and con without reasons are often suspected to be parts of an organized pressure-group campaign.

ADDRESS your letter to the representative from your own district. Nothing is gained by writing the same letter to half a dozen different members—the House has machinery whereby most of your letters, no matter to whom addressed, will wind up in your own representative's office anyway. However, if you feel deeply about some bill and want to write more than one letter, then write your representative and the chairman, or some other member, of the committee considering it. If you don't know what committee it's before, simply ask your congressman.

When possible, make your letter apply to the local situation. Tell your representative how a national issue affects your own community, or your own business, or your own family. Be specific, frank, factual, natural. And be sure to sign your name and address clearly.

Not long ago someone advised people writing about legislation to give the number of the bill. No advice could be worse. Ordinarily a citizen doesn't know the number of any bill, and a letter beginning "I've been considering H.R.2103 . . ." usually suggests to your congressman that you're participating in a pressure campaign. A large trade association recently told its members that we should be addressed with due respect, "The Honorable John Doe, M. C.," or "The Honorable Richard Roe, U.S.S." That's dubious advice—probably there aren't half a dozen men in Congress who care how a letter is addressed. Huey Long was the only member who ever publicly complained about what was on the envelopes. He once spoke of people putting, after his name, the letters S.O.B. When another senator explained that meant Senate Office Building, Huey replied, "That ain't what *my* constituents mean."

Marking letters on legislation "Personal" or "Confidential" defeats your purpose, sometimes delays reading, inevitably annoys your congressman. Don't register letters and don't telegraph unless time is really short. Telegrams actually make less impression than good letters. A special delivery stamp, instead of expediting, often snarls the letter up in the House post office and causes a three- or four-hour delay. Some writers enclose stamps for reply, not realizing our answers are franked. Many letters open with a time-wasting phrase: "I know you are a very busy man, but . . ." Actually, no apology is ever needed for writing your congressman.

Avoid such typical errors as enclosing editorials from newspapers, confusing state with federal issues, threatening your representative, telling him you won't vote for him "unless," making impossible requests. It is futile to ask your congressman to pledge himself to vote a certain way on a certain bill; by the time a bill goes through committee, debates, and amendments, and finally comes to a vote, it may have little resemblance to the original measure. The reasons you give for voting against a bill newly introduced may turn out to be the reasons for favoring the bill that is put to a vote.

MICHAEL BERRY

"It's supposed to be served cold, but I prefer it at room temperature."
LIBERTY

YOU'VE probably heard people say with a superior air, "No, I never wrote a letter to a congressman." Let's give that attitude a little thought. Back in the summer of 1941 the pressure against the extension of selective service almost caused the nation to lose its Army on the eve of Pearl Harbor. We were saved by one vote—the final tabulation in the House being 203-202. What saved the bill was simply that some representatives ignored their constituents' letters against it.

This crisis—so serious that General Marshall had transports ready to bring the draftees back from the Aleutians if the bill to extend the draft should fail—would have been entirely avoided had the hands of some weaker representatives been strengthened by letters from home to offset the flood from anti-draft sources. Several dozen forceful letters—*no more than that!*—from each of fifty districts would have turned the tide and the outcome would never have been in doubt.

In the months and years ahead there may be another crisis similarly fateful. We shall come through it more easily if you know how to write your congressman, and write him.

THE END

Month in . . . month out

The Quality Standard for highballs, cocktails and tall, cool drinks!

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*

©1946 *Reg. T.M.

[illegible] Santurce, Puerto Rico
[illegible] McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

APRIL
MAY
JUNE
RONRICO
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM
4/5 QUART

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Cecil Kellaway, John Garfield, and Lana Turner—a tinderbox waiting to be set off.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

John Garfield, Lana Turner, Cecil Kellaway, Leon Ames

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, adapted from James Cain's best-known novel and about which there has been a great deal of hullabaloo, ought to be a really good shocker. Actually, the most shocking thing about it is that Lana Turner's wardrobe is all white, except for one brief moment of mourning when she puts on a black dress.

The story of a vagrant, played by John Garfield, who goes to work at a California filling station-restaurant because he is very much drawn to the proprietor's wife—La Turner, of course—was originally a brutal one, motivated by strong, if depraved, feelings. Spread out on M-G-M's broad canvas, it becomes turgid, and violence in slow motion is not even amusing.

Lana's back is against the wall, and that's the district attorney facing her.

Garfield and Turner burn for each other but have no financial security to keep the fires banked, as it were. So they scheme to murder her husband (amiably portrayed by Cecil Kellaway) in order to acquire his restaurant and insurance. Their first plot miscarries, succeeding only in injuring him, and as a consequence they both come under the suspicious eye of the district attorney (Leon Ames).

Their next try is also somewhat botched up, in that Garfield doesn't jump in time from the car in which they're pushing Kellaway over a cliff. Hot on their tire tracks is the D. A. and when he discovers that Kellaway is dead and Garfield is seriously injured—it's the blonde widow who's up on a murder charge.

But the bad lady has a sharp lawyer (and Hume Cronyn's characterization is the best in the film) who gets her and her pretty legs off with a suspended sentence. All the action after this—and there's a good deal more—falls into the category of ironic anticlimax. So if your interest is piqued by these grisly goings-on, this would be the proper point to leave you in suspense.

The script of The Postman appears to have been squeezed of most of its juice, and there doesn't seem to be more than two or three lines of Cain's tough prose left intact. Of the cast, Cronyn is the only one really at home in his role. Turner, in spite of her bleached-white hair and her provocative clothes, has too much essential softness to be going

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)

We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

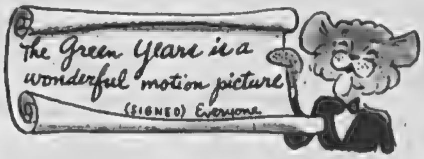
And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

★ ★ ★ ★

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:


The Green Years is a wonderful motion picture
(SIGNED) Everyone.

Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Leo

See the MARX BROS. in David Loew's "A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA," United Artists laugh panic.

GROUCHO — HARPO — CHICO and ZIPPO

"Three on a light" is lucky when you use a ZIPPO. Lucky, because ZIPPO always lights at the zip of the wheel, anywhere, any time. Lucky, because the inimitable features and precision quality of ZIPPO guarantees it for a lifetime of faithful service—*no one ever paid a cent to repair a* ZIPPO.

Have you seen the new post-war ZIPPO? Slimmer case, more rounded corners and edges, but no sacrifice in fuel capacity. Silver-like case has a million dollar appearance — but the old price of $2.50 prevails. Others to $175.

Order from your dealer

$2.50 (with initials or signature $3.50)

Also buy genuine ZIPPO Flints & Fluid

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. L
Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION The company [illegible] is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

around murdering husbands, and Kellaway is such a nice guy that you feel he would simply have got up and left, if they'd taken the trouble to ask him to.

THE WELL-GROOMED BRIDE *(Paramount)*

Olivia De Havilland, Ray Milland, Sonny Tufts, James Gleason

Happy Ending Department (Milland and De Havilland).

THIS constitutes a good formula for the production of a light comedy. Base a story on the dramatic and humorous qualities present in a magnum of champagne, attach to it a title of no significance, like The Well-Groomed Bride, then hire a group of attractive comedians.

Margie (Olivia de Havilland) wants the magnum, the only existing magnum in all of San Francisco, for Torchy (Sonny Tufts), an All-American Army lieutenant who has promised to marry her if she meets him at the train with a big bottle of champagne.

Lieutenant Briggs (Ray Milland) of the Navy wants the magnum for the patriotic purpose of christening a new aircraft carrier which will be named in honor of an old French brig. Besides, his captain (played by James Gleason) has ordered him to get it.

And that's where the race begins. Now this unpretentious little moving picture, while it has no desire to be derogatory about the Army, is still inclined to favor the Navy. This is fairly obvious, since the lieutenant in the blues ends up with the bottle *and* the girl, and even arranges for Margie to do the christening of the carrier.

The Well-Groomed Bride is a lot of fun, with some bright dialogue. Sample: Percy Kilbride summing up Sonny Tufts: "Only one way to describe him—he's just a conceited muscle." Miss de Havilland is pert and amusing. Good also is Ray Milland's tongue-in-check suaveness.

EVERYBODY'S SPECIALISTS

Continued from Page 21

ogist has developed a chest X-ray. The best answer any specialist can give is immediately available at all times, hence there is no dangerous delay before starting treatment.

But who pays for such a medical plan? How can patients receive all the advantages of a metropolitan medical center in miniature, in this small, obviously not wealthy farming community?

For one thing, all the doctors are on a full-time salary. There is no such thing as private practice or, strictly speaking, a private patient. All the doctors have their offices in the hospital, make house calls in the town and adjacent farming area, but they collect no fees. That is left to the business office. Although salaried doctors have long been denounced by opponents of group medicine, the doctors at Bassett find it works well.

"I've had experience in private and, at times, pretty fierce competitive practice," one doctor remarks. "Here I'm on a salary which is adequate and which frees me from uncertainty in regard to income, so I can give my patients my undivided attention. The question of fees never arises." Another specialist remarks, "Some staff men could make incomes up to $30,000 in the metropolitan centers. But they prefer to stay here, where they find intellectual stimulation in an atmosphere of critical inquiry and medical scholarship."

DOCTORS' salaries are determined by length of experience and by positions held before coming to the Bassett Hospital. The amount a doctor receives has no direct relation to the amount of income the hospital derives from the work done in that department. The biochemist may have as large a salary as the surgeon. Salaries have ranged up to or a little above $15,000 a year. From time to time, as the total income of the hospital has fluctuated, salaries of the staff have increased or decreased accordingly. A further advantage for the doctor lies in the fact that he has no overhead expense—the cost of maintaining an office, nurse, receptionist, and fast-changing equipment.

The system has marked advantages for patients, too. Time ceases to be a rare commodity rationed out at ten-minute intervals. A patient may spend fifteen minutes or three hours in the doctor's office, depending on his need. Since for ward patients and semiprivate patients—94 per cent in all—all medical costs are packaged in one lump sum, the physician does not hesitate to advise a laboratory test or X-ray which, under the fee-for-service system, might cost the patient more than he could afford. Though many private patients cannot afford to pay "full fare," no one in real need of hospitalization is ever turned away, and no treatment or diagnostic measure is ever withheld for lack of money.

For ward patients (84 per cent of the total), charges run from $30 for a minor operation and two days of hospital care, up to $150 for a major operation and two weeks' care (including all laboratory tests, X-rays, physician's visits, consultations, medications, etc.). A farmer's wife may have her baby and spend from eleven to fourteen days in the hospital for from $90 to $100, and the same obstetrician delivers her baby who attends the wife of the bank president.

Parents of the some 325 babies born here yearly also are urged to bring the youngsters in for periodic check-up. No additional charge is made for this service, and the children from three months to two years may be brought in. In this way, mothers who never heard of preventive medicine are co-operating with it where it is most needed, in infancy. The hospital's pediatrician also serves as the local schools' health officer and yearly examines more than 800 children, with the help of staff members.

THE hospital's income is derived largely from the 2,400 annual in-patients and the 20,000 out-patient calls and house visits. Less than half the patients have some form of hospital insurance. Naturally, with such extensive laboratory facilities, large library and staff of specialists, the hospital which serves a community of mostly low-income families cannot cover all its expenses from patients alone. So the Clark Foundation, owners of the property, have endowed the hospital. Under this arrangement, complete medical care, including preventive measures, is offered to the community, yet no annual drive for funds is made. The Foundation each year makes up any deficit incurred. The deficit varies from year to year, as the hospital's income fluctuates. The average annual budget amounts to about $340,000, of which the Foundation may, if necessary, supply up to one-third of that amount.

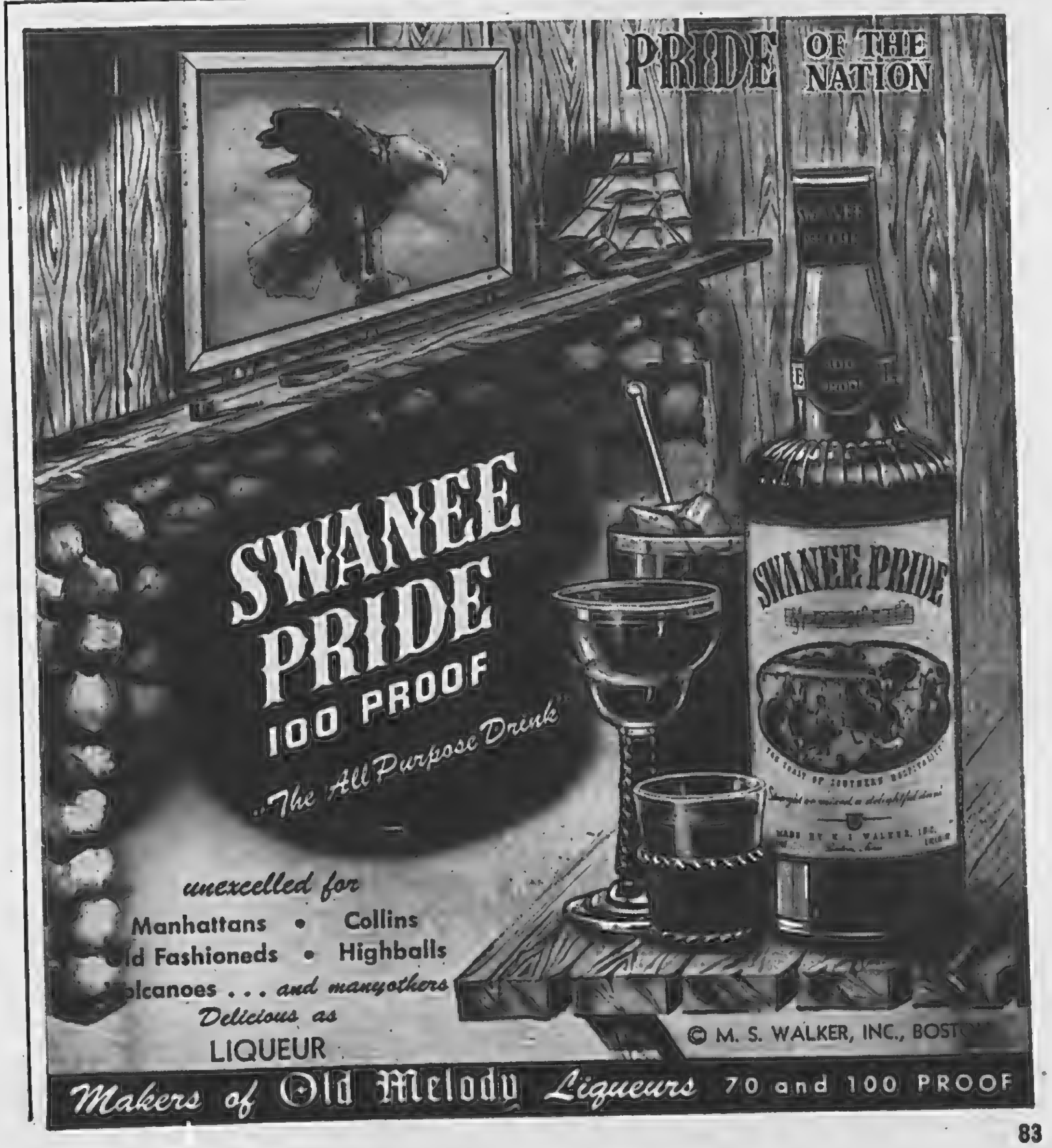
Such a guaranteed financial arrangement, however, is possible only in those communities where there is some endowment fund in existence. But many other ways of financing group-medicine plans, equally successful, are in operation and on a much larger scale than the Cooperstown plan. The way is simple and well marked. There are many group-practice units, from the famous Mayo and Lahey clinics to dozens of small groups, organized in various patterns according to the needs of the community which they serve. Sometimes the first step in their organization has come from the prospective patients themselves, as when the farmers of Elk City, Oklahoma, organized the Farmers Union Co-operative Hospital more than fifteen years ago. A prepayment plan cost each farmer $24 a year, or $84 a year for a family of five or more. The organization hired a group of doctors to provide complete medical care. The plan has been highly successful and highly solvent.

Doctors themselves may initiate the group-practice unit. Starting with three or more physicians, they have in many instances pooled their professional and material resources in small hospitals and, by using prepayment plans to cover expenses, have enrolled from 1,500 to 3,000 subscribers at $30 a year a patient. But group medicine is not limited to small groups. In Los Angeles, the excellent Ross-Loos Clinic, an independent group-medicine unit, owned and founded by doctors, has since 1929 offered complete medical service to more than 100,000 prepaid subscribers at $30 a year a member. There is no income restriction as to eligibility. The clinic, which is highly successful, ranks tops with the profession and with its patients.

Hence it is obvious that group medicine is not new and untried. It originated more than fifty years ago in the wards and dispensaries of large charity hospitals where patients were divided according to illness and assigned to staff doctors who specialized in various branches. Group medicine on an incredibly broad scale was successfully practiced during the war, with spectacular records in life-saving and health restoration by the medical services of the American Army and Navy. Aware of the effectiveness of group-practice methods which they had been using in service, many doctors want to continue them in resuming civilian practice. Numerous doctors have already written to the Bassett Hospital inquiring about ways and means of making the change-over from individual to group practice.

Today the social functions of medicine have earned increasing public attention, culminating in the proposed legislation sponsored by President Truman for a nation-wide health-insurance plan. But the social functions of hospitals have received less emphasis. Many hospitals are still concerned largely with "salvage medicine"—patching up human machines which are nearly worn out or hopelessly disabled by heart disease, high blood pressure, apoplexy, or a dozen other conditions which are only partly remediable.

THAT is not the case in Cooperstown. Under Dr. Mackenzie's leadership, the Bassett Hospital has never been just a place to perform emergency operations, deliver babies, or isolate contagious diseases. Important though these functions are, they are supplemented by positive preventive measures which reach out into the community. More than 50,000 persons receive medical care throughout a farming community



Instant Relief from **CORNS, SORE TOES**

For quick relief beyond belief, use *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The instant you apply them on corns or sore toes, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. Thin, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate *Medications* included for speedily removing corns. Skin-tone blended. Worn almost invisibly. Easy to apply. No bulk, no unsightly taping. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toiletry Counters. Get a box today. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

2 Sizes for Corns, Sore Toes. Also Sizes for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes

Special Size for Small Corns

Regular Size for Corns, Sore Toes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 37 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 65-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Flash!* Amazing Opportunities NOW OPEN *in These* PRACTICAL *Money-Making Trades!

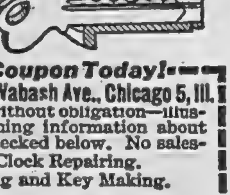
watch and clock repairing

Learn At Home • In Your Sparetime
Prepare for a happy future of prosperity, security . . . and get a big-pay job NOW. Fascinating, high-grade occupation. You can EARN WHILE YOU LEARN. An excellent field for part-time work at home.

COMPLETE COURSE in HOROLOGY
A THOROUGH self-instruction training in American and Swiss watches, clocks. Special sections on alarm clock repairs. A new, practical LEARN-BY-DOING instruction method. You Learn **QUICKLY**, easily. No previous experience necessary. Watchmaking is the basic training for aircraft instrument work, and other scientific precision jobs. **Amazing LOW PRICE. Money-Back Guarantee.** Get into this fast-growing field NOW ... big opportunities ... don't delay. Mail coupon below for **free** information. No obligation.

locksmithing and key making

Complete UP-TO-DATE COURSE
How to pick locks, de-code, make master-keys, repair, install service, etc. New, self-instruction lessons for every handy man, home-owner, carpenter, mechanic, service station operator, fix-it shop, hardware dealer, gunsmith.
53 EASY ILLUSTRATED LESSONS
Bargain Price! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write now!



Free Details—Mail Coupon Today!
NELSON CO., Dept. 2E64, 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.
Please send me—FREE and without obligation—illustrated Success-Catalog containing information about the course (or courses) I have checked below. No salesmen will call.
☐ Watch and Clock Repairing.
☐ Locksmithing and Key Making.

NAME____________
ADDRESS____________
CITY____________ STATE____________

which several years ago had only a few country doctors and inadequate hospital facilities. Situated in Cooperstown (founded by the father of the author James Fenimore Cooper), which has 3,000 inhabitants, most of its patients come from Otsego County and the surrounding area.

An extensive laboratory, performing more than 50,000 clinical examinations a year, makes available the latest clinical techniques. The lab is located in a two-story building, with rooms for diagnostic examinations and research in biochemistry, bacteriology, pathology, hematology, parasitology, and surgical research. The laboratory staff is not composed of long-haired scientists peering through thick spectacles at specimens on slides. They are alert young specialists who are active co-workers with the medical staff.

The importance of a well-staffed, completely equipped laboratory as an integral part of a hospital was shown recently when a critically ill three-year-old boy was admitted. Usual examinations revealed nothing. The boy's fever mounted. The illness remained undiagnosed for two days. Finally, on the third night, Dr. Thompson, the parasitologist, formerly from Tulane and Chicago universities, discovered by examining his spinal fluid that the child had torula meningitis. There are less than 100 cases of that form of meningitis in medical history. And nearly all the victims of it died. Dr. Johnson was quickly called. Within an hour the child was receiving penicillin. Thus the prompt teamwork of clinical and laboratory specialists gave a dying child a chance to survive.

RECENTLY a young man was rushed in by ambulance, near death in the deep coma resulting from neglected diabetes. Young Dr. Leigh Darsie, formerly of New York's Presbyterian Hospital, was working desperately to revive him. The phone rang. "That diabetic's *p*H is six-point-nine-two"—it was Dr. Halvor Christensen, the biochemist, formerly of Harvard Medical faculty. "Better give him plenty of salt solution right away." In twenty-four hours the youth was sitting up in bed. "Insulin and biochemistry saved you this time," Dr. Darsie told him. "Now you must learn to take care of your diabetes yourself."

Another vital social function of hospitals today is the prompt identification of many menacing tropical diseases which might infect an entire community. A discharged sailor, back at his grocery business, came to the hospital suffering from intermittent fever and chills. Laboratory tests showed amoebic dysentery. Had the disease remained undiagnosed, he might, through his daily handling of food, have infected scores of people.

In addition to the staff of ten full-time physicians and surgeons, the clinical staff at Bassett Hospital includes, under normal conditions, eight internes and two residents. The full-time laboratory staff comprises a biochemist, a pathologist, a bacteriologist, and ten technicians. Now that the war is over, the hospital plans to add a full-time eye specialist, a psychiatric department, and an orthopedic department. This represents a considerable development from the hospital's early days when there were only two staff doctors and one interne.

Patients react to the Bassett system typically. A local tradesman puts it this way: "Why should I insist on choosing my doctor when the doctors themselves know better than I do who can help me best?" Or as a woman store clerk said: "Out West, when I got sick one night, I asked the woman next door who was a good doctor. When I got sick in Cooperstown, I just came to the hospital and asked them. Personally, I prefer it this way."

AT the hospital, patients do not complain about "invasion of privacy" (a favorite war cry of opponents of group medicine). Nor do they object to being the center of the medical stage—on the contrary, they love it. At the doctors' weekly staff meetings, two or three patients are called in to discuss their illnesses, and there is considerable rivalry for this distinction.

Thus the ancient tradition of freedom of choice of physician, long the battle cry of those opposed to any change in the present system of medical care, has been quietly modified without harm to the patient or the doctor.

That some restriction of free choice, instead of impairing the quality of medical care, actually improves it, is shown in the Bassett Hospital. Officially approved by the American College of Surgeons and the American Hospital Association, the hospital is also recognized for the training of internes and residents by the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association. Its doctors are members in good standing of the A.M.A., as well as of county and state medical societies. Coming from teaching positions at the medical schools of Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, and Tulane universities, as well as from New York's Presbyterian Hospital, Massachusetts General Hospital, and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, many of the doctors now serve on the faculty of near-by Albany Medical College. Fourth-year students at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons come to it for instruction in medicine and surgery.

According to village legend, the Bassett Hospital was built in 1917 for Dr. Mary Imogene Bassett, doctor-daughter of doctor-parents, who was practicing in Cooperstown and hospitalizing patients in a small inadequate hospital. One day she examined a patient showing signs of diphtheria. Without a laboratory she could not be sure, and the nearest one would take two days to make a report. Her need for a laboratory came to the attention of Edward Clark, scion of the wealthy Clark family, who promptly said, "I'll build you one." A New York architect was summoned. When he learned how much money Clark was willing to spend, he drew up the plans for a fully equipped hospital.

Within a year four gray stone buildings were nearing completion at a cost of more than a million dollars. Set far back on a spacious lawn, they include the main building for doctors' offices, examining rooms, operating rooms, patients' rooms, and administrative offices; the laboratory building, the nurses' home, and the library, which contains 11,000 volumes and 150 current medical journals.

Professional approval for the hospital's group plan came unexpectedly in the early days. As might be expected, the plan met opposition from organized medicine. A committee from the New York State Medical Society came to "investigate." Considering the idea contrary to established tradition, this group was prepared to condemn it. For an entire day the committee questioned patients, staff doctors, visited every department. Finally the chairman, a former officer in the Medical Society, said to the physician in chief, "This is how *I'd* like to practice medicine."

THE END

DOCTOR OF REASON

Continued from Page 13

"I told the late General Sikorsky," Benes said to this writer, "that the Red Army would occupy his country and mine; would roll into Berlin, and that he must shape his diplomacy accordingly." How different would have been the position of Poland now had the London Poles heeded Benes' prophetic counsel!

If only because in the past he had been so singularly right in the interpretation and forecast of coming events, his thoughts on the Europe of today and tomorrow, as reflected in his most recent utterances and the policies he is championing in Czechoslovakia, deserve everyone's searching scrutiny.

On the 15th of December, 1945, in the ancient and resplendent Spanish ballroom of Prague Castle—the Kremlin of Prague, it is sometimes called—I attended a memorable ceremony. The University of Prague, one of the oldest and most renowned in Europe, conferred on Benes the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the presence of foreign diplomats and the most distinguished audience that had gathered in the Czech capital since his triumphant return home, Benes took occasion to deliver one of the most incisive pronouncements in his life.

He told not only the Czech people but the world that the Europe of 1938 was gone; that the new epoch mankind was facing was "a break, a transition, a creation." The excessive individualism of the nineteenth century, he emphasized, had resulted in conditions that were sapping the vitality of the individualism of our times. Yet only nations that were backward might make the shift from the old to the new era with violence and in disregard of democratic precepts. Democracy itself, he assured his hearers, as an idea and a way of life, was too vital to be threatened by anyone, but the democracy of the age of excessive individualism no longer fitted the pattern of the times. It was therefore imperative to give the word a fresh definition and include within its sphere not only politics but economics.

He insisted that the world need not fear Russia, that it must see Russia's present in relation to its past and must learn to understand and correctly to appraise the creative aims Russia is struggling to achieve. Russia, he continued, was "developing and will continue to develop greater and greater individual freedom within the framework of its Socialist state." He is one of the few, very few, non-Communist statesmen in the world who have implicit faith in the eventual triumph of individual freedom in Russia. He also warned his audience that the battle for world security and world civilization is indivisible.

When Benes says the world of 1938 is no more, he cannot help thinking of his own country. In the pre-Munich days it was one of the most prosperous and liberal lands in the world, with large gold reserves and foreign securities in the vaults of its banks, with ample trade balances in foreign lands, with an educational system second to none anywhere, with food cheap and abundant. Coffee from South America, tea and spices from India and China, oranges, lemons, raisins, figs from California were available in most remote villages.

Now nothing is left of the gold and the foreign securities. The vaults of the banks are stuffed with tons of worthless German papers. Not a drop of real tea or coffee is served in the most exclusive hotels in Prague. A new generation of children knows neither the sight nor the taste of oranges.

The Germans have looted the country of the gold, the foreign securities, even the textbooks and laboratory equipment in schools and colleges. To Benes it was clear that holding onto the prewar economic set-up was out of the question. Its very pillars were blown into rubble and ashes. To avoid anarchy and violence and to salvage, at least in part, the assets of the little man—farmer, factory worker, small merchant, white-collar folk—something

(Continued on page 88)

Are you tortured by an ITCH?

Stop scratching those itching, burning places that drive you frantic. Simply cover the affected parts with soothing ZEMACOL—*and get quick, satisfying relief!* It provides an unseen film of medication that stays in prolonged contact and gives long-lasting comfort.

Try ZEMACOL—50¢ and $1 at druggists.

- ✓ **IT'S INVISIBLE**—*doesn't show on your skin.*
- ✓ **IT'S GREASELESS**—*doesn't stain your clothes or bedding.*
- ✓ **IT'S MEDICATED** — Antiseptic, Germicidal, Fungicidal. *Kills germs, bacteria and fungi on contact.*

Zemacol
RELIEVES ITCHING AND BURNING OF
✓ECZEMA
✓POISON IVY OR OAK
✓CHIGGERS
✓MOSQUITO BITES
✓HEAT RASH
✓SUNBURN, WINDBURN
✓HIVES
✓PRICKLY HEAT
✓DRY CHAPPED SKIN
FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
Norwich

No One Is Safe from CANCER

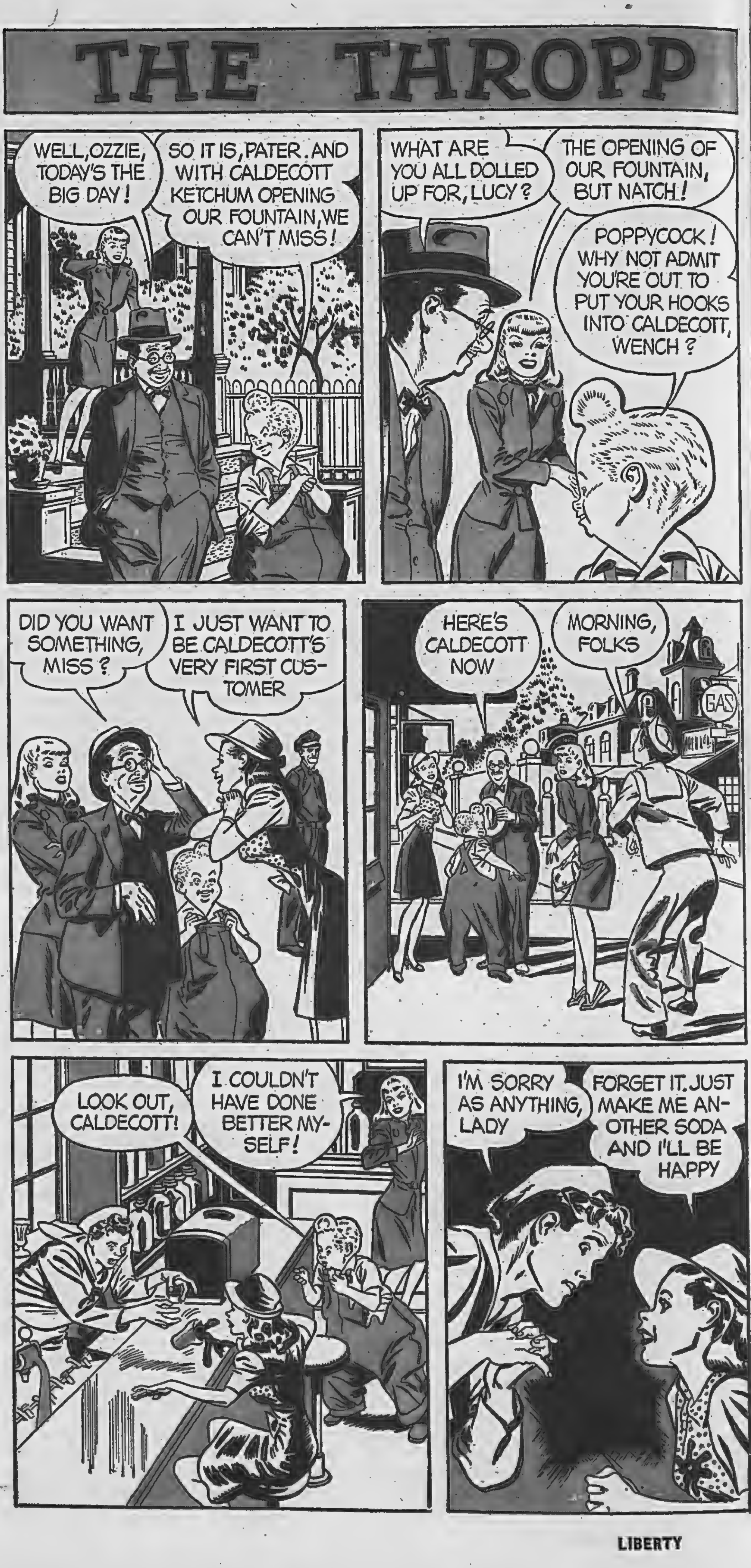
In 1946, 90,000 American women..83,000 men ..and 2,000 children will be the victims of cancer.

That is a dreadful toll—yet even more appalling is the fact that ONE IN THREE could be saved.

Give
TO CONQUER CANCER
Through SCIENCE RESEARCH SERVICE

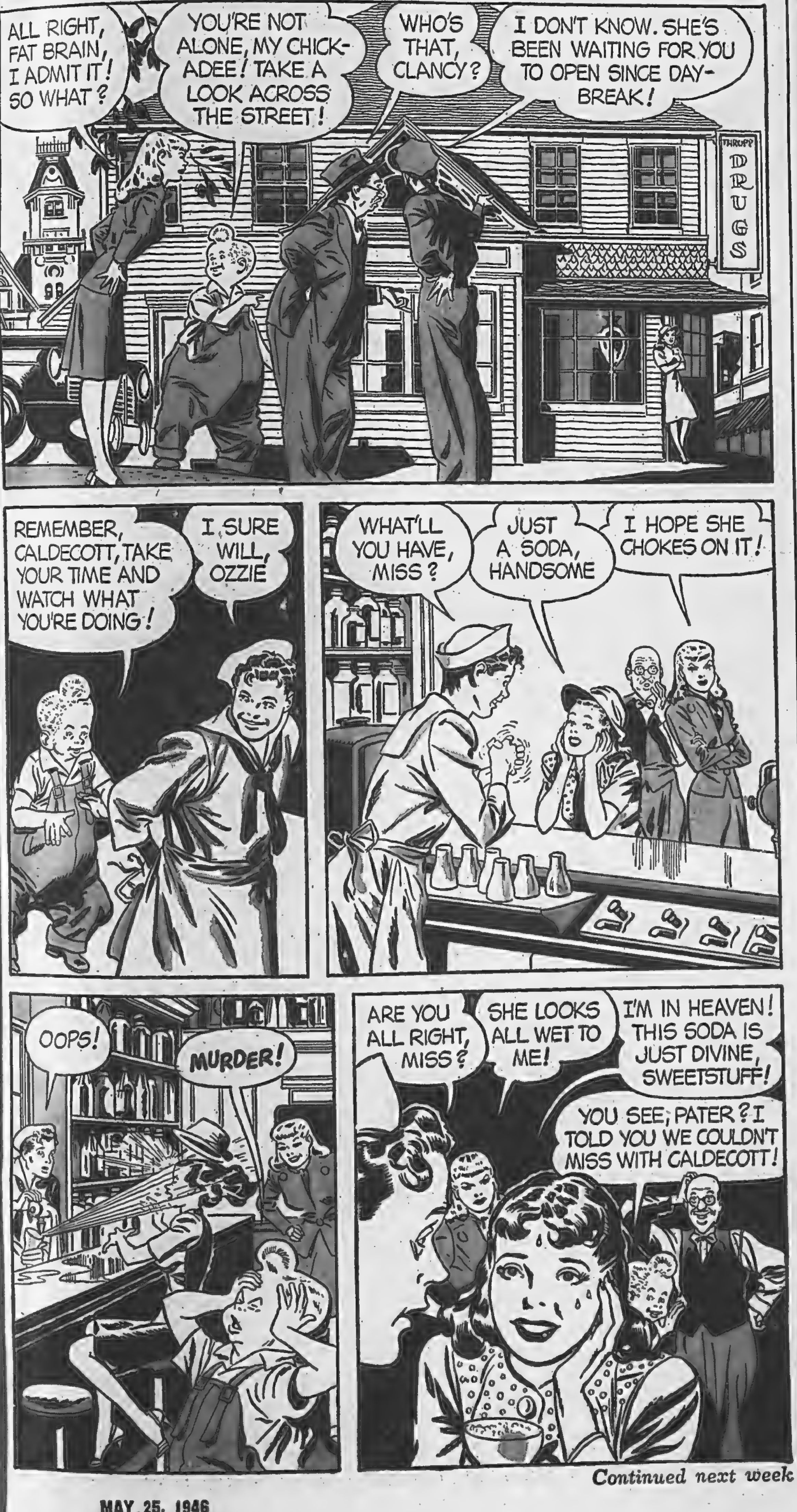
OUR NO. 1 ENEMY
Cancer

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
350 Fifth Avenue • New York 1, N. Y.


THE THROPP
WELL, OZZIE, TODAY'S THE BIG DAY!
SO IT IS, PATER. AND WITH CALDECOTT KETCHUM OPENING OUR FOUNTAIN, WE CAN'T MISS!
WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOLLED UP FOR, LUCY?
THE OPENING OF OUR FOUNTAIN, BUT NATCH!
POPPYCOCK! WHY NOT ADMIT YOU'RE OUT TO PUT YOUR HOOKS INTO CALDECOTT, WENCH?
DID YOU WANT SOMETHING, MISS?
I JUST WANT TO BE CALDECOTT'S VERY FIRST CUSTOMER
HERE'S CALDECOTT NOW
MORNING, FOLKS
GAS
LOOK OUT, CALDECOTT!
I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!
I'M SORRY AS ANYTHING, LADY
FORGET IT. JUST MAKE ME ANOTHER SODA AND I'LL BE HAPPY

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


ALL RIGHT, FAT BRAIN, I ADMIT IT! SO WHAT?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE, MY CHICKADEE! TAKE A LOOK ACROSS THE STREET!
WHO'S THAT, CLANCY?
I DON'T KNOW. SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO OPEN SINCE DAYBREAK!
THRUPP DRUGS
REMEMBER, CALDECOTT, TAKE YOUR TIME AND WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I SURE WILL, OZZIE
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, MISS?
JUST A SODA, HANDSOME
I HOPE SHE CHOKES ON IT!
OOPS!
MURDER!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?
SHE LOOKS ALL WET TO ME!
I'M IN HEAVEN! THIS SODA IS JUST DIVINE, SWEETSTUFF!
YOU SEE, PATER? I TOLD YOU WE COULDN'T MISS WITH CALDECOTT!

Continued next week

"STARS" in STYLE and QUALITY

Choose any RULON 17 Jewel Watch and you have a timepiece of unsurpassed smartness and accuracy. Exquisitely tailored, artfully executed, RULON Watches are truly "stars" in style and quality.

Rulon
Precise in Timing · Preferred in Styling

Priced from $37.50 to $2500. Sold by distinguished jewelers everywhere. Write for FREE booklet.
RULON WATCH Co., 521 Fifth Ave., New York 17

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Marlboro
Shirts ★ Sportswear
FOR MEN AND PREP MEN

Falcon is Back Again!

Falcon **$3.98**

MINIATURE DE LUXE

THE ORIGINAL PRE-WAR MODEL M WITH THE POST-WAR IMPROVEMENTS
...Now Better Than Ever Before!

Preserve those precious memories with a Falcon De Luxe! *Tops for picture performance*—sparkling, brilliant pictures. *Tops for film economy*—16 pictures on any standard 127 roll film. At better stores everywhere.

Eveready Carrying Case for Falcon De Luxe, $1

Available Soon! On the way . . . other Falcon Cameras, priced up to $23.50.

FALCON CAMERA CO. Chicago 2, Ill.

Est. 1865
TRADEMARK

FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC

"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"

Sport wear: Sport shirts (Long & short sleeves); Slacks and slack ensembles; Swim & Gabardine trunks; Leisure jackets; Sweaters (all styles); Robes; Water repellent windbreakers. Shirts (business, dress, formal) to size 21; Underwear (all styles) to size 66; R. Coats to 64; X-Long Neckwear; Stout Hose; Belts to 68. Request illus. booklet. Mail service to all points.

52 Third Ave., New York 3, N. Y. (L-4)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than four weeks prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY
37 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S BEST LAWN MOWER

Eclipse
Eclipse

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

It will be filled as soon as possible by your Eclipse Franchise Dealer, in spite of the serious shortage created by a 4-year backlog. You may have to wait, but the amazing extra years of wonderful service an Eclipse gives more than makes up for the delay. The Eclipse Lawn Mower Co., Prophetstown. Ill.

HAND AND POWER MODELS

(Continued from page 85)

new and drastic had to be launched at once. "Not to fear to go ahead and act boldly" has ever been Benes' motto.

In consequence, the Prague Cabinet prepared and Benes signed a decree nationalizing the bankrupt banks and insurance companies, putting under state ownership key industries and most manufacturing establishments with more than 150 to 500 workers, though none with less than 150. The decree leaves the farmer in possession of his land, the small manufacturer, retail trader, artisan in full control of their properties, the co-operatives, once among the most advanced in Europe, under their prewar joint ownership.

The decree is Benes' answer to the challenge of Soviet Russia with its complete negation of private enterprise, and of America with its almost complete negation of state ownership. It is an embodiment of what Benes and his Cabinet regard as the best features of both systems.

When implemented with appropriate social legislation, the new decree, so Benes holds, will eliminate the hectic and explosive economy of booms and slumps, of unemployment, of helplessness of factory workers and white-collar folk when they lose their jobs. For once there is to be economic security for everybody. Working girls are to receive more generous dowries than in the prewar years and needy mothers and children are to be the beneficiaries of greater state aid.

IN the operation of the state enterprises there is to be no duplication of Russia's early recklessness. Not politics but executive ability shall be the determining circumstance in the choice of directors and managers. They shall be paid at least as high salaries as under private ownership. They shall be vested with at least as much responsibility. Workers shall have their voice in management, but the final decision shall rest with the manager. Everyone within a given enterprise shall be continually encouraged by generous monetary and other material rewards to improve output and production through new inventions or through a more neat division of labor. The incentive of material reward shall always be emphasized, indeed glorified. Nothing and nobody shall be unreasonable or unprogressive.

Unlike other statesmen in the West, Benes, as already stated, has no fear of Russia. It is significant that in the diplomatic wrangles between Washington and Moscow, Czechoslovakia, like Finland and Norway but unlike Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, has never been of issue. Much as some members of our diplomatic corps dislike or detest the nationalization decree, none of them has uncovered cause for clash or controversy with Russia over anything that has happened in Czechoslovakia.

Benes has come to look upon Russia as the sole and final guaranty of his country's independence. The menace of a powerful Germany haunts him as does no other possible catastrophe. Ten or eleven million Czechs and Slovaks can never be a match for sixty or seventy million united and armed Germans. He has told this writer that he cherishes no illusion as to the continuous helplessness of Germany, nor as to her future good behavior. Skilled in science and industry, brilliant in invention and organization; she could, and if offered the opportunity would, become strong enough within *five* years to overpower, as Hitler had so shrewdly done, one after another of the small countries on her borders, including Czechoslovakia.

THE rising tide of "softheartedness" in England and America toward Germany and Germans disconcerts not only Benes but every Czech. Benes cannot help asking himself what would happen if Germany ever again lifted its powerful fist over Czechoslovakia. Where would aid and salvation come from? For America, Czechs and Slovaks have boundless admiration. Over one million of their countrymen have migrated here. They have been among the sturdiest and thriftiest pioneers. The Constitution of the First Republic, which Hitler had obliterated, was modeled after our own. Woodrow Wilson was among the architects of that republic. All over the country, streets, schools, and other institutions have been named after him. American institutions dedicated to the study of American civilization and a fostering of friendliness between the Czech and American peoples have sprung up in city after city. But America is far away. Isolationism is again loud in some quarters. Even while American obligations still remain unfulfilled, G.I.s in Europe and Asia are sick of foreign lands and are clamoring to go home. In time of danger, as in the pre-Munich days, America might offer sympathy, moral support, but against an armed and threatening Germany these would be as futile as Franklin Roosevelt's impassioned rhetoric in 1938.

France is weak. Besides, she bears the stigma of cruel betrayal. In the moment of grave peril she shook herself loose from the alliance she had signed with Prague. Britain, too, is untrustworthy, for it was her Prime Minister who was the driving force in the move to abandon Czechoslovakia to the mercy of Hitler and the German people.

Only Russia with her powerful Red Army can come to the rescue of his country, so Benes and every leader with whom I discussed the subject are firmly convinced. Russia is Slav like the Czechs. Russia denounced Munich. Even after France and Britain abandoned Prague and Poland and Hungary joined Hitler in the assault on the Czechs, Stalin was not unwilling to cross swords with the German warmakers. It was Benes himself who quailed at the possible consequences.

Besides, Benes knows that a German attack on Czechoslovakia can only mean an attack on Russia. Out of mere self-interest, therefore, if for no other reason, Russia will have to meet the challenger and battle him to the end. Hence the tightly drawn military alliance Benes has concluded with Moscow. All the more pressing was the need for the alliance because to Benes, as to every Czech, it is now clear that if the Germans again sweep over their country, they will outdo Hitler in brutality. They will seek a *zoological* solution of the "Czech problem," as they speak of it. They will exterminate the Czech nation.

Yet despite the tightly drawn military alliance and the close racial bonds Benes feels toward the Russians, he is not modeling the revolution in his own country on a Soviet pattern. He is championing a bloodless revolution. There have been no political murders or political executions in Czechoslovakia, not one! Again and again Benes has said that his people are sufficiently cultivated and politically mature to achieve a transition from the old to the new epoch in history and to meet the challenge of both Russia and America, the two most powerful nations left in the world, without strife, without civil war, without dictatorship.

In his speech of December 15 he did not hesitate to take clear-cut exception to the Russian interpretation of history, to Soviet theory and practice of government. He has never swerved from his faith not only in democratic ends but in democratic methods. He believes in a system of society that affords every citizen economic security; but, heir as he is to the tradition of liberty in the Western meaning of the word, he abhors the thought of scrapping it, though he admits there are moments and emergencies when a momentous decision can best be made by leaders of existing political parties rather than by a vote of the electorate. Class dictatorship, whether of the right or the left, no man in the world loathes more than he.

It is no accident that save for the bleak living conditions, Czechoslovakia has been a little paradise for the foreign correspondent. Nowhere is there the least curb on freedom of movement. Best of all, there is no censorship.

BENES does not delude himself as to easy or swift success. Six years of German occupation have left their mark upon the very body of the country. He is calling on his people to be patient, to trust in the future, to spare neither time nor energy, in the fulfilment of the blueprints for the future. "When the initial difficulties have been overcome," he said, "and normal conditions have been attained, even the few who are doubtful will appraise this step with new eyes."

Is his faith justified?

Only time will tell. The task is stupendous. Of one thing this writer is convinced: If the Czechs, with their high education, their skill in commerce and industry, their political acumen and their proverbial reasonableness, fail in achieving a reconciliation between the ideas and practices of Soviet Russia and the democratic nations of the West, no other nation, least of all in central and eastern Europe, will succeed.

THE END

BENES—PROPHET IN 1943

THE August 21, 1943, issue of Liberty carried an article by President Benes entitled Russia and the Postwar World. Viewed in the light of today's developments, his words take on fresh significance.

"If the peace to come," wrote Dr. Benes, "is to last longer than the armistice between the first World War and this one, Russia's wholehearted participation in the great enterprise of world security is absolutely necessary. . . .

"Americans in particular should not let themselves be fooled by the Nazi-inspired bogey of a victorious Russia overrunning Europe and threatening the Western democracies. They should not let themselves be intimidated into distrusting their Russian ally.

"Both Russia and the United States have far-flung frontiers and world-wide interests to defend. Either of them could again become the object of desires of conquest on the part of new aggressors. The organization of a secure world is utterly dependent upon friendly relations between them. . . .

"Many of those who oppose such cooperation do so in the belief that the existence of a Communist or Socialist state is somehow a menace to the world in general. I do not believe it is. . . .

"The Soviet leaders' reticence and reserve had much to do with the world's misunderstanding of their country. Moreover, the opinions of the Soviet institutions and way of life which gained circulation in other countries emanated often from sources predisposed to either indiscriminate praise or adverse prejudice. That mistake must be corrected. The world must appraise the true nature of the Soviet Union and of the potentialities of the Russian peoples. This is one of the first tasks to be done by all the United Nations. . . .

"It is for the Russian people themselves to evaluate the merits or demerits of their policies and to choose and keep the form of government and the kinds of economic and social institutions which they prefer to have. If we want them to respect our institutions, we cannot do less than wish them happiness and prosperity with those which they are working out in their own way. . ."

JOE, PAZO RELIEVES TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES
LATER
"THANKS DOC, PAZO BROUGHT PROMPT RELIEF"

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION

Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!

Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppositories. Same soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your druggists today.

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.

PROVES WONDERFUL
to promptly relieve misery and kill cause* of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

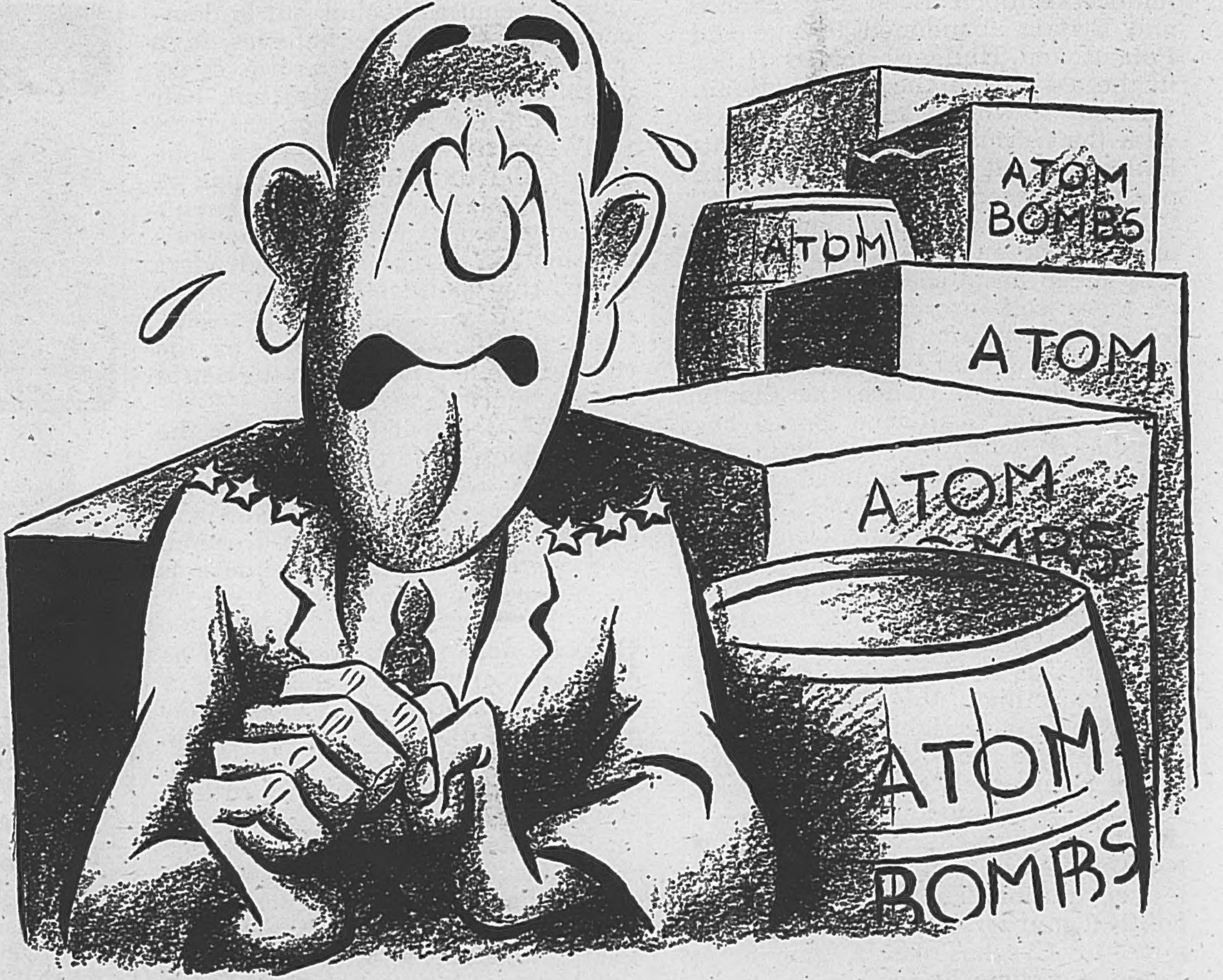
Helps Guard Against Re-Infection!

Here's a product that *really* does what it claims. It's a Doctor's wonderfully soothing yet powerfully medicated liquid called Zemo. First applications relieve itching and burning between cracked, peeling toes and aid healing. Zemo actually kills on contact the vicious germs* that cause and spread this trouble. That's why Zemo has such an amazing record of *continuous* success. First trial convinces. All drugstores. → **ZEMO**

MAY 25, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



HAS OUR MILITARY MIGHT VANISHED?

It is a fact, sad but true, that a surprising amount of downright bosh is being dished out to the American public by people who occupy high places in our government. At no time was this more evident than during the recent Congressional hearings on the extension of the draft law. Our top brass hats, military and civilian, repeatedly stated that America's voice in international affairs is no longer potent because we no longer have the military might to back it up.

Despite their alarming statements, these authorities obviously know what is evident to everyone on earth over the age of ten: We are the sole possessors of the atom bomb and the machinery to deliver it. Thus we can strike devastating blows against any nation in the world within a matter of hours. At the same time no nation can strike a blow against us. Our superb defense aircraft can prevent the dropping of any kind of bomb where it will do us any damage.

Why, then, do our leaders give forth with statements that are illogical and untrue? The theory seems to be that we must be kidded into supporting measures that are necessary for the safety of our country. This attitude prevailed all through the war. Why it persists is hard to see, because Americans proved their willingness to make whatever sacrifice the welfare of their country demanded. We need only be convinced our military and civic leaders know what they are talking about and we will back them up willingly. The difficulty is that often there is more than a little suspicion they don't know what they're talking about. The making, just for effect, of phony statements which don't add up in the mind of the average citizen contributes greatly to this suspicion.

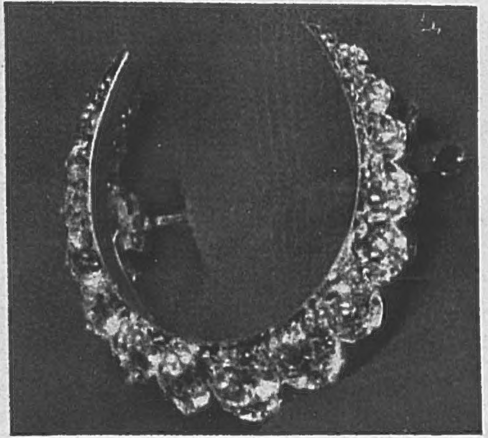
The American public will support wholeheartedly whatever measures are necessary to carry out our responsibilities in the world and assure our protection. But when our military men tell us one day that mass armies are obsolete and that future wars will be fought with push buttons, and the next day call for universal military training, it is very bewildering. If they'll just give us the low-down in straightforward fashion and without scarehead statements which only make us wonder if they know what they're doing, we'll support them fully. There's no need to kid us into assuring our security and that of others in a world of exploding atoms.

Paul Hunter

Do you know this about diamonds?

1800 **Styles in** diamonds change! Seven generations ago (just before the name Corby's came to Canada) diamonds were sometimes not cut, but simply polished as shown above. Diamonds were (and still are) weighed in carats, 142 carats equalling one ounce.

ANTIQUE JEWELS FROM THE MARCUS COLLECTION



1900 **Diamond style** in this year, Corby's 42nd as a great Canadian name, featured the "brilliant" cut of 58 facets. Each facet picks up sparkle, light and color. To assure maximum fire, "brilliant" cut diamonds should have two-thirds of their depth below the setting.

1934 **Oblong cut** was high style, in Corby's 76th year in Canada. This cut has 58 facets, but they reveal internal structure of the stone, which therefore must be perfect. Diamonds are classed perfect if magnified 10 times size with no visible flaw.

H. Corby
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA

1946 **People in** the U. S. own four billion dollars worth of diamonds, one half the world's total. Diamonds have recognized value in every country. The name Corby's has international value, too. Coming to the U. S. from Canada five years ago, Corby's brings you a light, sociable whiskey that makes your favorite drink a real gem. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

DIAMOND LEAF CLIP BY JOHN RUBEL—108 STONES

Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

Magic Carpet

Magic is the word for the way *Three Feathers* whiskey lifts an Old Fashioned out of the commonplace. *The finest-tasting Three Feathers in 63 years* – smoother, lighter, richer than ever – it makes an Old Fashioned truly superb!

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

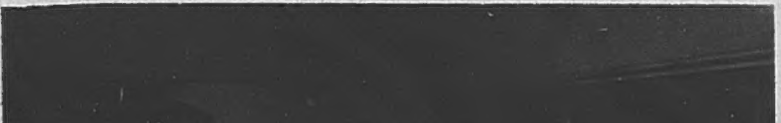
1 **Pick the place** you want to go and *write for reservations.* When you get word there's room for you, see your railroad ticket agent and . . .

2 **Reserve Pullman space** for a trouble-free trip that will get you there *safely*—in *more comfort* than you'll get going any other way!

How to start on your vacation

(WITHOUT A WORRY IN THE WORLD)

3 **No worry** about weather, roads or mountains in an all-steel Pullman car. Pullman's been the *safest* way of going places fast for more than 80 years!



4 **No worry** about privacy or sleep. Your air-conditioned Pullman space is all your own, with big, comfortable beds it's a joy to stretch out in!

WHEN YOU GO ON YOUR VACATION . . . *GO PULLMAN* THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

© 1946, THE PULLMAN COMPANY